

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY
1938



FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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PARKE CUMMINGS
HOWARD COLLINS
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POETRY

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SPORTS

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(COVER)

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ANNOUNCING ESQUIRE'S
CARTOON CONTEST
(SEE PAGE 104)



ALWAYS REFRESHING

Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it's the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES

A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

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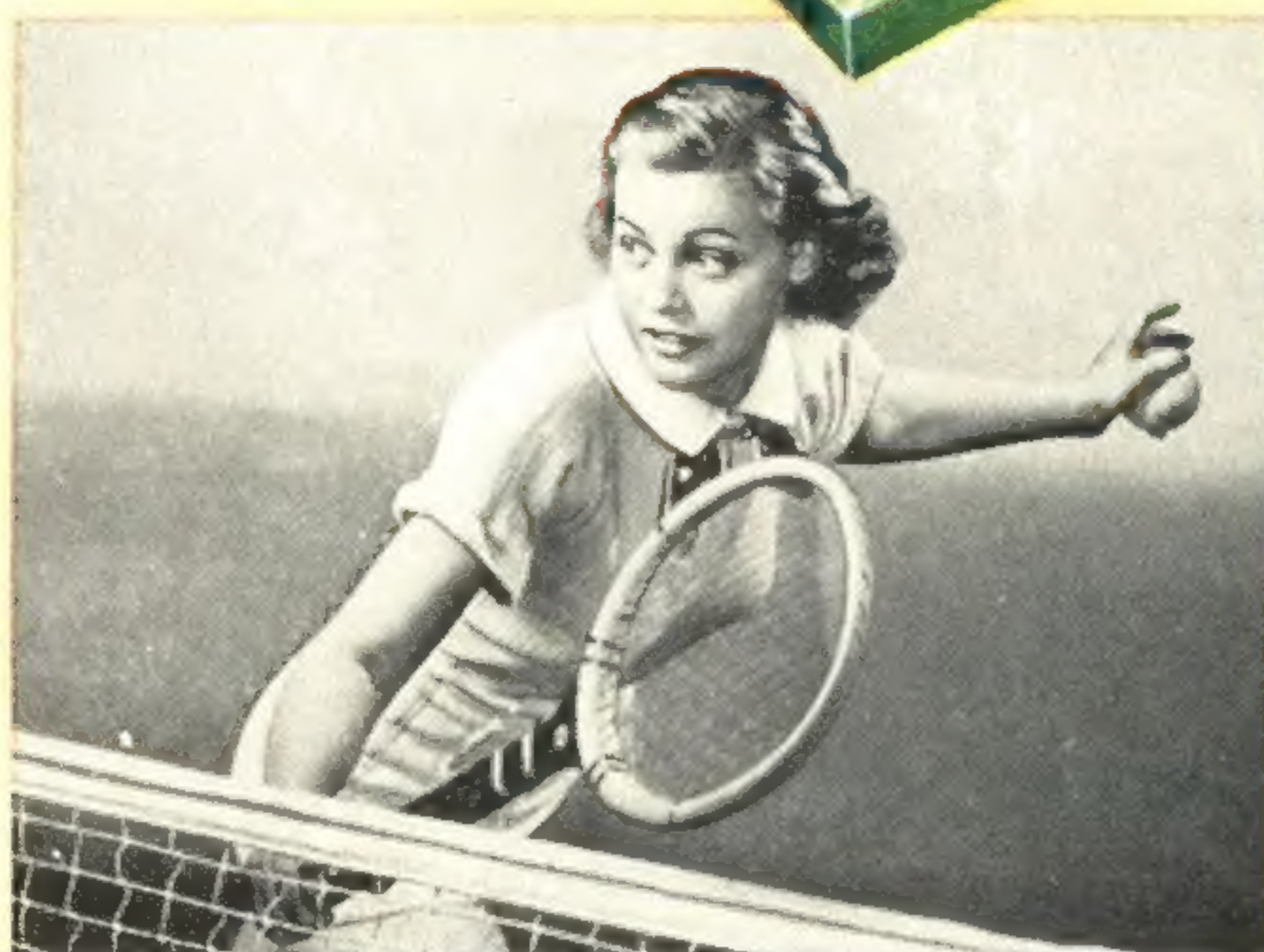


"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"

Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking.



WHEN WORK PILES UP . . . and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue...improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.



WHENEVER YOU PLAY...gum helps keep you "on your game," it aids in steadying your nerves...helps keep mouth and throat moist. When you are driving the car Beech-Nut Gum not only adds to your pleasure but it helps you stay awake and alert on long trips.



THE USE OF CHEWING GUM . . . gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and a definite help in giving your mouth the exercise it needs.

TEACHER'S *Perfection of Blended* SCOTCH WHISKY



TEACHER'S consistent quality explains Teacher's persistent popularity. Men like Teacher's *balanced* taste. It is hearty, but never heavy... it's smooth, but never too sweet. And, of course, it is always the same everywhere.

"It's the flavour"



86 PROOF



*"I know, now, why
the Swing is to"*
SHAVEMASTER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

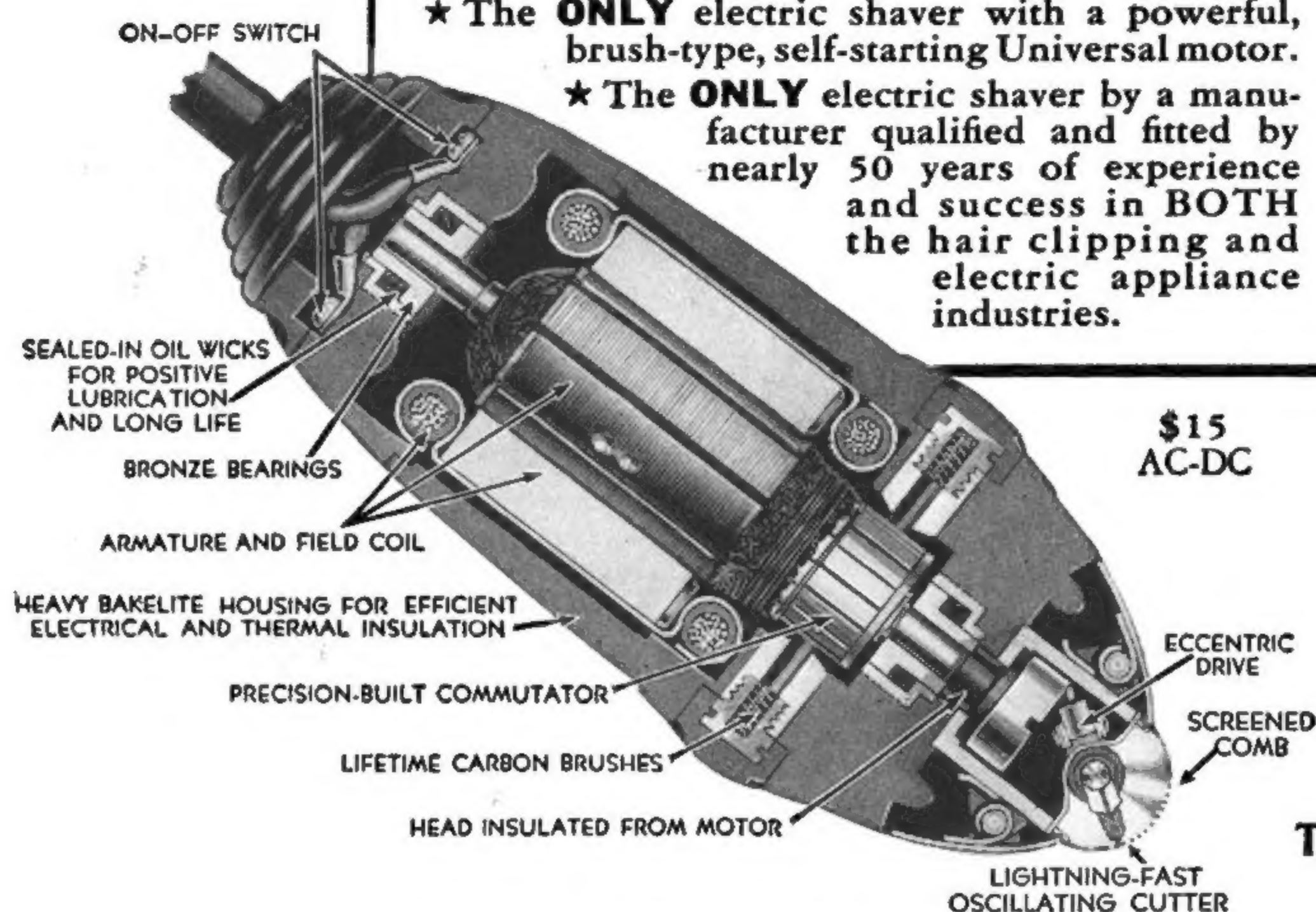
**IT'S THE ELECTRIC SHAVER THAT GETS DOWN
TO BUSINESS AND DOES A JOB RIGHT NOW!**

The one thing about Shavemaster that has made such a big hit with men is the *manly* way it gets down to business and SHAVES you, quick, and close, the first time you put it on your face.

This trim, *powerful*, easy-to-handle little marvel offers no "ifs," "whens," or "buts"—requires no skill or "patient practice"—and it just won't be babied by anyone. It makes friends quickly—and it *keeps them*. It gives you results—not promises.

THE "INSIDE STORY"

- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a lightning-fast, single cutter that oscillates in an arc inside a comfortable, smooth shaving head.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a shaving head screened to pick up the beard the way it grows.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver with a powerful, brush-type, self-starting Universal motor.
- ★ The **ONLY** electric shaver by a manufacturer qualified and fitted by nearly 50 years of experience and success in BOTH the hair clipping and electric appliance industries.



In other words, Shavemaster has proved itself the answer to quick, close, comfort-shaving. It gives the kind of shaves men have been looking for in an electric shaver—and does it **RIGHT NOW**—not next week or the week after.

Is it any wonder that men have bought Shavemaster faster than the Company could make them—*right from the start!*

NONE OTHER LIKE IT

Shavemaster has a new patented principle that is all its own—exclusive features different from all other electric shavers. It has greater, steady **POWER** that doesn't swoon when a man-size beard comes along. It gets *all* the whiskers *all* the time.

If you haven't yet used Shavemaster, you ought to—just to see what a quick, close, comfort-shave this new, electric, latherless way feels like.

Or perhaps you've used other dry-shavers, or been waiting for the *right* one to come along. If so, Shavemaster is made for you. See your dealer today.

SHAVEMASTER is one of

Sunbeam
THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE

Dad: WHAT A GRADUATION
GIFT FOR THE BOY

Son: WHAT A GIFT FOR
DAD ON FATHERS' DAY

Famous for the MIXMASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER, CLIPMASTER, etc.
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill. . . . Canada Factory, 321 Weston Rd. So., Toronto . . . 49 YEARS MAKING QUALITY PRODUCTS

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TRENDS IN DRESS

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Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Last call for Father's Day

"Honor thy Father and thy Mother" is about the only one of the Ten Commandments that our supercharged and streamlined civilization has left reasonably intact. The others have been pretty well worn away, adultery being practically institutionalized by the Hollywood, or short-order, system of marriage, and the breach of others, such as the one about coveting thy neighbor's property, being taken over by nations as fast as it is relinquished by individuals.

The family survives somehow, in spite of all the forces that modern living can bring to bear against it. And of our ancient moral code, this principle of honoring our parents is the one to which even the worst of us cling the longest. Yet even this one is somewhat out of balance in our topsy-turvy times. "Honor thy Mother." Who doesn't? We have so sentimentalized her life-giving relationship to us that the only danger is that she may soon be sick and tired of hearing any more about it. But this danger, in the case of fatherhood, is still extremely remote.

Father's role at the moment of life's beginning, that of nervously pacing the hall outside, is far from heroic. If it touches us at all it is on the funny bone. However intense his suffering may be it is still strictly vicari-

ous. And the medical profession, poor as its record may be in snatching mothers from the very real and ever-present menace of death, may boast without fear of contradiction that it has at least "never lost a father."

But after the overture, father's role in the drama of living is at least one of co-starring importance. He fights the family's battles, no less in peace than in war. His is the job of maintaining that place called home, where we are treated the best and grumble the most.

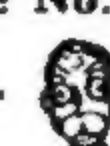
As that old truism implies, father's is a pretty thankless job. Even at Christmas-time, under the imminence of the January bills, father's chief happiness is confined to such consolation as he may find in the belief that it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

Is it too much, then, to set one day aside, of all his deed-filled days in the year, to make at least a token payment of gratitude and recognition of the price he pays, in work and worry and responsibility, for all the rest of us, all the rest of the days?

If ever there was a year when Father's Day warranted more marked attention than it has had before, this is it. Now, in a time of depression, with redoubled pressure on the head of the house, your least evidences of appreciation will be doubly welcome.

They need not be sentimental, these gestures you make in observation of this occasion. Nor need the day be a solemn one. Responsibility for a family is solemnity enough, in these troubled days of economic difficulty and international instability. So there's no call for an oblique application of the tear-jerking technique of the mammy song. Far from it. If you could somehow hand dad a laugh on his day of days, June 19th, your score would be practically perfect.

Whatever observation you may make of the day, you'll probably draw a laugh out of him anyway. It will be that small laugh of embarrassment with which he will accompany the statement that, whatever it is you've done to honor the day, "you shouldn't have done it." Let this deceive nobody. It has been a virtually uniform reflex of masculine appreciation and pleasure for centuries. As for that peculiar mind-jerk by which some fathers are sure to react to all talk or action concerning Father's Day as "a lot of damphoolishness," this is no less standard and no less transparent. This is a subconscious manifestation of the self-evident truth that there's all too little "damphoolishness" in the life-span of the average family man, and that a day for his family to devote to it is certainly not one day too much.



PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST

The Aristocrat of Summer Fabrics



AT THE BETTER MEN'S
STORES EVERYWHERE

\$32.50

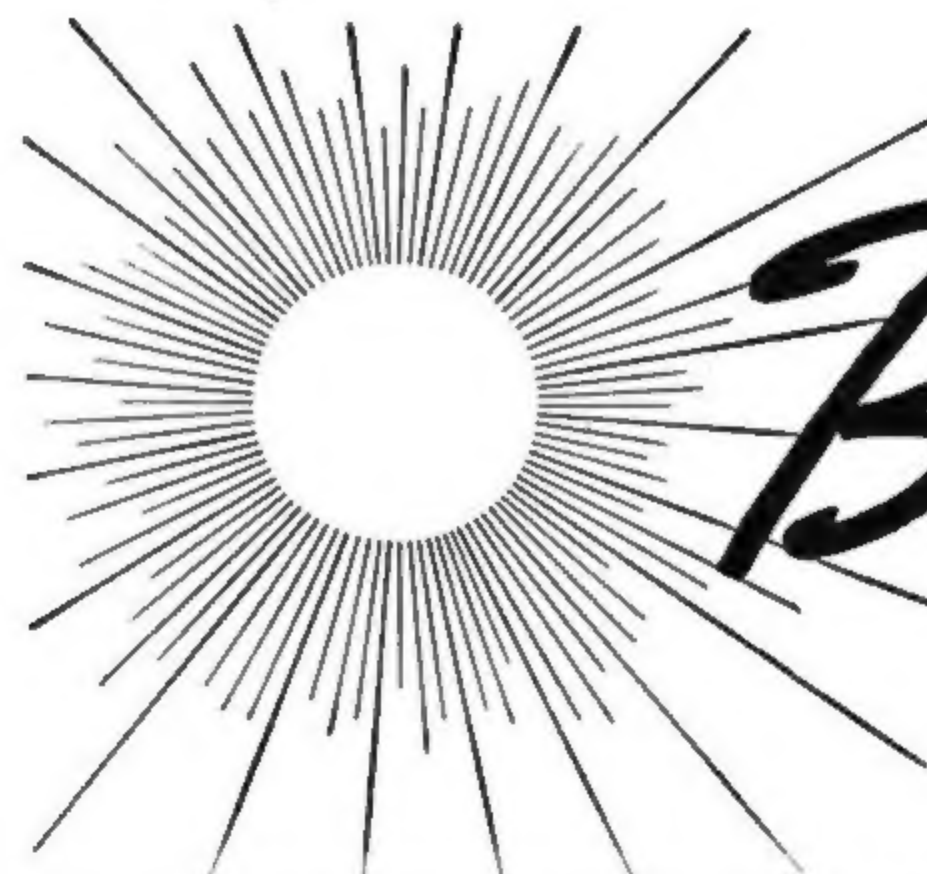
The Summer suit that's *refrigerated by Nature!*

Enjoy real comfort this summer—in a suit that is not only the coolest you have ever worn—but also the most distinguished!

The cloth is imported from England—because only Priestley, the famed British weaver, knows the secret of blending this fabric that is not only thin and light and porous—but *actually cool to the touch*—refrigerated by Nature!

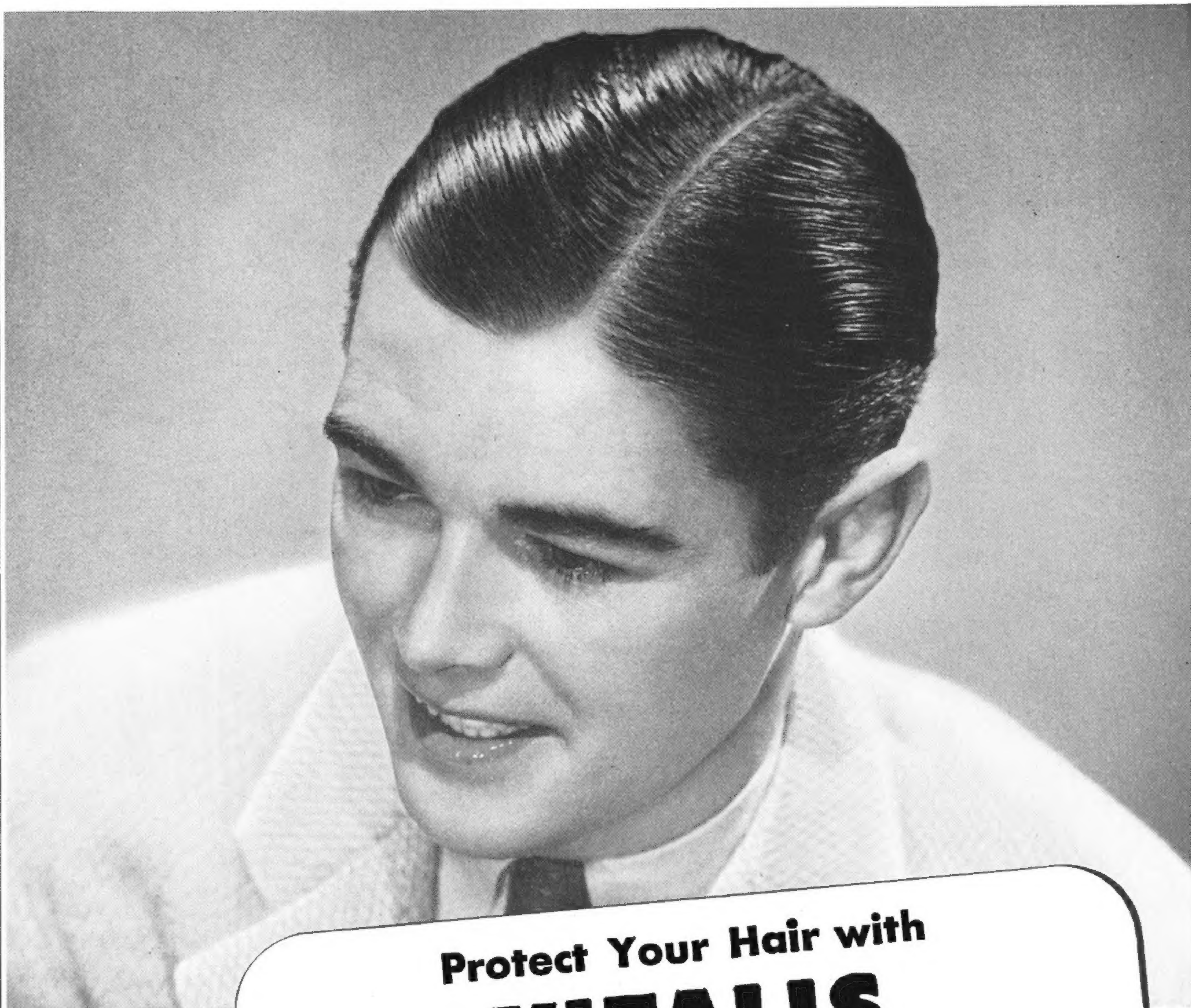
Beautifully tailored by America's foremost maker of summer clothes . . . tailored to fit precisely, drape gracefully, hold its shape despite heat and humidity. Drop in at your clothier's and try on a Priestley's NOR-EAST—see for yourself how comfortable and smart a summer suit *can* be!

TAILORED EXCLUSIVELY BY L. GREIF & BRO. • BALTIMORE



Baking Hot Sun-Soaking Showers

can ruin the looks of your hair!



Protect Your Hair with **VITALIS** and the "60-Second Workout"

EIGHTEEN holes of golf, three sets of smashing tennis, or a long, lazy afternoon on a sunny beach. Man, that's a fine summer schedule and swell for your body, but it can do a lot of harm to your hair!

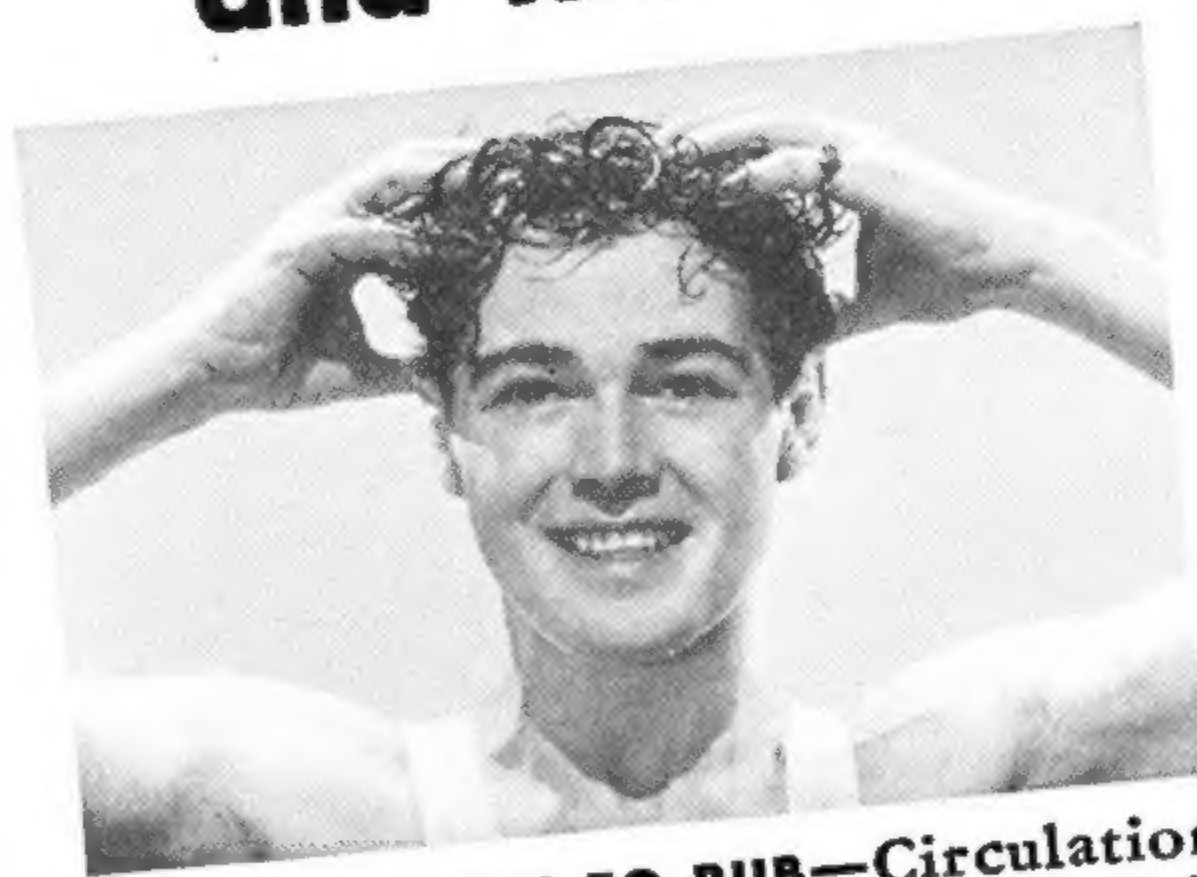
The sun's hot rays beat down on your hair, baking out the natural, nourishing oils that keep it healthy and lustrous. Your daily shower or swim completes the damage. No wonder the end of summer leaves you beautifully tanned but your hair bleached dry, brittle, lifeless.

That's why in summer, more than any other season, your hair needs the help of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" to combat the deadening effect of sun and water. Simply apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. You'll feel an exhilarating tingle as circulation is aroused and the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis come to the rescue of your oil-depleted scalp. Your scalp will loosen up, "come to life", that tight, dry feeling will go and your hair will have a rich lustre.

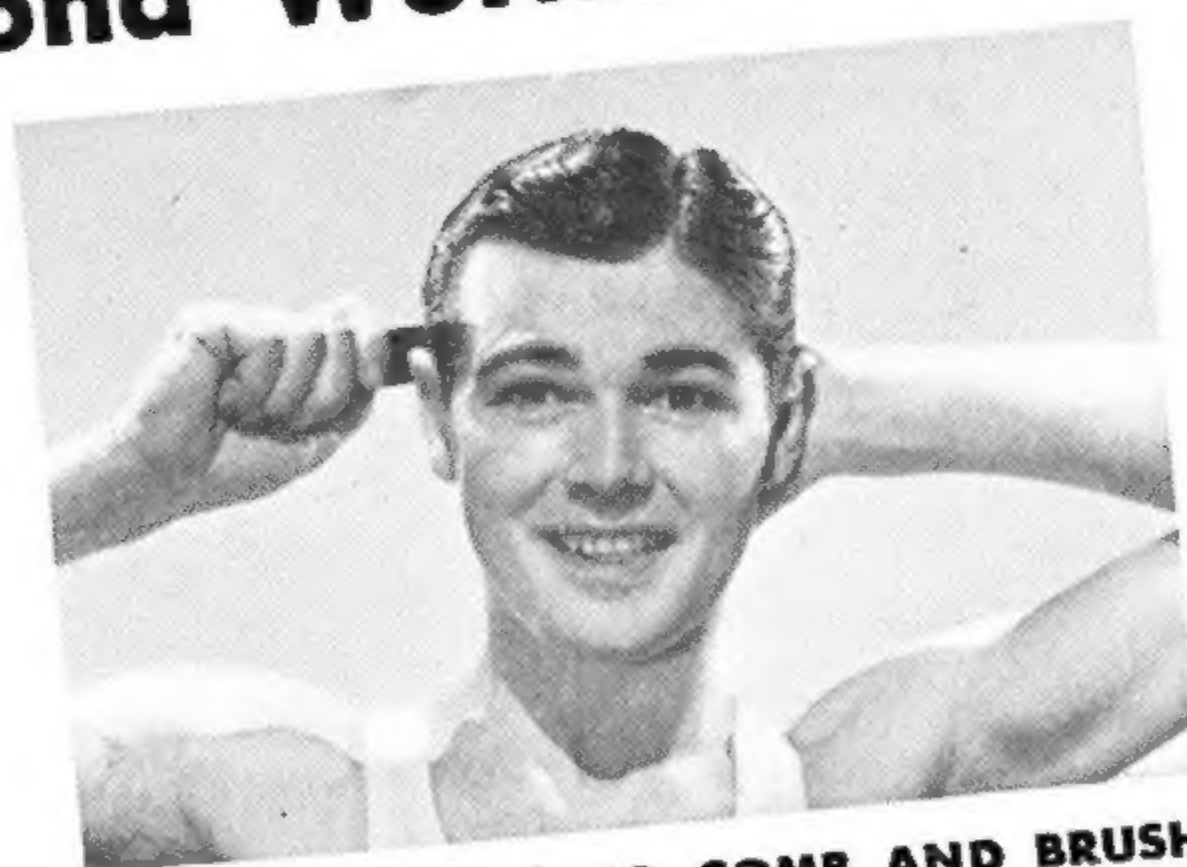
When you use Vitalis every hair is firmly in place, just the way you comb it—but

with no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Go ahead, enjoy your golf, your tennis, your bathing this summer. But keep Vitalis handy to help protect and enhance the health and looks of your hair. Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" regularly and summer's end will leave you with a healthy coat of tan *and* well kept hair.



1 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!



2 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.



WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AND STILL THEY COME

In answer to Mr. Grant's brain tickler in *The Sound and The Fury*, April issue, I must express my regret that we are trifling with such elementary problems.

Assuming that the cow does not stretch her neck past the end of the chain, and that she is smart enough to go around the barn first one way, then the other, she can graze 16,786 sq. ft., as close as we could get it on a four-inch slide rule. Incidentally, this is not a problem in algebra, so we have suggested it for the local eighth grade geometry class.

How about that "hard" problem, Mr. Grant?

Disgustingly yours,
Pasadena, Calif. HOWARD REXROAD
P.S. Here's one for you, Grant:

Given a frustrum of a cone. The radius of the upper base is 3 inches and the slant height is 24 inches. What is the radius of the base (lower) for maximum volume?

Note: We have the answer to 9 places to the right of the decimal point.
H. R.

Solution of cow-grazing problem
ESQUIRE—April, 1938

Solving for angle ABD:

$$\frac{50}{\sin 135^\circ} = \frac{25}{\sin ABD} \quad \frac{25}{50} = \sin ABD = \sin^{-1} .707 \times \frac{25}{50} = 20^\circ 42'$$

$$\text{Angle ABD} = 180 - 135 - 20^\circ 42' = 24^\circ 18'$$

$$\therefore \text{Angle BDE} = 90 - 24^\circ 18' = 65^\circ 42' = 65.7^\circ$$

Solving for distance AB:

$$\frac{AB}{\sin 24^\circ 18'} = \frac{25}{\sin 20^\circ 42'} \quad AB = 25 \times \frac{.4115}{.3535} = 29.1 \text{ ft.}$$

$$\text{Distance AC} = \text{Distance CD} = .707 \times 25 = 17.67 \text{ ft.}$$

$$\text{Area of triangle BCD} = (29.1 + 17.67) \times \frac{17.67}{2} = 415 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

$$\text{Area of triangle ACD} = \frac{17.67^2}{2} = 157 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

$$\text{Area of triangle BAD} = 415 - 157 = 258 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

$$\text{Total area which cow can graze} = \pi(75)^2 \times .75 + 2$$

$$\left[\pi(50)^2 \times \frac{65.7}{360} + 258 \right] = 13240 + 2 \times 1723 = 16786 \text{ sq. ft.}$$

THOUGHT FOR PANSIES

In re *Fashion is a Fairy*, who designs WHAT seems irrelevant when you are forced to the conclusion that fashion is never made by the designer anyway. A thing becomes fashionable only after it has been bought, worn and copied—and it is (and always has been) bought and worn first by the bird-brained women of wealth who think they're dressing to please their men (and I mean MEN) and copied later by the bird-brained follow-uppers who hope they're pleasing their bozos as well. Actually, the designer has as little to do with the way a woman looks as the man who provides for her.

Fashion, too, from the time the first fig-leaf redingote was launched in Eden, has been a reflection of the day's morals, manners, diversions and hysteria. If hats today look like New England boiled dinners then perhaps they're

only mirroring a world situation. Just before the axe fell on Marie Antoinette the hats were infinitely madder than they are now. Ships wrecked on a sea of tulle and sequins, cornucopias of fruit and vegetables, live birds and butterflies enmeshed in cages of gold, whole fetes with miniature shepherdesses reclining on banks of fern and flowers were but a few of the "whimsies" perpetrated. The point, from an intelligent observation, is not that the hats were mad, that a silly queen and her court wore them, that they were designed by a fairy or a truck-driver, but, rather, that the axe *did* fall! (Anonymus may insist that that's *why* it fell but I hate to think that any fabulous fairy was responsible for so gigantic a thing as the French Revolution!)

If the limelight must be turned on the pansy, why not give him a break? Indisputably he designs the best clothes, hats, bags, gloves and accessories for women. He does an excellent job of it for the simple reason that he is working impersonally and without prejudice. He doesn't run up a yellow satin tea-gown because he looks best in yellow or likes to give teas. He doesn't "up" this season's waistline because *his* hips can no longer take it. He creates—God forgive me if I wax emotional and flowery!—in his own terms of beauty for beautiful women. If occasionally he goes nuts with an idea, that's not his fault. (I've known he-men plumbers who've laid a bad pipe.) And, whether you like today's "toque-with-a-shoe-on-it" or today's "cellophane-bodice-with-the-garlic-trim", the identical designer may have spawned yesterday's big hat with the cascading ostrich—you remember the one, and how much you admired it!—but maybe the reason you liked it was that you were more callow then, more impressionable, less filled with accumulated vitriol and, just possibly, a little in love with the gal who wore it.

And why does Anonymus make such a point of present-day insanity? Haven't women's clothes always been a point of criticism? Probably the most feminine, flattering costume in history was the one during the period just preceding the Civil War—but wouldn't you be horrified if you saw the girl of your heart running about the public streets with her panties hanging down about her ankles? Why pick on today? And as for making more effort to look simply pretty—there never was a more universally becoming piece of headgear made than the old-fashioned sunbonnet—but do you know one single man who would be caught dead in a ditch with a woman who wore one?

And another thing—why are you so naively amazed to find out that senses of humor—or what passes for humor—vary? To discover that different things amuse different people? In the case of dear Mrs. Twigley (she of the falling stars), if she seems to be amused by fish floating about under the bathroom floor, that's her problem and privilege. If she can pay for it—it doesn't necessarily need to become a national joke. As for the state of Mr. Twigley's health, that's *his* problem. And about the revival of Victorian monstrosities like clock-stomached cupids and the like—why blame those on the fact that the "world of fashion is riddled with fairies"? Why not check up on the condition of the world of fashion during Victoria's time—it would seem that in that dear, departed day such things were very definitely the "expression of the normal man and woman."

Do you realize that I am working myself up into just such a fury as that which possesses poor "Anonymus"? How horrible to realize that such venom is actually contagious!

I'd like nothing better than signing my own name, but if "Anonymus" doesn't feel up to it, why the hell should I?

THAT'S US, GOOD BUT CHEERLESS

I would willingly send a two years sub if the fiction stories were good and if the modern art were cut out. None of your tales are split clean. Not a one interestingly dirty. Your writers can't help but insinuate a bundle or an unpleasant death in every single yarn. And why all so sad? Uncle Sam's family is from my own knowledge a cheerful gang. More articles of the "Balbo" type would be good. No people are better at wise cracks than Americans—why no fun? If every tale must needs be not quite clean, why not put in all the smut from each yarn into one hell of a horror? Keep the rest clean. The modern art is if nothing else as cheerful as a squarked cat on a roadway in the rain. Not only that but they are more maddeningly morbid than the miserable stories.

All the same it is a good magazine. It has a fair sale here. Every one says its good but cheerless.

Yours faithfully,

H. F. S. WICKSTEED
Barakat Sudan, Blue Nile

A SOPHOMORE TO A FRESHMAN

Being a college student I often hear some pretty sad literary material from time to time, but never have I read such a juvenile effort as that written by Mr. (or should I say Master) Louis Michaelson in the April issue.

Perhaps his puerile mind cannot comprehend that most animated cartoons are something more than a series of drawings moving across the screen. If he used his head he might realize that they gently poke fun at such stick-in-the-muds as himself as well as containing a useful moral for both children and adults. Really, Mr. Michaelson's expulsion of warm air is just as amusing as the antics of Donald Duck and, indeed, reminiscent of that entertaining character.

Mr. Michaelson should not worry about making an ass out of himself by wearing a Bunny Rabbit pin; the obvious has already happened. As for the long pants, after reading his article I doubt very much if he does wear them. If so it must be a novel experience for him.

As for you, ESKY, I am sorry to see that you are so hard up for printable material. If you need copy that badly, why don't you canvass the colleges? I am sure that even the freshman composition classes could furnish you with better stuff than *Bunny Rabbit Can Go to Hell*.

Sincerely,

MICHAEL MACBAN
Hollywood, Calif.

AIN'T NOTHING REAL ANY MORE?

This is written, partly in appreciation of the *A B C's in Manila* article in the May issue of ESKY, but more as a gentle inquiry to "Anon" the author and so many other writers of so-called articles which I have always presumed to be non-fiction.

No doubt your "Lash and Gnash" department has been deluged with Manila squawkers but I would like to add my trickle of trivia to the torrents. On a trip around the World last Fall, my wife and I were forced to spend two weeks in Manila, due to an injury I received aboard the *Pres. Hoover* during a 48 hour typhoon. So I do not qualify as an authority, but as the injury in no way affected my eyes or ears the following comments are truly sincere.

On page 108 Mr. Anon writes of the

build-up at the Polo Club; a grand place, and used more extensively by the members for badminton, tennis, polo and dining, as well as swimming in the pool, than as a background for a future manufacturing of the current "A" passenger. I spent a few evenings there but never heard the "ecstatic song of an unseen bird" so late that I was under the spell of "The mellow light of the moon" at the same time. There are no nightingales in the Philippines as far as I know, at least not at the Polo Club. We can skip this poetic license because it did read well.

We now arrive at the Manufacturing Plant, the problem or raw material being the same "A" fair passenger but hardly a problem any longer, as the previous hours of work has the material advanced to the last operation, that is with the exception of the brandy sodas; this last not essential but speeds up the finishing process. There are homes along the Bay Shore, but hardly any that could be classed as ideal for the bachelor. However, the Caucasian inhabitants of Manila never swim in the Bay, in fact very few of the natives do, as the Bay is the favorite hunting grounds of the sharks. In addition the Pasig River empties into the Bay; this stream is used for miles up country as a sewer by the natives so you realize how uninviting and romantic the Bay is, even in the moonlight, half-tight.

When contemplating a trip one has to read so much propaganda and exaggerated Chamber of Commerce blabla, I can't understand why an article obviously trying to be sincere, must cause the reader to doubt much of it because of a few irregularities. This is true of so many articles that one often reads with the tongue in the cheek thus simulating the author. If some of these "true" adventure authors could think, at the time, as quickly and judiciously as they write afterwards, the World's troubles would be over.

Sincerely,

New York City R. A. FERRY

GROSSLY EXAGGERATED

I hear it rumored on good authority that Robert Taylor (of the films) has ambition to become an actor. Please confirm or deny the report. I understand this ambition became burning after the public's re-action to *A Yank At Oxford*.

An Avid Reader,

Chicago, Ill. CALDER B. VAUGHAN

MAYBE YOU'RE GERTRUDE STEIN

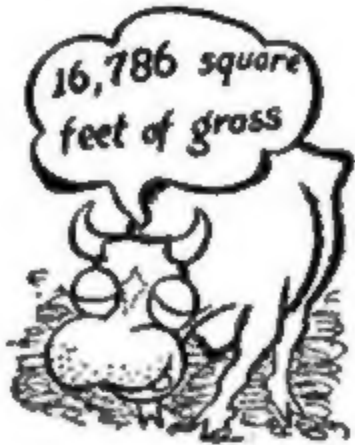
I am just a young girl. I have never been anywhere very far or done anything very much. I read what I like to read. I read ESQUIRE. I like F. Scott Fitzgerald and Eric Knight because they tell stories damn well.

Dear ESQUIRE, I am just a young girl who has never been anywhere very much. I just thought I would write and tell you.

Jamaica McKay
P.S. Remember that article that E. S. Bostwick wrote on *What Shall I Tell My Father?* Well, he ought to know my Papa. Nobody can tell my Papa anything. When he finds out that I used his typewriter, he's going to say Goddammit, Jamaica, you can't run the thing. When he finds out that his last three issues of this magazine are under my bed, he's going to make me haul them out and say, Goddammit, Jamaica, there's nothing in those magazines for a kid like you.

Dear ESQUIRE, I am just a young girl and nobody can tell my Papa anything.
Detroit, Mich. JAMAICA MCKAY

Continued on page 10



Yes, Esquire...

WE REALLY WANT OUR AD PRINTED THIS WAY!



This is probably one of the strangest ads you have ever seen. But when you have read it, you will understand *two* things you may not have known before: How a full-color picture is printed... and why Four Roses is such a downright magnificent whiskey.



1. Here you see the first of the four "color engravings," or "printing plates," that are printed, one on top of another, to make the *one* finished picture in the lower left corner.



2. The red and yellow plates, together, look like this. You will notice that each plate differs in detail, and that each contributes some *special* quality to the finished picture.



3. This is a combination of the yellow, red, and blue plates. Although only four separate color-plates are used in the entire color-printing process, they are combined in such a way that the final picture has *every* color and *every* quality that makes for perfection.



4. Now look at the completed picture. Here—now that the black plate has been added—is the result of skilfully combining *all* the virtues of *four* separate color-plates. And, in very much the same way, *all* the virtues of *several* selected straight whiskies have been combined in Four Roses to produce *one* whiskey finer by far than any of the separate whiskies could be alone. When you taste Four Roses, we think you'll agree that the finest picture ever printed can merely hint at its delicate aroma, rich smoothness, and glorious flavor!

FOUR ROSES

*A blend of straight whiskies
100% straight whiskies—90 proof*



Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated
Louisville & Baltimore

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A TIME-TRIED IDEA

Joining the ranks of the Vox Poppers about whom you ran a story in the May issue, please permit me to raise my voice above the pack.

I have an IDEA!

It's good. And I'm a subscriber, too, so behave and listen.

As this story so ably outlined, there is a veritable army of Vox Poppers in these United States who spend their waking hours composing literary gems in protest, in praise, wrathfully and joyfully. They hopefully wait for them to be published—and their glee is unbounded when they see their letter in the *Sound and Fury*. As the article went on to point out, some of the letters that appear in *Time* are more authoritative and interesting than the news stories in the body of the magazine. Too, the editors listen when John Q. Public speaks (as you are now, you rascal) and that's a fact.

Now look. Why don't you publish a weekly or a monthly sheet devoted entirely to people who want to use it as a medium to air their grouches and reform the nation? Call it *Vox Pop*, or call it *Sound and Fury*, call it anything, but be original, and be faithful. Over the air and through the columns of *ESQUIRE* invite the reading public of the United States to use this new paper for their own. Let them write what they please, and print it as they write it, excluding, of course, the obscene and obviously vulgar.

Your copy, gentlemen, therefore, would cost you nothing, although you could run a contest or a prize for the most interesting and revolutionary letter. You would uncover unknown and unsung geniuses, no doubt, you would provide an outlet for the frustrated, the meek, and the lowly. Give them a break and give yourself the biggest journalistic scoop of this age.

Remember, *Vox Pop* should be just that, and nothing more. The people's forum. Boy, what a setup. I'd come and talk to you about this, but at present I am tied up, I'm in jail. But what the hell, so was O. Henry.

Yours,

Washington, D. C. C. H. SPARKS

AN END TO THE "DOUS" LIST?

I was interested in Mr. Frisch's contribution to the "dous" campaign. I think this craze started with the statement on page 316 of the *Doctor's Odyssey* that there were ten possible adjectives ending in "dous." Well, I, myself caught sixteen at the first throw but Mr. Frisch leads the way with his twenty-two additional words only four of which appeared in my own list. Now if any one interested will add the following words, he ought to have a vocabulary sufficient for ordinary purposes:

blizzardous	tardigradous
rubicundous	octopodous
cirripodous	rhizopodous
fecundous	sauropodous

Yours truly,

Chicago, Ill. O. J. LAYLANDER

ROULADES AND CAT-CALLS

I am sure that many of your readers were very disagreeably surprised to find, in your columns, an article which, purporting to point out needed reforms in American opera, merely indulged in a scurrilous and entirely undeserved attack upon certain personalities.

It is difficult to understand what the motive is that lies behind the insulting, and I might almost say, libellous references contained in the article on, *Roulades and Cadenzas*, in the April number of *ESQUIRE*.

Were certain well-known figures in the operatic world singled out, in order

to emphasize by contrast, those who were spared? Surely, Flagstaad does not need to be built up at the expense of Lauritz Melchior; and to accuse Lauritz Melchior of ungentlemanly conduct, while deprecating, at the same time, Mr. Martinelli, Mr. Schorr, Mr. Panizza, and several others, does not, in any way, mitigate the evident venom with which this article is saturated.

It is very evident from a perusal of the statements made therein, or in the March number, that the writer has little claim to pose as an authority on the subject of music in general, or opera in particular, and one would expect from the editor of *ESQUIRE*, a little more discrimination, and a higher regard for the feelings of the great American public, which has taken these artists to their hearts, not only because of their fine artistry, but because of their splendid qualities as human beings.

It would be well, if your readers would be spared in the future, any further lamentable digressions from truth and good taste.

Very truly yours,

New York, N. Y. BENJ. JABLONS

ACCURACY AGONY

I received my copy of *ESQUIRE* today and I have just finished reading an interesting article by Mr. Robert Saunders Dowst entitled *Again—the Derby*.

Mr. Dowst makes a statement in the last paragraph on page 110 which I am quite sure is incorrect. He states that Omaha was beaten in the 1935 Wood Memorial by Rosemont. Rosemont was a rather good three-year-old but he didn't win the Wood Memorial in 1935. The order of the finish, as I recall it from memory, was: 1. Today, by two lengths; 2. Plot Eye; 3. Omaha. I am not even sure that Rosemont was in the race.

The race in question was a rough one and Omaha was practically knocked to his knees at the start. He ran a fine race to finish third after such interference. This was the first race to actually stamp him as a worthy representative of a champion breed.

I have received *ESQUIRE* for some time and like it immensely. Formerly an advertising man, I believe that *ESQUIRE* gives more advertising value than any magazine in the country. Everyone in my family reads my copy.

Sincerely,

C. E. BRISCOE, JR.
New Albany, Ind.

THAT WAS THE HOP

In the April issue of Mr. Burton Rascoe's hop, skip and jump excursion into Japanese history it seems that Emperor Hideyoshi ordered the Jesuits out of Japan.

Historians should be interested in Mr. Rascoe's posthumous infusion of sacred blood into soldier Toyotomi Hideyoshi's veins.

Historians—poor, benighted critters—have been teaching all these years that Hideyoshi's greatness could be attested from the fact that, though he was not of sacred blood, nor even of the blood of the Minamotos, he still became leader of his country. Catch?

In other words, for reason of humble birth, Hideyoshi could neither be Emperor nor shogun. Can it be that in Mr. Rascoe's week-end contact with 25 centuries of Japanese history he missed this point?

Cordially,

Portland, Ore. HARRY ELLIOTT

EARLY ESQ.

I thought you'd like to see the enclosed picture that bears such a characteristic resemblance to ESKY.

It's happened time and again: ancient duplication of modern faces. We've dug up pictures in the *Bettman Archive* of physiognomical ancestors of F.D.R., Charles Laughton and others. I guess there aren't enough faces to keep up with production.

I don't know what you can do with this Grecian ESKY—but here he is.

Sincerely,

LAWRENCE A. BENNETT, Editor
New York, N. Y.



IS IT ESKY?

Nope. This marble sculpture of ESKY's lineal ancestor was found in the ruins of Athens. He was "Bluebeard"—a notorious demon of the sea and his adventures would make Berman's cover *Casanova* look pale. Anyone interested in further research can find this millennium-old ESKY in the Acropolis Museum.

ON MEYER FOR MEYER

I have read and been a subscriber to your magazine for several years. I have, in these years, liked and disliked your features. However, I have never become irked about any one department prior to this writing. But I am irked at this time.

And the subject of my ill-will is Meyer Levin. He is paid, I presume, to run a column of criticism about motion pictures. Whether his remarks are favorable or otherwise is none of my business and I don't care. I am interested, in the criticism as it reveals, to some extent, what the public wants. But when Mr. Levin takes advantage of his column to try and sell his own books as picture material and completely neglects his criticizing, I for one, am impelled to take up pen and request you to call a halt. If Mr. Levin considers his works as such excellent screen fare, why doesn't he get an agent and stop inflicting his drivel on the great majority of your readers who really don't care?

Of course I don't have to read his column. But, as I'm in the business, I like to hear what the critics have to say.

Yours for a return to normalcy.

Hollywood, Calif. BEN RINALDO

APPEAL TO ESQ.'S NOBLER NATURE

I read your paper for the first time a few months ago, and it seemed largely to consist of whiskey advertisements and pictures of beautiful young men in elastic pants. But a more painstaking ploughing through of your pachyderm among periodicals has revealed definite traces of gold among the earthy tracts.

The purest veins, brains or what have you, appear to be Louis Paul, when not in the grip of his occasional verbal diarrhoea; Gilbert Bundy, whose brilliant craftsmanship and engaging sense of humor are an unfailing joy; and George Jean Nathan, apart from his virility complex (I can't help suspecting that Nathan's dramatic Nirvana would be peopled by thousands of Captain Flaggs playing Hamlet, Romeo, Armand Duval and Frederick Lonsdale's heroes).

There's one thing I didn't like in your paper, the printing of articles by "sour-grapes" expatriates who sneer at their own country. Belfrage is no worse than others of the tribe (actually I was distinctly more nauseated by a grubby attack on his own country by an American, the article being published in an English magazine). But whether one is English, American, Nazi or Russian, it strikes me as a cheap and slimy way of "being true to oneself" or whatever the current excuse is now.

And *ESQUIRE* is too big a paper to need "nest-fouling" controversies to step up its circulation.

London, S. W. 1. R. L. NORTON

COLLECTOR'S LUCK

Last fall, in the course of making things shipshape in my summer cabin before returning to town for the winter, I stacked the summer's accumulation of magazines on the window-seat. Among them were several *ESQUIRES*.

Recently I took up board and room with a private family and they evinced such an interest in a new copy of *ESQUIRE* I brought home (an interest that deprived me of access to it for a week) that I made a trip to the cabin for the express purpose of bringing back to them those old issues.

Immediately upon pulling up in front of the place I sensed that something was amiss. Yes, the front door was ajar. I distinctly remembered having locked it. But a glance about the interior disclosed nothing missing nor even disturbed. Except—except—I rushed over to the window seat and frantically searched through the stack of periodicals. Then my worst fear was realized. The only thing the unprincipled interlopers had appropriated was the one thing I had made the trip for—that file of back issue *ESQUIRES*!

And now that everybody is thoroughly astounded may I once more sheath my trusty pen?

Sincerely,

Seattle, Wash. T. W. BARTLETT

FILE UNDER MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

In a world tainted with fashion creations à la *Vogue*, and *Harper's Bazaar*, *Fashion* is a *Fairy* came like a ray of light seeping through dried spinach. In fact, I enjoyed the article so much that I wrote a poem based on it.

Little sprays of spinach
On a green lapel.
Little wigs of sea-weed,
Boy, it looks like the devil!

Blocks for shoes,
And plates for hats, and wraps from faded cats.

Boy, this is a crazy world—
No wonder we're going bats!

With apologies to Emerson, I am,
Sincerely yours,

Upper Montclair, N. J. Ted Cook
P.S.: I would have sent this sooner, but an epic, like the one above, requires much thoughtful and time-consuming work.

T. C.

Continued in center of page 164

Father's Day Ahead! June 19th is the Day!

Pajamas of Renaiselle Cloth, about \$5.

Swim Trunks of Kenya Cloth, about \$3.50.

McShetland Lounge Jacket, about \$5.

McShetland Slacks, about \$7.

Lounge shirt of Spun-garb Cloth, about \$5.

**BE SURE YOUR GIFT BEARS
THE MARK OF CROWN TESTED
FOR LASTING SATISFACTION**

QUALITY

**CROWN TESTED
AND
APPROVED
CROWN
RAYON**

This mark identifies a wide selection of gift apparel made of the newest and smartest Crown Tested Spun Rayon Fabrics: cool, comfortable, correct, colorful. Lounge jacket and slacks for a smart, cool, summer ensemble. Lounge shirt with the precision tailoring associated with custom made. Swimming trunks with new claims to comfort and style. Zephyr-cool pajamas that combine smart lines with durability. All are Crown Tested for long and satisfactory wear. To be found in department stores and smart men's shops throughout the country, with many other gifts of Crown Tested Spun Rayon Fabrics...gifts you're sure will give lasting satisfaction!

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

Copr. 1938—American Viscose Corporation

World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn
200 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Take Mr. Boston to



SLOE GIN FIZZ ►

If you like the wine-like tang of rare Burgundy, try this delicious thirst-drencher!

3 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of ½ lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill 12-oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with slice of lemon

MINT TOM COLLINS: May I suggest a cool Mint Tom Collins! Make it the regular way, except be sure to use Old Mr. Boston Mint Flavored Gin.



◄ MINT JULEP

When your guests call for something different, serve them a glorious Mint Julep!

Muddle 4 sprigs of mint with
1 teaspoon powdered sugar and
1 teaspoon water
Fill glass with chipped ice
Add 2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
Decorate with sprig of mint

ROCKING CHAIR WHISKEY: A famous blend that reveals a forgotten *taste*, a superb *smoothness* and a delightful *bouquet*.

the Party!



Name your drink, Gentlemen—

Old Mr. Boston is versatile enough to please you!

GENTLEMEN, I'm going to break all the cardinal rules of etiquette—I'm going to ask you to take me to your party.

"And if you don't believe I am a versatile person to have along—just look at the superb collection of liquors I offer you! Made in the New England tradition... each bottle is brimming with mellow flavor that will revive bored tastes and jaded palates in the twinkling of an eye.

"For a perfect Tom Collins, let me recommend my famous Dry Gin. Your first taste will tell you that this gin is different... *and it is*. From all over the world come my 17 rare ingredients—coriander, cardamom, anise and orange flowers—to name a few. These are blended into such a delicate bouquet, you can sip my gin *straight*—it's that delightfully s-m-o-o-t-h!

"But if you're a clever host, you'll serve your guests a Sloe Gin Fizz made with my famous Sloe Gin. Prepared only from hand-picked *imported* sloe

berries, Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin rivals the flavor of rare Burgundy in its wine-like richness, its ruby-red color and its satisfying taste.

"Ah-h, but my whiskeys—they're truly superb! Few wine makers of France put more patience and skill into making an old-world wine than I do in my ryes and bourbons. For instance, if you want to get full measure of enjoyment from my excellent bourbon—try that king of Southern drinks, a *delicious Mint Julep*. Each sip, gentlemen... reveals the unseen touch of perfect skill, perfect care.

"Let me help make your party a success, for I'm a delightful guest, you know. My coat and hat, please, and I'll be right with you—to your party!"

* * *

WHISKEYS: Rocking Chair Blend—90 Proof, contains 75% grain neutral spirits; Straight Bourbon Whiskey—100 Proof; Straight Rye Whiskey—100 Proof. **GINS:** Dry Gin—90 Proof, distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits; Mint Flavored Gin—80 Proof; Sloe Gin—70 Proof.

OLD MR. BOSTON

FINE LIQUORS

Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.



TOM COLLINS

For a delicious Tom Collins here's my very best recipe:

Use 12-oz. glass
2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin
Juice of ½ lemon
Teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill with seltzer
Decorate with slice of orange, lemon and cherry

For the smoothest Martini you ever had use Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Air-Conditioned Persian Room at the Plaza



Triumphant Return from London

THE HARTMANS

The Outstanding Satirists of the Dance

AT DINNER AND SUPPER



PANCHO

and his
Orchestra

Special Dinner \$3.50, also a la carte

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

Dancing Daily and Sunday

PANCHO and his Orchestra

THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST.

- DEAR ME NO . . .
- NO Finer Food Anyplace . . .
- OH MY YES . . .
- Twinkle-tongued
- EDDIE DAVIS
- still cheer-leading . . .
- LEON & EDDIE'S 52 ST
- Dinner • Supper • Cocktails

THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED!

● Neat, handy, useful and durable...Brass frame, heavily chromium plated... Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart...practical

Graceful design, light weight, fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one

Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails. Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths... really three blades in one.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, O.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) This offer good in U.S.A. only.



Q-12

Actual Size

Fortunately that part of Vienna which is symbolized by the St. Regis Roof is still intact and has not been borne down by marching feet. During the heated spell the Roof holds the same charm and clientele that frequent the Maisonette Russe and the beautiful Iridium Room during the social season. This year, Joseph Rines and his Orchestra furnish the rhythms, while Carl Hemmer has taken over the dance features. This is a decided improvement on past seasons when the style of dance entertainment leaned too much to the past. Another gesture to modernity is the dance team of Raul and Eva Reyes, exponents of the still popular rhumba.



Come summer, come winter, the Hotel Roosevelt seems to be the town's headquarters for those collegiates, acting and honorary members, who like to get together for fun. Whether it is the nearness to the rail terminals, so no time is lost in connecting with the date, or whether it is because the Roosevelt has managed to cater to the livelier mind in the matter of entertainment, we have never been able to figure out. Anyway, there she stands, host to the happy.

For midtown diners there is the Astor Roof, cool and pleasant with a view of the ships coming into New York's backyard. The Astor has kept up the tradition of its kitchen, which many neglect. For entertainment there is usually Rudy Vallee and the stooges he likes to have around.

Arthur Brown, whom most of the town knew through his Sunday nights at El Morocco, is now restaurant manager of the Madison. The terrace of the Madison, by the way, still has our idea of the best Daiquiri, Cuban style, that you can buy in New York.

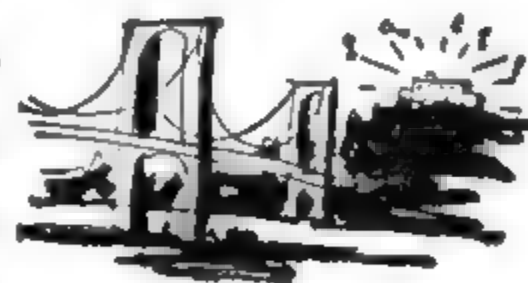
Perhaps one of the reasons the swing phase of music has stayed so long is because of its fundamental racial rhythms. Another, and contributing reason, is Stuff Smith, who, to our way of thinking, is the highest exponent of the art.



On Stuff's return to the Onyx, (which he never should have left), he was greeted with the intense passion of the zealot. Stuff seems to have improved with his enforced lay-off, that is, he has refined and brought nuances into his playing. When Stuff lets his drummer go into the "Crescendo on the Drums," you have frenetic music that you will not find this side voodoo land. Put it down in your book that Stuff and his seven men rank right along with Toscanini and the other great.

The Hotel Lincoln decided to keep open their Blue Room for dinner dancing. Among the West Side midtown hotels, the Lincoln has won a certain place for itself; the kitchen is above the average. Arthur Warren and his orchestra supply the music for the dancing.

Ben Marden's Riviera still blinks across the Hudson luring the Continental minded across the wondrous Washington Bridge. This modern night spot has completed the architectural didoes it left off when it opened last year; inside the view is as marvelous as ever, both up and down the Hudson and on the stage where lovely young things parade.



On your northward treks there are not many good eating places until you reach the White Turkey Farm near Danbury, Conn., or the Outpost Nursery Inn at Ridgefield. The former is excellent, old-style; the latter, excellent, new-style. Past Greenwich, is Rich's, which has been the mainstay of the Post Road for years. It is very good and on Saturday nights, (in the out-of-yacht season), is gay, being host to the Stamford social-minded. In Stamford proper, the Roger Smith bar is a bright spot in a drab town. The Janet Saki, on Atlantic Avenue, is the best place to eat and favored by the town's gourmets. Up near Norwalk, the Arrow Inn will do for a quick snack.

As DISTINCTIVE as the
WINDMILL



As RELIABLE as the
TRADE MARK

Smoothest—Softest—
Gentleman's Beer

HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)

IMPORTED BY
Austin Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)



BROOKLYN - NEW YORK

Albany, N. Y. Newark, N. J.
New Haven, Conn. Chicago, Ill.
Miami, Fla. Washington, D. C.

WHEN IN NEW YORK visit the
"RIVIERA" OF AMERICA
Ben Marden's
RIVIERA
JUST ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

Enjoy

these cool drinks
from the Tropics—

A colorful Planters' Punch or
sparkling Rum Collins, "mixed as
they make them in Jamaica" with



MYERS'S RUM

"Planters' Punch" BRAND

100% FINE OLD JAMAICA

ALL 8 YEARS OLD—97 PROOF

For free booklet containing many delight-
ful recipes for making rum drinks write to

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., Inc.
Agents in the U. S. A.

Dept. F-1, 57 Laight Street, New York

CHAMBORD

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER

A distinguished Restaurant presenting French
Provincial Cuisine par excellence and a care-
fully selected Cellar for connoisseurs.

803 THIRD AVE., N.Y. C. EL 5-7180
between 49th and 50th Sts.

DIVAN PARISIEN

Le Restaurant par Excellence

CUISINE FRANCAISE

FAMOUS FOR "CHICKEN DIVAN"

AND SPECIAL SALAD

Finest vintage wines and liquors.

17 EAST 45 ST. VANDERBILT 3-9011



Are you waiting for a shaver better than the SCHICK?

THEN YOU SHOULD NOT WAIT ANOTHER DAY

The Schick shearing head is based on such fundamental principles that we doubt if another method, *not using these principles*, will be found in our lifetime.

There were many centuries of shaving with blades—hundreds of years when men knew about mechanics—and scores of years when men could make machinery as fine as watches. But mechanical shaving *without blades*, cutting hair underneath a thin protecting plate, without injury to the skin, is what Schick gave to the world.

Shaving is a matter of small dimensions—of engineering and gauging in ten-thousandths of an inch. There is no room for even *theoretical* improvement in Schick's principles—little chance for *practical* major mechanical improvement.

WHY SHOULD YOU WAIT?

There is no reason to postpone another day the

sheer comfort and economical efficiency of Schick Shaving. Some men are waiting for a \$5 electrical shaver. In our studied opinion, no company can produce a fine precision instrument, such as ours, to sell for much less than \$15. We don't believe a cheaply-made shaver *could* shave satisfactorily over a period of time. It would cost more in the long run than a well-made shaver.

Go to an authorized Schick dealer—let him demonstrate the Schick Shaver to you and tell you how and why it actually restores and reconditions your skin even after years of blade-shaving. Follow his instructions, and in a short time you will enjoy quick, close and economical shaves—and without the use of blades or lather.



SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
Made in Canada and sold by Schick Shaver Limited, Montreal
Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., which manufactures and sells the Schick Injector Razor

SCHICK SHAVER



FATHER'S DAY JUNE 19

Make this Father's Day last for years! Give Dad a Schick Shaver! You will be giving him quick, close, painless shaves—and a renewed skin. The Schick will give him a face forever free of shaving irritation, cuts and shaving callus; a natural "clear skin" look.



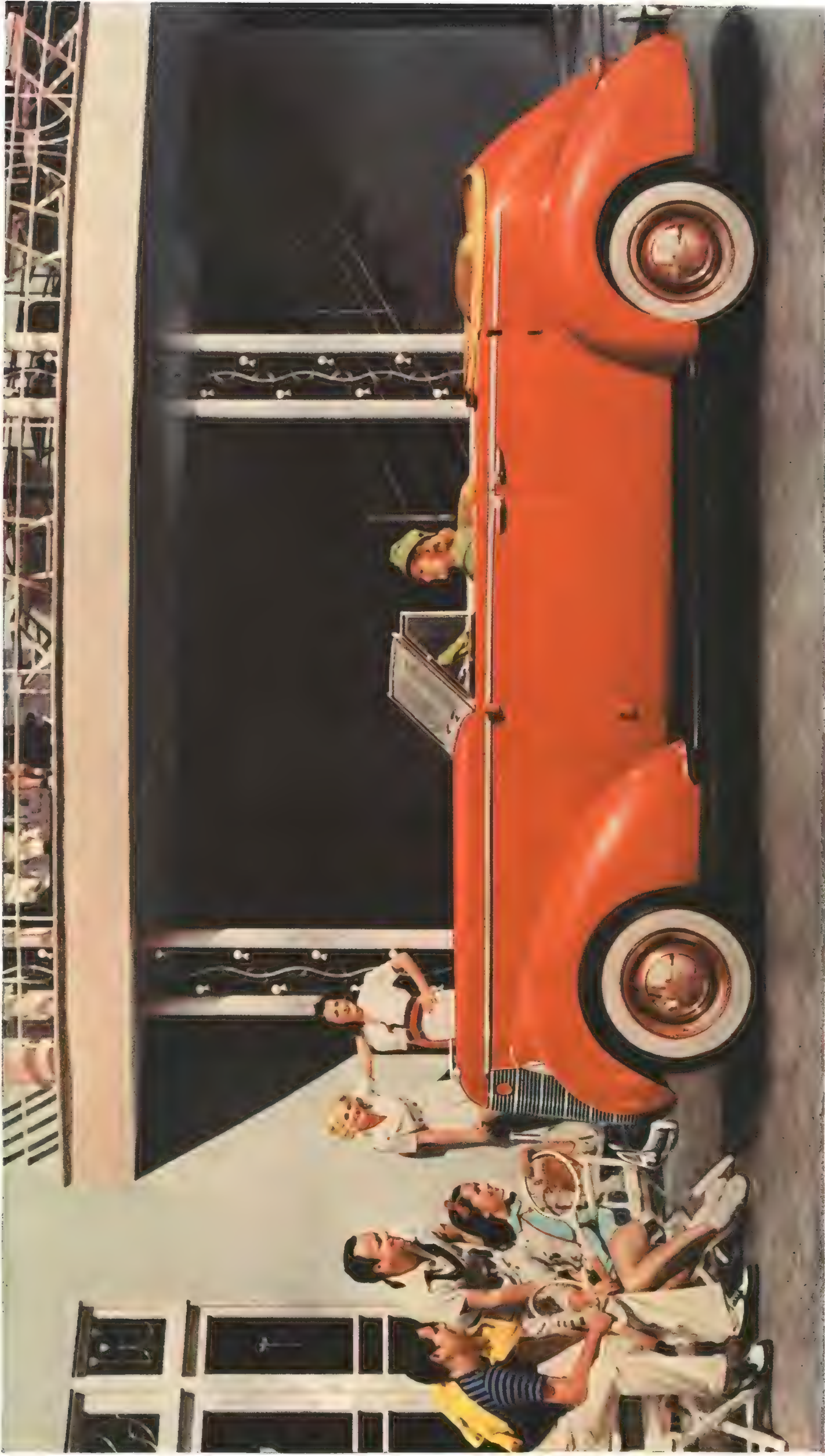
GRADUATION

The ideal time to graduate him to quick, close shaves! Give him a Schick, the shaver that conditions the skin as it shaves! Give him the De Luxe Schick Shaver, with gold-plated head and smart "jewelry box" case. \$18.00



ANNIVERSARIES WEDDINGS

What better gift for a wife to give a husband? Or what better gift for the ushers to give the groom, or the groom to give best man and ushers? (A man gives his wife the Schick Shavette, dainty, feminine, \$16.50.) The Schick Shaver is the perfect gift for most occasions.



CLOSE-UP AT BEVERLY HILLS

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

LADY LUCK may be hard to woo at times on the tennis courts . . . but there's no gamble at all this year about picking the winner in a sport car. Everyone who drives it agrees there isn't a car that comes within a headlamp's beam of the stunningly styled new 6-passenger Studebaker Convertible. "Extra fare" in luxury and distinction yet impressively extra fair in price, its equipment

includes such indispensables as planar independent wheel suspension, automatic hill holder, non-slam rotary door latches, variable ratio steering, horizontal transmission, hypoid gear rear axle—all the 1938 Studebaker advancements. Available in the very low-priced Commander as well as the President pictured. Low cost C.I.T. terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED	
DOMESTIC	FOREIGN
TELEGRAM	FULL RATE CABLE
DAY LETTER	DEFERRED CABLE
NIGHT MESSAGE	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
NIGHT LETTER	RADIOGRAM
SHIP RADIOGRAM	

PATRONS SHOULD CHECK CLASS OF SERVICE DESIRED. OTHERWISE MESSAGE WILL BE TRANSMITTED AS A FULL-RATE COMMUNICATION

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Mackay Radio

RECEIVER'S NUMBER

CHECK

TIME FILED

STANDARD TIME

Greet your Dad by Telegraph on **FATHER'S DAY — JUNE 19TH**

Dad appreciates the value of telegrams in his business all year round. A Postal Telegraph Greeting delivered to him on Father's Day, Sunday, June 19, will carry the right personal touch at the right time, giving added importance to your thoughtfulness.

FATHER'S DAY
Greetings
VIA POSTAL TELEGRAPH

Father's Day Greetings are delivered on special blanks in special envelopes by uniformed messengers. And the cost is low.

ONLY 25¢ THROUGHOUT U. S., 20¢ LOCALLY

DAD will get a great kick out of Postal Telegraph's innovation, the...

SINGING TELEGRAM

Postal Telegraph has prepared a special greeting song which you can have sung to Dad over the phone throughout the United States via Postal Telegraph. This is a very popular service, which is also available for birthdays and other special occasions throughout the year.



SUMMER BACHELOR...

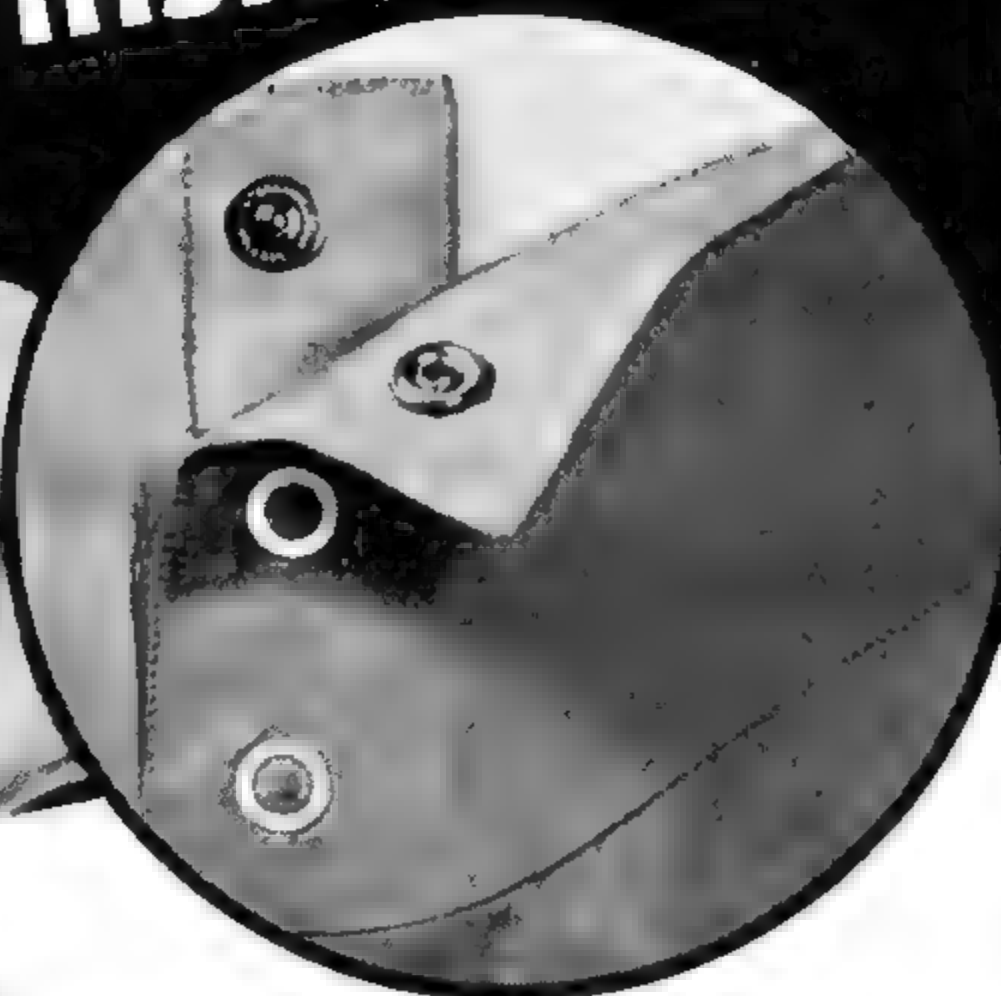
shorts shedding buttons!

THIS HAPPENED TODAY IN
THOUSANDS OF HOMES

Insist on **SHORTS** with
Grippers
instead of buttons

**DON'T BE MISLED**

Grippers should not be confused with ordinary fasteners. Be sure you get genuine Grippers. Genuine Grippers are laundryproof. They have been tested and approved by The American Institute of Laundering. The name Grippers is stamped plainly on every fastener.



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as advertised therein

These
Leading
Brands of
Shorts have
Grippers
instead of
buttons

•Canadian-made shorts with Grippers include Arrow, B. V. D., Forsyth, St. James, Lewis, Croydon. Mexican-made shorts with Grippers include High-Life, Society.

NOBELT SUPER SHORTS by Wilson Brothers
AROSNAP SHORTS by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
MANSO SHORTS by Mansco, Inc.
ALLEN-A SHORTS by The Allen-A Company
B. V. D. SHORTS by The B. V. D. Corporation
SEALPAX SHORTS by The Sealpax Company
SHORT-EEZ SHORTS by Superior, Inc.
GOODSNAP SHORTS by Goodenow Textiles Co.
VARSITY SHORTS by Varsity Underwear Co.
CREVELING SHORTS by Johnson Creveling & Co.
MUNSINGWEAR SHORTS by Munsingwear, Inc.
AINTREE SHORTS by Aintree Corporation
COOPERS SHORTS by Coopers, Inc.
Many Dept. Stores also carry their own brand of shorts equipped with Grippers. These quality shorts are made by
THE MOSES ROSENTHAL CO.
REGATTA MFG. CO.
SEEGULL MFG. CO.

COPR. 1938, SCOVILL MFG. CO.

SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

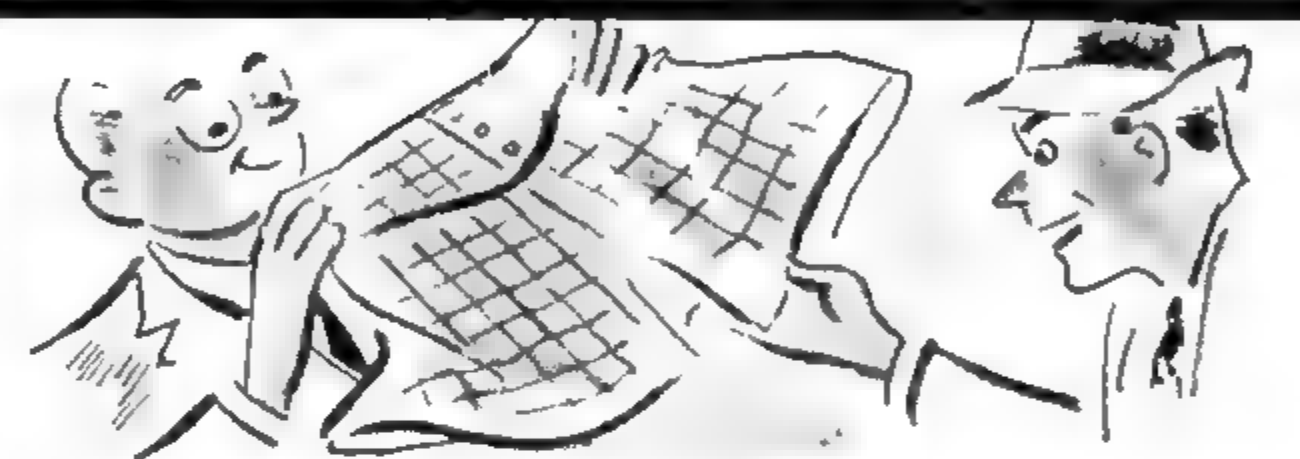
Button and Fastener Division
Waterbury, Connecticut

JIM—I can make coffee and fry eggs—but when it comes to sewing on buttons—that's no job for a man!

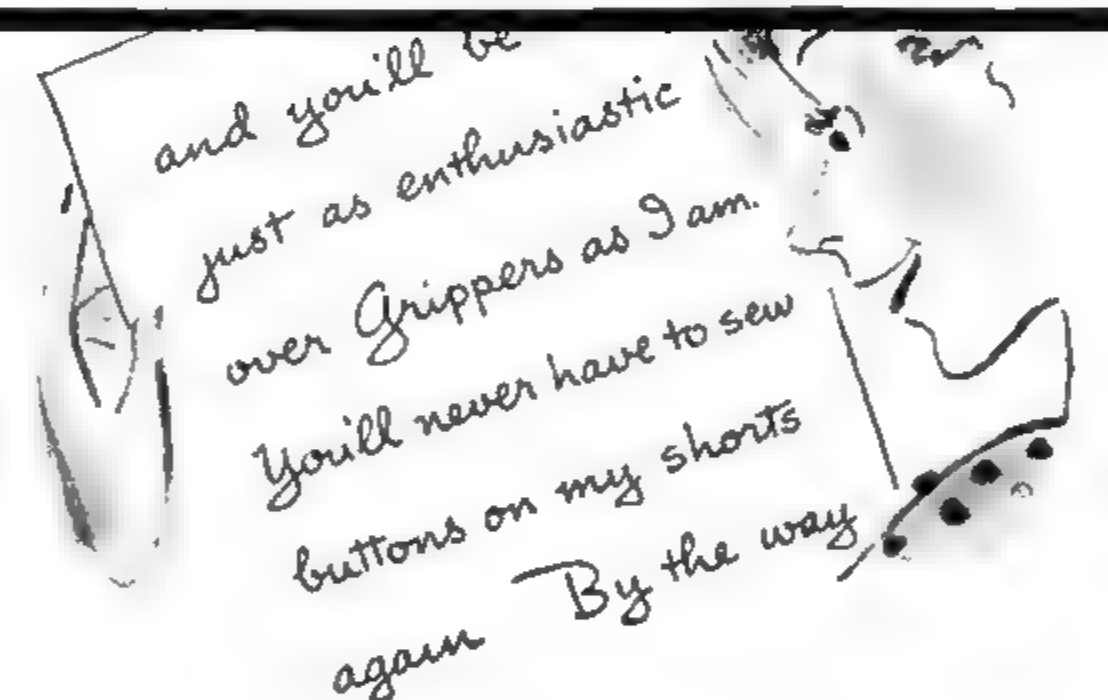
HARRY—Wake up, Jim. I solved the button problem on shorts a year ago!



HARRY—Only old-fashioned guys wear shorts with buttons these days. Buy yourself shorts with Grippers instead of buttons—Grippers won't break and they won't rip off. They always stay with you.



CLERK—Yes, sir. These shorts have Genuine Grippers. All my customers are demanding them. Insisting on them. Grippers are approved as laundryproof by The American Institute of Laundering—and guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.



Grippers are much more convenient — and they're really **LAUNDRYPROOF**

So That Every Father's Son and Daughter Can Delight Dad on His Day

This specially designed Father's Day gift card will be delivered in time for Father's Day along with the July issue of **ESQUIRE**.



Esquire's Special "Father's Day" Gift Subscription of **SIX BIG ISSUES FOR \$2**

*Father's Day is June 19th. Without playing on your heart-strings or waxing sentimental on the codger (be he young or old, a paragon or otherwise) we've fixed it so you can remember him, as he'd choose it himself. Here's how—for \$2.00 you can send him a special six months' gift subscription to **ESQUIRE** beginning with the extra special Father's Day issue for July, and including not only August, September, October, and November, but the Gargantuan, almost incredible, over 300-page Christmas issue for December. Since six issues on the newsstands cost exactly \$3.00, you save just 33⅓%, or \$1.00.*

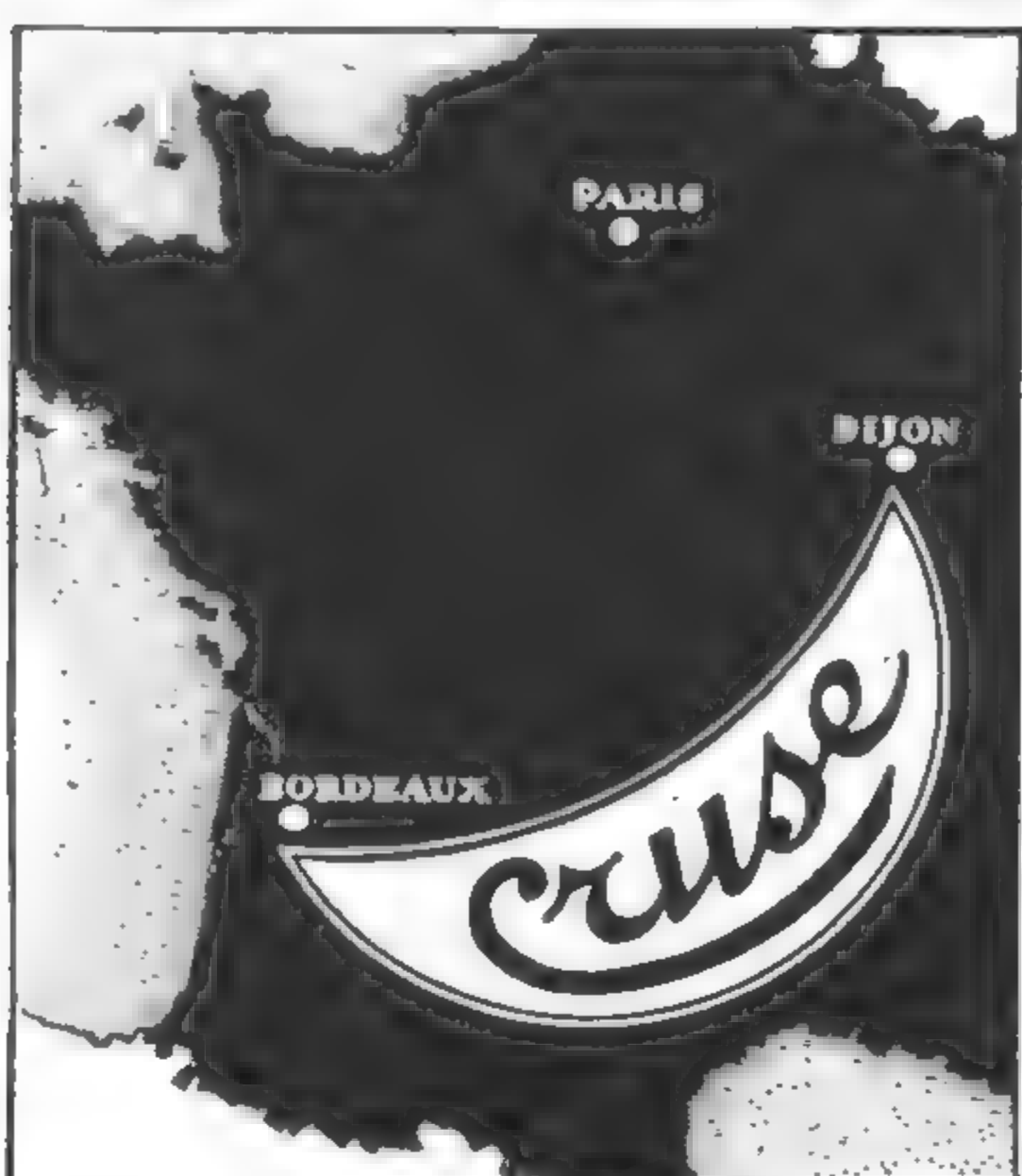
*And that's not all. Along with the July issue of **ESQUIRE**, which will be mailed in a unique gift package, Dad will receive a special gift card, designed for Father's Day remembrance, signed with your name as donor. All we need is his name and yours, his address and \$2.00. Give us these, using the convenient mailing card herewith, on which no postage is required . . . and your thought of Dad on Father's Day, this year, will last for six big months. This special offer is good only until Father's Day (June 19th).*

Esquire

CIRCULATION DEPT.
919 North Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A G I F T M A K E S D A D K I N G O N H I S D A Y

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



**CHATEAU
PONTET CANET**
BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETOR
ONLY WHEN
IT BEARS THE CRESCENT OF
CRUSE
**BORDEAUX WINES
and BURGUNDIES**

IT IS SMART TO SERVE
CLICQUOT
CHAMPAGNES

AGENTS, THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., N. Y. C.

THE *Glass Hat* 130 EAST 50TH STREET
Where
Manhattan
Meets for
MERRIMENT!

• Continuous Entertainment.
Dancing, Dining, Bar. Dinners from
\$1.50. Informal. No cover or mini-
mum except Sat. evenings. Cocktail
Rendezvous. Air conditioned.

BELMONT PLAZA
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, N.Y.C.
National Hotel Management Co., Inc.
Ralph Hitz, President

Dine Al Fresco
at the
**PAVILLON
MARGUERY**
270 PARK AVENUE
at 47th Street
New York's
Smartest Garden
LUNCHEON • DINNER
COCKTAIL HOUR



**PILGRIM
RUM** 90 Proof
Straight
New England
FOR A RUM COLLINS
FELTON & SON, INC.
BOSTON, MASS., SINCE 1919



GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
**BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA**
AT FINE CLUBS, HOTELS, FANCY DEALERS,
—OR ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

You will probably be surprised, as we were, to find that Leon and Eddie's have a kitchen and are proud of it. Custom and the habits of the American have so ordained that when you find unique entertainment, you should not ask for more than passable food. And to our way of thinking, Eddie Davis is one of the famous men of our day, the sort of entertainer that in years to come will be remembered along with the superb clowns of our time—fitting into his Fifty-Second Street as Yvette Guilbert fitted into the old Montmartre of the golden age of Paris. If you think that an odd comparison, it is because you never heard Guilbert. Davis has a nimbleness of wit and timing that is not matched by any of his confrères, making him always master of an ever-changing audience. At a second's notice, he can change from Sioux City patrons to Canadians, and make them all feel at home. But we were about to speak of Leon who can almost weep over the lack of appreciation of a fine kitchen. His passion is shared by Mironelli, long of the Savoy in London, and taker of first prizes every year at the Chefs' Shows. Once in a moment of recession, there was a hint of substituting thin cream for the heavy, and Mironelli hung up his apron. But the thick cream was restored and the artist goes his way. And it is a pretty way, too, as we found out with caviar on bleeny, baby boned squab stuffed with paté, endive salad, and ice cream with strawberries flambeau. Not to forget a dry Burgundy with the squab.



There should be a particular kind of hell for the promotion man who thinks up stunts to humble the soul. For instance, we were inveigled into the Raleigh Room of the Warwick to watch the world's most beautiful models (twenty, count 'em, twenty). And each model was already supplied with an artist, so all the bystander could do was sit and yearn. Even a Sultan wouldn't dream of such a Paradise, and we came away shaking our head over a lost youth.



Some one told me that Thomas Wolfe always eats two dinners when he goes to the Golden Horn. I can well believe the tale as it is the sort of place where you say to yourself, "I'll never have food like this again." Another constant patron of Salisian is young William Saroyan, who is in the way of being a gourmet. Starting modestly, the Golden Horn, at 39 West Fifty-First has come to be one of the town's epicurean centers, catering not only to writers and diplomats, but to those big wrestlers, most of them having been one-time opponents of host, Aram Salisian. Recently we went through a banquet that makes us blush for our appetite: We began with stuffed mussels and *yalanji yaprak Dolma* (rice and chopped onions wrapped in vine leaves) went on to Patlijan Silkme, (lamb broiled over charcoal with egg plant) Persian Rice and ending with *Ekmek Kadayiff* (a sort of sweetened toast with concentrated cream—Kymak). We finished with Turkish coffee.

Fred Fradkin, known these many years as a violinist among the top ten, director for Dlaghlieff's last American tour, has gathered his friends around him in the Cafe Bohème, on Seventh Avenue, opposite Carnegie Hall. The place has been reconstructed along pleasant lines, and M. Fradkin, who says that he loves the skillet almost as much as the fiddle, keeps scrupulous watch over the kitchen. It was M. Fradkin's love of cooking up dishes for the artists of his troupe, after the night's performance, that led him to this permanent host business. The clientele numbers many of the old maestros and all those musicians who love good food: and we find most of them do.




**MY DAD'S
GOING TO
SMOKE
LONDON
DOCK
TOBACCO**

It might happen that Sonny would present you with your first package of London Dock as a gift on Father's Day (June 19th). But why wait? Treat yourself to a pipeful of this superb, aromatic blend, now. Your own appreciation of its rich fragrance will be shared by your "public." If you want a generous sample, send 10 cents to... Christian Peper Tobacco Co.

128 Delmar Bl.
St. Louis, Mo.



**Export
Foil
Package
40¢**
POUND PACKAGE
\$3.00

Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

DINE • DANCE
ROMANCE
Hawaiian Room
AIR-CONDITIONED
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Avenue and 48th Street
NEW YORK
Charles E. Rochester, Managing Director

THE NEW SUMMER TERRACE



• Enchanting Entertainment—Dancing to Famous Orchestras—Superb Cuisine • Dinner from \$2.00. Supper Couvert (after 10 p.m.) 75c—Sat. and holiday eves, \$1.50. Air conditioned.

Hotel NEW YORKER
34TH ST. AT 8TH AVE., N. Y. C.
GEORGE V. RILEY, Manager
RALPH HITZ, President



World's Largest
Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED
LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



ATHLETE'S FOOT REMEDY

LX4 stops Athlete's Foot. This liquid is easy to apply, harmless, odorless, stainless, colorless. It is the result of careful research by the Elm Drug & Surgical Co. and is guaranteed to give quick relief. For prevention of re-infection LX4 powder is designated. Both products offered Esquire readers at special combination price. Inquiries invited: clubs, colleges. Sold at Liggett's, Whelan's and better drug stores. Or send \$1.

ELM DRUG—26 Broadway, New York



BINOCULARS AND CAMERAS

SUMMER SPECIALS

	List	Special
8/56 Hensoldt Dialyt Binoc.	\$216.00	\$94.50
8/30 Leitz Lightweight Binoc.	75.00	49.50
8/30 Zeiss Featherweight "	99.00	62.50
New Auto Rolleiflex CZ F 3.5	145.00	109.50
Leica G F2 Lens Meters	213.00	134.50
Contax III F 1.5 Lens Meters	370.00	225.00

TRADE-INS ACCEPTED.

Write For Confidential Price List "JE"
UNITED CAMERA EXCHANGE
76 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK CITY



CAMERAS

THE MINI-PHOTOSCOP

A Photo Electric Cell Exposure Meter for Movie and Still Cameras that will perform under all conditions and will help you achieve the camera perfection you seek. Its size is approximately that of a package of cigarettes. Priced at \$14.75, with case. Illustrated Booklet E. M. on request.

WILLOUGHBY'S

World's Largest Exclusive Camera Supply House, 110 West 32nd Street, New York.



DRAMATIC SCHOOLS

Alviene School of the Theatre (45th Year) Graduates: Fred Astaire, Lady Cavendish, (Nee Adele Astaire) Una Merkel, Lee Tracy, Louise Latimer, John Bryan, etc. 3 in 1 course—Stage, Screen, Radio. A technical foundation in Acting, Teaching, Directing and Personal Development in conjunction with Stock Theatre appearances while learning. Departments (Elective)—Dramatic, Elocution, Dance, Arts, Vocal, Musical Comedy, Opera, Music and Fine Arts. Write Sec'y EARLE, 66 W. 85th St., New York City.



FINANCED CAMERAS

New Low Price on KODAK BANTAM SPECIAL equipped with F2.0 LENS in Compur shutter with speeds from 1 sec. to 1/500th sec. CASH PRICE \$73.75 complete with Field Case, reduced from \$115. Can be purchased on DEFERRED PAYMENT PLAN.

Write for descriptive circular.

RABSON'S CAMERA SHOP, INC.
1373 Sixth Ave. (nr. 56 St.) New York City



GUNS AND ACCESSORIES, GUN REPAIRING

EVERYTHING FOR THE SHOOTER! STOEGER'S 320 Page Arms Catalog NEW 1938 ISSUE No. 30 READY! 13,250 items, 4,100 illus. All American & most Imported Guns. Exclusive items. New Prices. (New Time Payment Plan). New Ballistics. Gun Parts, Restocking, Ammunition, Scopes, Gunsmithing. Send 50c (check, coin, M. O., Stamps)—OR visit America's Largest Exclusive Gun House STOEGER ARMS CORP. 507 5th Ave. (at 42nd St.) New York, N. Y.

A GIFT MAKES DAD KING ON HIS DAY. Here's a chance to put a smile on his face. All year round he gives and gives, this is his time to *get*—he'll get a sentimental kick out of any little thoughtful thing you do. Esquire knows the kind of things men like, so here goes.

THE OLD MAN LIKES A LITTLE SNORT, so any liquid nourishment, whether it be grapes or grains, will be hunky dory. If he's following in the wake of Britishers and going in for gin and tonic, then your cue is a case of gin and a couple of cases of quinine soda. This good old product of the bark of the cinchona tree is good for his nerves. If he's a martini muddler, then give him the makings, Vermouth,



French and Italian, and good gin. You can buy "sampler kits" for father's day gifts. If, for example, the old man always sticks to Scotch, then buy a case of 12 different brands. If he spends his time "coming thru the rye," give him a choice of bonded, straight or blends. Rum hounds will sample a kit of Jamaican, Porto Rican, Bacardi, New England, etc., varieties. You might even throw in a bottle or two of falernum (used in the West Indies as a sweetening ingredient for mixed rum drinks). If Dad's a wine bibber, then a case of wine samples... vin rosé, a Rhône wine, is popular now, as is Vouvray, for summer consumption. If you are giving champagne, pick a good vintage year... '26, '28, or '29, in case you've forgotten. Don't forget assorted cordials... and the gift supreme, a miniature bar... a balanced stock of liquids... even down to the bitters, apertifs, liqueurs, minerals and ales, ginger and otherwise. Determine what brand Dad likes best, then ask for it by name.

Then there are the soda siphons to make "fizzed" water, plus vacuum bottles for his office, bed-table or library. A tankard set in black with stainless steel tray and glass; a carafe or shaker-muddler which shakes or muddles drinks, keeping them fresh, cold and undiluted for hours. Or he might like a wooden ice tub in dark oak with chromium bands and a vacuum interior. And by the way, if you are in one part of the country and Dad's in another, you can send his gift of liquor by wire to any portion of the U. S. and have it delivered the same day.

FATHER IS A VAIN OLD DOG, fastidious about what he puts on his countenance and cranium. Better look into the latest razors, there are a number of new departures, both electric and otherwise. Lighted shaving mirrors are a boon to most men. These portable gadgets come with small plastic stand, mirror and light bulb, which when plugged in, gives a soft, non-glare light for perfect shaving. You can even get stands with magnifying mirrors. Of course any well groomed gent goes for toilet sets. Scalp stimulant and after-shave lotion in heavy pinch bottles that are easy for a man to grab; lotions in high, glass decanters, an adornment to any bathroom; toilet soaps "flavored" with pine fragrance; lather or brushless shaving creams, powder and shampoo lotion in odd shaped pottery jars or in black leather covered bottles; pigskin saddle bags for traveling, fitted with shaving equipment; leather cases with special place for electric razors. If Dad prefers to do his own hand-repairing, give a small, compact manicure set in a leather case fitted with the necessary cutlery. Military brushes and brush sets are far from prosaic nowadays. You can get Sterling silver-backed brushes, or a snappy set we saw the other day in brown with modern gold trim and natural bronze bristles to harmonize... really quite different and definitely 1938.

Getting from head to foot, let him keep his shoes in one of the new streamline leather shoe racks, made of narrow strips of leather, and holding 6 pairs of shoes.



HAIR & SCALP PRACTITIONERS

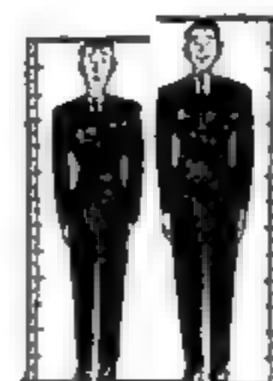
FREE FOR HAIR AND SCALP

Avoid baldness. Be sensible and write today for free scalp analysis chart while you still have some hair to save. You owe it to yourself to learn the truth about baldness, thinning hair and dandruff. No obligation.

S H I F F E R

Licensed by Ohio State Medical Board
(Cosmetic Therapy)

World's Finest Hair and Scalp Treatment
711-714 PARK BLDG. CLEVELAND, O.



HEIGHT INCREASING SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's **STATURAIDS**, the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. Not only increase stature but also give better posture. Send for illustrated catalog.

JOSEPH BURGER'S STATURAIDS
2067 Third Ave. New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty
Prompt confidential personal service



HOBBIES

FATHER SAVES MATCH-BOOKS

We'll bet—or knows someone who does. The very best way to keep those match covers is in the haughty Master Matchless Album, with a binding that looks as gay as Father'd like to be. It holds 5 sizes, from "midgets" to "giants," and wouldn't be caught dead with paste around. Easy to use, and a beauty. Only \$2.00 at dealers or prepaid.

MATCHLESS ALBUM CO.

Box 120 Grand Central Annex, New York



LEATHER CONDITIONERS

ENJOY SPORTS MORE by restoring leather shoes, boots, sports gear to fine condition and keeping them that way the clean, easy LEXOL way.

LEXOL repays its small cost many times over in prolonged life and improved appearance of all leather articles.

Sold by fine stores or sent direct by Martin Dennis Co., 855 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J. 3 oz. 25c — Pint \$1.00.

KEEP YOUR LEATHER THINGS FIT



MOTION PICTURE EQUIPMENT

• FOTOSHOP CINE FILM •

Panchromatic, \$3.50 per 100 ft. Ultra Rapid Panchromatic, \$4.25 per 100 ft. Prices include processing. Send for circular F7. All popular Motion Picture Cameras and Projectors, new and reconditioned always in stock.

Send for complete bargain bulletin—40 pages of real photographic values in both stills and movies.

FOTOSHOP, INC.
134E W. 32nd St.—18B E. 42nd St., N.Y.C.

FASHIONS FOR MEN
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JOHN DAVID

"High Fashion" Summer Sports Wear!

As Featured At Palm Springs—Tailored In California

Ideal As Gifts To Father!



Above—4-Piece Sports Ensemble, for beach or lounge wear, of unusually-smart nobby-weave tweed effect in rich shades of Egg Shell or French Blue, **\$12.65** complete.
Belted "Hunter" Jacket . **\$3.75** | Inn'outer Jacket . **\$1.95**
Self-Belted Slacks . . . **\$5.00** | Pull-Over Shirt . **\$1.95**

Below—The "Ultimate" 3-Piece Sports Ensemble, for beach or lounge wear, of luxurious Worsted Gabardine in Tan, Brown, Green, Gray or French Blue, **\$38.50** complete.
The Ultra-Smart "Cuban" Jacket, with yoke back . **\$15.00**
Nonchalant Pull-Over Sports Shirt, short sleeves . **\$8.50**
Slacks, self-belt, pleats, hand-pricked side seams . **\$15.00**



Left—A 3-Piece Sports Ensemble, for beach or lounge wear, of a very new rayon oxford-weave cloth in very rich Oyster White, **\$20.25** complete.
"Cuban" Jacket . **\$7.50**
Self-Belted Slacks **\$8.00**
Pull-Over Shirt . **\$4.75**

Below—A Jippa-Jappa Hat Of Natural Shade Fibre, **\$5**



Left—2-Piece Sports Ensemble, ideal for beach or sailing, of fine Terry Cloth in White or French Blue, **\$8.45** complete.
Inn'outer Jacket **\$2.95**
Smart Slacks . **\$5.50**

Above—Hat of White Sail Cloth, Green Trim **\$2.00**
Left—Smart White Leather Moccasin with flexible rubber sole . . **\$3.00**



Jackets And Shirts Are Small, Medium Or Large
For Slacks Give Waist And Inseam Size

ABOVE
Genuine Mexican Huaraches of White Braided Leather and hard leather sole . . . **\$3.95**

ABOVE
Dark Brown Smart Leather Moccasin with hard leather sole . **\$3.00**

ABOVE
Brown-&-White Rubber Beach Sandal; sponge rubber sole, snap-on strap . **\$1.95**



Left—4-Piece Sports Ensemble, for beach or lounge wear, of world-famous "Monk" cloth—a porous, mesh-weave roughish cotton fabric in French Blue, Tobacco Brown or Natural Shade, **\$18.25** complete.
Inn'outer Jacket, long sleeves . **\$4.25**
Inn'outer Jacket, short sleeves . **\$3.75**
Pull-Over Shirt, short sleeves . . **\$3.75**
Self-Belted, Pleated Slacks . . . **\$6.50**



John David, Inc., Mail Service Dept., 1271 Broadway, New York
Kindly send the following articles. (Postage paid in the United States.)
Charge My Acct. ☐ . Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. ☐

QUANTITY	ARTICLE	COLOR	SIZE	AMOUNT

6-38
Name (PRINT) _____
Address _____

HOME OFFICE - 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK - ELdorado 5-6700



Street Railways Advertising Co.

CAR ADVERTISING
IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA.

Cleveland, Ohio,

Dear Son

I expect to spend the next three or four days right here in this up and coming territory and have come optimistically armed with a good supply of car card facts and figures. You are probably by now well on your handsome way to learn this business called advertising. So far I gather the agency that hired you seems to be standing up well under the strain because you haven't asked me for any extra financial aid so far. I'm sure you won't mind if a doting old-timer like your Dad offers you a bit of advice at this point in your career. This advice will stand you in good stead when your reward comes and you win your coveted job of account executive.

Then as a full fledged advertising man you will be required to think in terms of big figures and small fractions. Stripped of all fancy terms and phrases, advertising is basically the publicizing of a product or service to the greatest number of people for the lowest possible cost. Put on your sharpened-pencil thinking cap and let's consider right now that amazing medium of advertising whose cost per reader is the lowest known to this business of ours. Of course you know the answer.
Car-Card Advertising

There are approximately one billion, yes, I said billion, monthly riders on the surface cars, the subway and elevated trains, the buses, and the suburban trains of these ever fair United States. As a jog to your young and oft times porous memory may I remind you, my son, that there are

only slightly more than 2 billion people on all of poor old Mother Earth's overtaxed face. Yet our country's transportation systems carry half this number every 30 days. This is almost twice as many people as there are in all of Europe, seven times as many as there are living in Africa, and eight times the population of the forty-eight United States. These powerful, gaunt figures, always amaze circulation-minded Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies. But the real, sign-on-the-dotted-line urge completely overtakes them when they find that they can reach this vast audience through car cards at an average cost of only 6¢ per thousand.

This super-fractional arithmetic figures out to 6/1000's of a cent per reader-rider. These Advertising pennies can do prodigious work in car card advertising, as you will soon find out, my son. Consequently they breed whole flocks of dollar profits in business almost over night.

Next week I expect to be in Pittsburgh, so address me at our office there. In the meantime, keep applying the seat of your pants to the seat of your desk chair and plug away. Successful advertising is somewhat like a blue serge suit, it wears well, is always correct and its shine really reflects the brilliance of long and faithful service.

Affectionately,

Your Dad



My artistic conception of the power of a penny spent in transportation advertising. Advertisers that have a few of these little fellows working for them in transportation units through the country know their value as sales go-getters.



My private limousine in many of the cities I visit in different parts of the country. Motor buses carried 3,178,000,000 riders in the United States last year and "on the ball" advertisers used car cards to place their message before these 3 billion buyers.

SURE, IT'S EXCITING

No best-selling novel ever unrolled with the swiftness of pace that marks your course through the pages of KEN. It has all the drama, all the suspense, all the action that any work of fiction ever captured between two covers. With this difference: when you finish a novel, you've read a story—when you finish your copy of KEN, you've gone a long ways toward a commonsense evaluation of the topsy-turvy world you live in.

KEN is on the newsstands now and every other Thursday



919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Put me down for the next 26
issues of KEN—bill me for \$5.50* ☐
or enclosed is my check for \$5.50* ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Add \$2.50 for foreign, 50c for Canadian postage

You may give this order to your news dealer or mail directly to KEN, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

The Blend that contains
**THE WORLD'S 7
FINEST TOBACCOS**

**THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON**
1211 WALNUT ST.
PHILA. PA.
Since 1856

30¢
Sold by your dealer
(if not, send 10¢
for sample to
John Middleton,
1211 Walnut St.,
Phila.).

Discovered last year
by thousands of discriminating smokers.

**BE at Home
ON STRANGE ROADS**

With a Hull Auto
Compass you never
get confused on
strange country roads or city streets.
It always tells your direction of
travel, saving you miles, money,
worry and delays at a cost of only
\$2.95 at your dealer. Two-piece
model \$1.95. Write for circular.
Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-B3, Warren, O.

When Etchings Fail, Try SMOKED TURKEY!

She just can't resist a *souper intime* with Pinesbridge Farm Smoked Turkey and you! This savory turkey-delicacy is winning nation-wide fame for itself and the owner of Pinesbridge Farm who has made it available for smart entertaining. Order direct from the Farm, \$1.25 a pound, express prepaid. Turkeys weigh 7 to 15 lbs., smoked. Money back if you are not delighted. Or send for free booklet "TURKEY-SMOKER".

R. F. D. #7, Ossining, N. Y.

PINESBRIDGE FARM
Original
SMOKED TURKEY

New! 5 SUIT Bridge Cards "EAGLES"
MONOGRAMMED 2 DECKS
250
SEND CHECK, M. O. or STAMPS
Personalized Gift Catalog FREE
AMERICAN ENGRAVING & PRINTING CO.
1480 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Swing it Sportcraft
OFFICIAL
BADMINTON
RACKETS
they swing better
PLAY
BADMINTON
WITH
OFFICIAL
EQUIPMENT
at better dealers
or write to
GENERAL
SPORTCRAFT CO. Ltd.
232 Madison Ave., N. Y.
**R. S. L.
BIRDS**

MAYBE FATHER IS A HOME BOY....so you will naturally tender traditional "fireside equipment." Cigars, for example...but better find out what type Pater prefers. If he likes to get right into a heavy smoke, buy blunt end cigars; if he favors long, slender cigars, get panetelas in his favorite brand. If he likes to play a little game called "keeping the ash on the cigar," be sure that you get the best quality tobacco, for a good cigar will hold its ash. And



how about the latest books, together with a pair of massive bookends of handsome black Carrara? If he does a lot of reading, there's a scientifically designed desk lamp whose shade has an aluminum reflector in the shape of an inverted cone which diffuses the light over the working area and removes the glare. If he does a little mild scribbling, why not pen and pencil sets? The pens with such things as feather-touch points and life-time guarantees; visulated holders...vacuumatic pens that need only be filled a few times a year, or others with vacuum caps which prevent ink from drying on the pen points. You can get all manner of trick pencils, leather covered with magnifying glass in the end or pencils with bridge scores appearing in a slot at the side.

THE GOVNR'S A BEAR FOR PUNCTUALITY. If he's nuts about clocks, he'll get a kick out of a self-starting, electrical numeral clock. It has no dial, just ticks off hours and minutes in big, bold numerals...11.25, 8.41, etc. There's a beauty in saddle brown leather with gold tooling. Or he might like a new clock which automatically tunes in the radio for 24 hours. All dials, knobs and switches are eliminated from the receiver, and small plugs, representing local stations, are inserted at one time into the perforated rim of the clock. Without further adjustment, the selected programs are automatically tuned in at the proper time. For an absent minded professor, you can get an automatic timer which sounds off a musical note at any time he wants to be reminded to do something...call his office at 10, take 40 winks of snoozing...just set the pointer on the dial and the timer will remind him. And as for wrist watches, there's a calendar watch which tells the date of the month, day of the week, hour, minute and second; or the wrist watch curved to fit the wrist, designed to be worn at the side of the wrist for greater convenience. Even the full sized movement is curved to fill the wrist-form case. Then there's the signet watch with metal block letters set into the case at either end above and below the face. You might buy Dad a gold strap for his watch...the nifty new type strap with finger-tip action buckle...press the safety catch and it snaps open in a jif; or for summer wear, a tubular leather strap with buckle to match, in a new material that is non-corrosive and non-metallic.



DAD LIKES TO TAKE A CHANCE. He'll have a whale of a lot of fun with Brodi, a 4½-inch wonder in a small, compact box complete with chips. Just press the levers, wheels spin...and it's a jackpot, 3 of a kind or a pair...or else! Or let him try a shot at poker or contract with the new *five-suit* cards, and have them specially monogrammed for him. Adult game dept. offers a game called "That's Me," which, despite the grammatical incorrectness of its title, is a good combination of dice-throwing, chip-ante-ing and trying to capture numbered checks on a board which correspond to duplicate numbers in your hand. If Dad is a baseball fan, give him the "Diamond Game." Batters stand 15 feet from a board laid out like a regular diamond and hurl darts at the bases, advancing as in baseball if they make a bull's eye. You have teams, and game lasts 9 innings.



At your Pro's: \$1.75c • 50c • 35c
Send for Catalog: Penfold, 11 Park Place, N.Y.C.

**better
than an
alibi**

When "business" makes you late, greet her with a bottle of "4711". It will make your return and her greeting refreshing. And why not? It's the business of "4711" to refresh, invigorate, revivify.

4711
EAU DE COLOGNE

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

**PREVENTS CHILDREN from
having TRAVEL NAUSEA**

Shoot **BENJAMIN** Genuine Compressed
AIR

PISTOLS WITH SAFETY \$750
For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force - Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe, Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price \$7.50. Holster \$2.00. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles \$7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles \$6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle \$7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 859 Marion St., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**Don't PULL HAIR
FROM NOSE!**
May cause fatal infection

use
KLIPETTE
NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. The use of scissors is also dangerous and impractical. There is no better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with *Klipette*, ingenious new invention. Works on clipper principle - smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Cannot cut the skin.

So Simple!
Just insert into nostril and revolve cylinder. Surplus hair comes out easily and gently. Never pulls.
Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Actual Size
\$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated.

Hollis Co., 207 Market St., Newark, N. J., Dept. E-1
Enclosed is \$1 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my \$1.00 will be refunded.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

*“Air mail letter to Frank Wester
 see file for address Dear
 Frank sorry for the delay in
 answering your letter but my secre-
 tary left suddenly and I’m trying
 to get used to a dictating con-
 traption period new paragraph so
 you want some advice on selling
 to New Yorkers period that’s easy
 exclamation point and underline
 easy new paragraph there’s a sales-
 man here who ought to be on your
 payroll period he has three-
 hundred-thousand keys on his key-
 ring and I don’t mean what you
 think period he uses them all every
 night and what he says goes
 with the families he visits period if
 you haven’t guessed it by now I’m
 talking about The New York Sun
 comma, an advertising medium
 that does such a good job it leads
 all New York evening newspapers in
 total volume period try it and find
 out for yourself period your board
 of directors will probably vote you a
 bonus semi-colon bring it to New
 York and I’ll help you spend it
 period in the meantime I’ll keep
 at least one eye open for your
 advertising in The Sun.”*



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 Promise . . . No Creation of the Graphic Arts Ever Ful-
 filled that Promise So Magnificently as the Incomparable

SPRING ISSUE OF

Verve

THE INTERNATIONAL QUARTERLY OF THE ARTS

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER TWO

VERVE FOR SPRING 1938

COVER COMPOSED BY GEORGES BRAQUE

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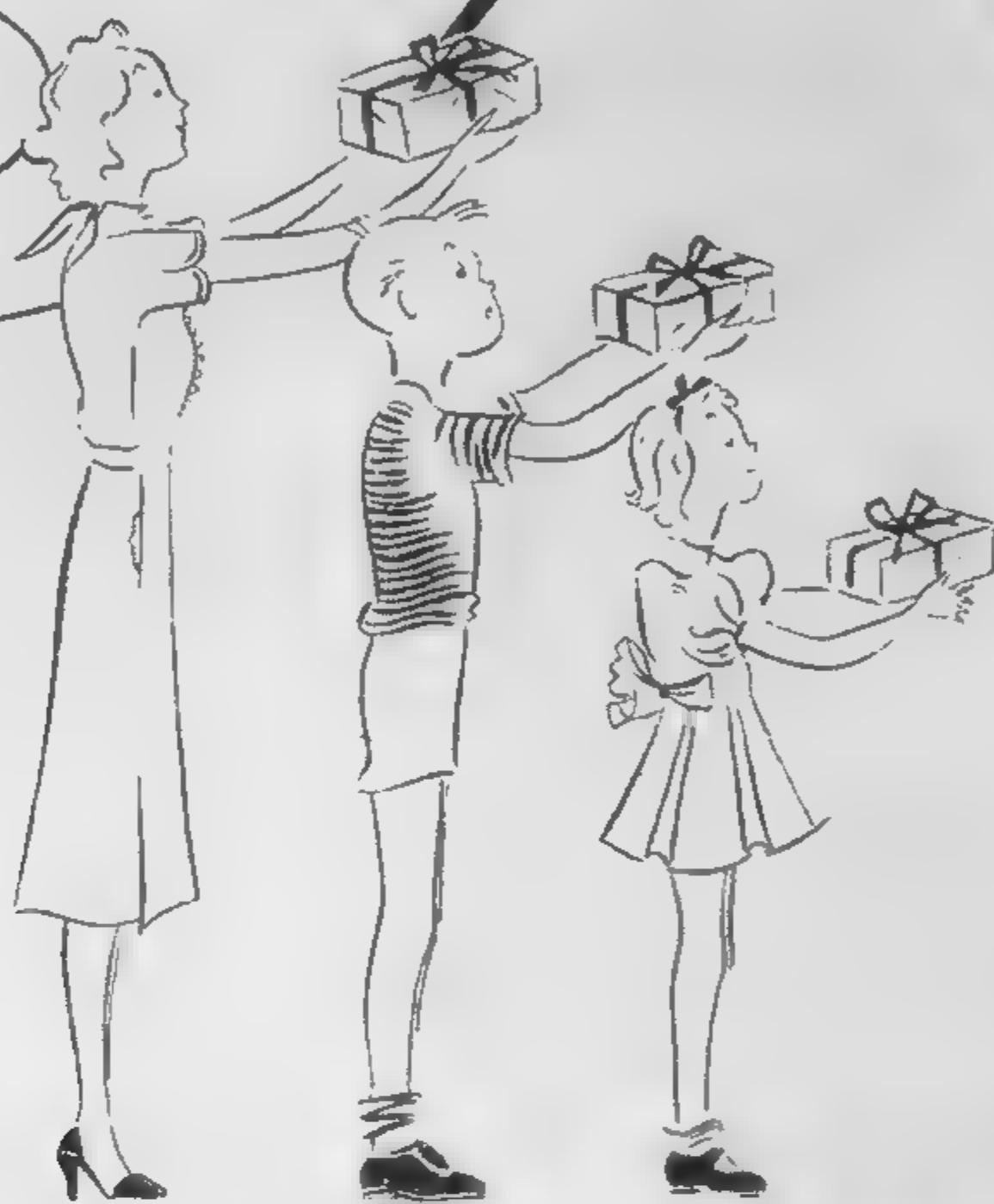
Texts Translated by Robert Sage

\$250 the copy

SOLE AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES:
 ESQUIRE-CORONET, INC. 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

FATHER'S DAY GIFTS OF

*Bottled
Luxury*



Hand Dad a bottle of Pinaud's and your gift will be reached for daily with an eager hand. Because every man craves these luxury touches. With Pinaud, you give him the recognized leader among masculine toiletries. Special Father's Day packaging makes them particularly appropriate.



Is he an ELECTRIC SHAVER?

Give him SET-UP, the amazing Pinaud preparation that sets up every whisker...ready to be clipped off close by his electric shaver. Keeps Dad's face looking and feeling smooth, clear, youthful.

60 Shave Bottle \$1.00



Give him this exhilarating "SKIN COCKTAIL"

Used after shaving, Pinaud's Lilac Vegetal acts as a "skin cocktail"...clears away "morning fog"...firms and tones the skin...soothes all razor bite and burn.

Never before at this low price . 49¢
Regular size, \$1.10



For well-groomed, healthy hair

He will bless you for Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Prevents dandruff—promotes healthy hair growth. Now you can get this effective tonic-dressing in two types...Eau de Quinine *Regular* for normal scalps, and Eau de Quinine *With-Oil* for dry scalps.

For a limited time only in this new size 49¢
Regular size, \$1.10

★ THESE PINAUD GIFTS ARE
READY FOR YOU. SPECIALLY
PRESENTED IN HANDSOME
FATHER'S DAY WRAPPINGS!

PINAUD *Paris*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE



KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
WITH A DE LUXE
U.S. AUTO COMPASS

This modern, accurate, streamlined instrument always shows at a glance the direction you are driving. Supplied with both a rubber suction cup for mounting on windshield and also adjustable bracket that makes possible mounting compass above windshield or on center post of V-shaped windshield. Easily and quickly installed by anyone. Price \$2.95 at your dealers, or sent postpaid.

U.S. GAUGE CO., 44 BEAVER ST., NEW YORK CITY
MAKERS OF PRESSURE GAUGES OF ENDURING QUALITY FOR 34 YEARS



• Inspired Gift for "Father's Day" ... constant helper every day! Attach VITALATOR to the back of the hand. Then plug it in at nearest electric outlet and apply expert massage *through the fingers!* Smart ... new ... easy ... amazingly useful to men and women both. Yours—for new health, new beauty! Only \$8.95 complete. ... A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn.

VITALATOR



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PIMPLES RELIEVED

BY
LISTER'S SKIN-CLEANING
LOTION + OINTMENT

At LIGGETT'S & Other Drug Stores

— or Send \$1 to

LISTER • 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK

New! MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

GIFT PROBLEMS Solved

First time at popular prices—graceful 10 oz. tumblers complete with any 3 letter, hand etched monogram you wish. Ideal for highballs, ice tea or dinner service. Distinctively monogrammed on guaranteed chip-proof, Libbey's Safedge glass. A smart, different gift for weddings, birthdays, showers. Only \$2.35 per dozen, prepaid anywhere in U. S. Safe delivery, satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Order now—catalog on request.

\$2.35

A Doz. Prepaid

CARLYLE & CO., Merchandise Mart, Chicago

PATER LIKES A LITTLE SPORT. Of course if he's a sportsman, gift giving is no problem at all. Golf balls, new clubs, one of those capacious leather golf bags that practically takes care of a house and lot. And then there's fishing tackle, rods, reels, bait boxes, fish knife used to disgorge the hook, and scale and gut the fish. It has a V notch in the tip and the back of the blade is serrated. For general use there's the little pocket knife which can be opened and closed with one hand. The blade slides out in a chrome frame, locks securely when closed or in the 3 open positions. No broken nails, just push the knob. If Dad's a photo-fiend, how about some new accessories for his camera, or one of the new albums which has pockets to slip pictures into so that they may be removed with ease. For his movie camera, why not several reels of films of the important sports events of the year. There are any number of new gadgets you could give him for his car. The new safety driving lights for night driving ... little glowing chromium devices that clip on his headlights and warn him when his lights aren't lit. Or safety motor goggles with 2-tone lenses, dark at the top and clear at lower portion. Top part softens headlight glare by a mere inclination of the head. Auto compasses to show you at a glance the direction you are driving ... they are easily mounted on the windshield via a suction cup. And for excursions into the great open spaces, by all means one of those wind-proof cigarette lighters, unfailing, in a gale.



FATHER LIKES HIS LITTLE SNACK... really prides himself upon being somewhat of an epicure. He'll feast like a king if you produce one of those smoked turkeys, done to a turn over green applewood boughs and delivered to Dad ready to eat. Or a case of tinned South African rock lobsters, imported from Capetown ... the old man can go to town on one of his chef d'oeuvres ... a lobster thermidor or Newburg. Or how about rare imported cheese (Stilton in Port, Roquefort in brandy, Edam in sauterne, etc.), put up in a special crock which can be used as a tobacco humidor when the cheese has long since disappeared. If he still nurtures a yen for spicy things, settle for spiced almonds and pecans which come in airtight jars; or California dates, pitted and mellowed in date brandy.

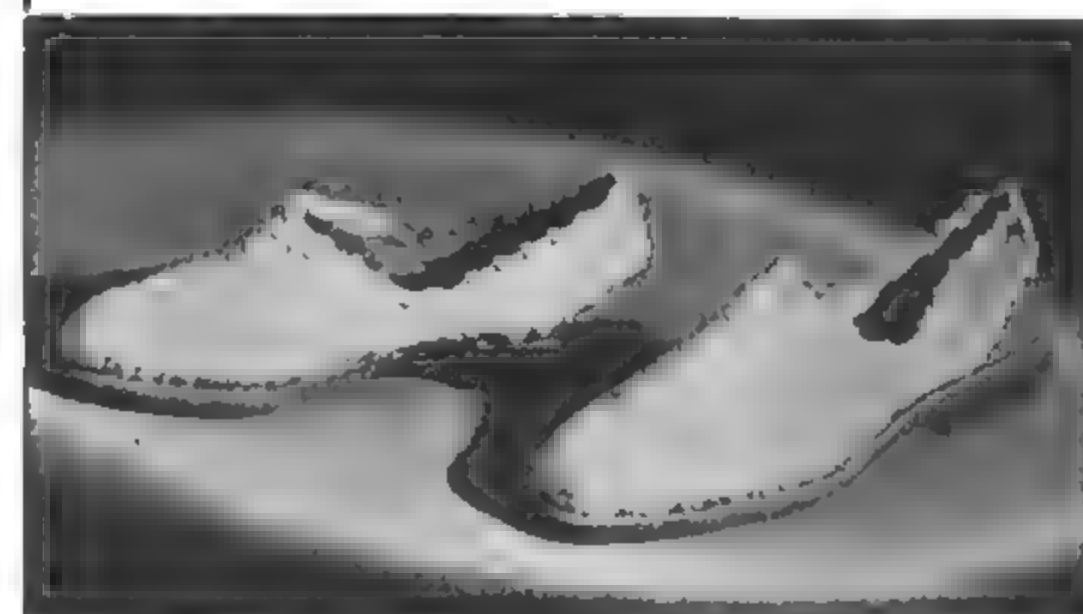
A TELEGRAM MAKES DAD KING ON HIS DAY... and a father's day wire will set him up no end. If you can't think of an appropriate sentiment, the thoughtful telegraph company has tasty greeting all ready for you. If your male parent is musically inclined, you can even have your felicitations caroled to him via a "singing" telegram. If you are one of those procrastinators and have forgotten to send the Govnur his gift, you can wire it to him ... just leave your cash with the telegraph company, they'll buy whatever you suggest and have it delivered in time.

AND A SUBSCRIPTION TO ESQUIRE. We almost forgot. No matter what kind of a father he is, he'll find a lot of things in this Magazine for Men that will make him greet each 15th of the month with a grin.

WOW
HIGHLY RECOMMENDED
Wet or Dry Dog Shampoo
USE WOW FOR A GLOSSY COAT,
ODOR, FLEAS, MANGE AND CAR-
PET STAINS.
WALTER G. LEGGE CO. INC.
11 West 42nd Street N. Y. C.

the TIE of the MONTH
55¢
at all good stores
tailored by
MASTERCRAFT
39 W. 29 ST., N. Y. C.

WHITE HUARACHES



**For Lazy Summer Days
Mexico Sends This**

HANDWOVEN SANDAL IN WHITE

Release your feet into the air-conditioned freshness of this smart sandal. Take them with you on your vacation for sportswear, hiking or just loafing. We promise immediate delivery.

Huaraches are crude peasant shoes with low heels and loose heel straps to relax tired feet, refreshingly different from all other footwear.

All sizes for men and women

PER PAIR POSTPAID \$3.75

To order, send an outline of the foot and mention shoe size. Specify WHITE

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FE — NEW MEXICO

PERSONALIZED BOOK MATCHES
3-Letter Monogram or Your Full Name
Beautiful color combinations to choose from
SILVER ON BLACK • BLUE ON SILVER • BLACK ON GOLD
500 BOOKS \$5
PROMPT SHIPMENT
Illustrated Catalog of Many Unique Gifts—FREE
SEND CHECK, MONEY ORDER OR STAMPS
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**PERFECT MAKE-UP
Day or Night
RIGHT IN YOUR CAR**
LEAVES
BOTH
HANDS
FREE
HOLLYWOOD MOTO-MIRROR
Throws a Diffused Light on Your Face
Swings out from glove compartment ... a snap of the switch and it's ready for use. Compact and practical. Ideal also for reading maps and lighting interior of compartment.
FITS ANY CAR • SIMPLE INSTALLATION
Handled by Leading Car Dealers
AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.
Throop and Harrison - Chicago

**MAKES THEM LAY
Smart
Neat
Trim
Without
Wrinkles
or Curls**
Starched Collar
Smartness
Soft Collar Comfort
Soft adjustable,
invisible under
collar
**With The Spiffy
COLLAR STAY**
Transforms soft collars to starched collar smartness ... without starching ... yet with soft collar comfort. Invisible! On and off in a jiffy! Fits all collars because it's self adjusting. Saves laundry bills and lengthens life of collars and shirts. On sale at most haberdashers and jewelers. ... If your favorite dealer cannot supply you send 25c (stamps or coin) for (silver finish) or 50c for (24K gold De Luxe finish).
CREST SPECIALTY CO.
663 Washington Blvd. Desk 9, Chicago, Ill.
Dealers—your favorite Jobber can supply you.

For Distinguished Service



HONOURS OF THE
HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY

Carnatic	Hindoostan	Sbolingbur	Mysore	Seringapatam	Cape of Good Hope, 1806
Rolica	Vimiera	Corunna	Busaco	Fuentes d'Onor	Ciudad Rodrigo
	Almaraz	Salamanca	Vittoria	Pyrenees	Nivelle
Toulouse	Peninsula	Waterloo	South Africa, 1851-2-3	Sevastopol	Central India
	Tel-el-Kebir	Egypt, 1882	Modder River	South Africa, 1899-1902	Mons
Ypres, 1914, '15, '17, '18	Loos	Somme, 1916, '18	Arras, 1917, '18	Hindenburg Line	
Gallipoli, 1915-16	Palestine, 1917-18	Mesopotamia, 1916-18	Archangel, 1919		

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S
"White Label"
MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Award of the International
Exposition, Brussels, Belgium,
1897 . . . one of more than



60 medals honouring
Dewar's White Label for
Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

From Piccadilly to Punjab, DEWAR'S *White Label* is known as "The Gentleman's Scotch." A gallant campaigner, it has been decorated with more than 60 medals of honour for distinguished service. When strategy calls for Scotch, order this "highball of the highlands." Command DEWAR'S *White Label* . . . and be "At Ease"!

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 prints (with-
out advertising) of Scotch
officers pictured in this
Dewar's series will be
sent upon receipt of 25¢
to cover packing and
mailing. Schenley Import
Corp., N.Y.C., Dept. E.

White Label
8
years old
86.8 PROOF



Ne Plus Ultra
12
years old
86.8 PROOF
Blended Scotch
Whisky



Dewar's (Pronounced Do-ers)

"White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Louis Adamic

LOUIS ADAMIC was born in 1899 in the peasant village of Carniola, then a province of Austria, now a part of Yugoslavia. At the age of fourteen he emigrated to the United States. After working on various laboring jobs he began to write for the magazines while employed in the harbor at San Pedro, California. He is the author of a biographical portrait of the poet, Robinson Jeffers, and of a story of capital and labor entitled *Dynamite*. In 1932 Harper's published his *Laughing in the Jungle*, the story of his experiences in America. That year he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and visited his parents in Carniola. *The Native's Return* was the result of this trip. He has also written *Grandsons*, *Cradle of Life*, *The House in Antigua*, and *My America* (published last May).

HARRY BOLTON's family have never approved of prize fighting and prefer to elevate the mind of anyone mentioning that he was once featherweight champion. He says: "I would have fought for nothing if they had known it. It's the greatest feeling in the world to be in there fighting a man—if you are in shape. Boxed Jimmy Walsh fifteen rounds in Boston (Chelsea) for the bantamweight championship. Joe Stiles twice in Glasgow



Harry Bolton

for the featherweight championship of Britain. Monte Attel five times. Liverpool, Montreal, New Orleans to Portland and all the way. Before I was 'through' I instructed and owned several gymnasiums." At eighteen he was possessed with the idea of becoming a hobo artist and tramped all over the country for several years, sketching portraits in charcoal of railroad men for train rides, hotel and restaurant men for meals and room. He kept a reserve fund inside his coat which he would never resort to, until he became ill with fever, at the end of this period of his life. You'll be seeing some of his stories in *Esquire*. This month, *Clear as a Bell*, page 48.

Like his hero, Albert Tappet (page 69), HOWARD COLLINS admires Myrna Loy, votes a straight ticket, and has read *Gone with the Wind*. Aside from that, he teaches journalism at Monroe (Michigan) High School, has a charming wife who plays the piano and a mongrel pup who once won a beauty contest. He is one of our discoveries



Howard Collins

and this is his third time in *Esquire*. He says: "My usual method of writing is to wait until the lightning flash of inspiration strikes and then dash off the story. This doesn't result in quantity production, but, of the fifteen I have written, seven have been published."

CALVIN S. WHITE, whose *Raid on Nantao* ran in *Esquire* last April, says that while there are tears for the Chinese war refugees, there have been none for the Old China Hand. He hopes his article on page 35 will evoke a few.

JOHN HENRY REESE was born December 18, 1910, in Sweetwater, Buffalo Co., Nebraska. He is unmarried. He got out of high school just before the depression, in 1928. He is employed as a Mixerman on a concrete gang, powerdrop contract on the All-American Canal in the desert halfway between Calexico, California, and Yuma, Arizona. He prophesied, though, that by the

time *The Eternal Organizer* (page 84) would appear, he'd be somewhere else, doing something else. He is a member emeritus of United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing and Allied Workers of America, affiliate of the C. I. O., and an active, dues-paid member of Local 1119 of the Hod Carriers' and Common Laborers'. He wishes he were back in C. I. O. Says the Holy AFL See has tried several times to excommunicate him by one means or another and one of these days they'll be doing it.

BASIL MARLOWE is a pseudonym adopted by one of our frequent contributors who in a mood of rebellion, wrote *Marriages Are Made in Reverse*, (appearing on page 80 of this issue). He explained that he felt this expedient might prevent his having to pay alimony. So don't ask us who wrote the story. Our lips are forever sealed on the subject.

SELDEN RODMAN, who wrote *Consuelo at the Country Club*, page 38, is an editor of *Common Sense*,



Selden Rodman

a national political monthly. He graduated from Yale in 1931 where he founded and edited with William Harlan Hale the famous *Harkness Hoot*. He is the author of *Mortal Triumph & Other Poems* (Farrar & Rinehart, 1932) *Lawrence: The Last Crusade* (Viking Press, 1937) and co-editor of *Challenge to the New Deal* (Falcon Press, 1935). A radio play based on his narrative poem, *Lawrence*, was performed over WHN last February.

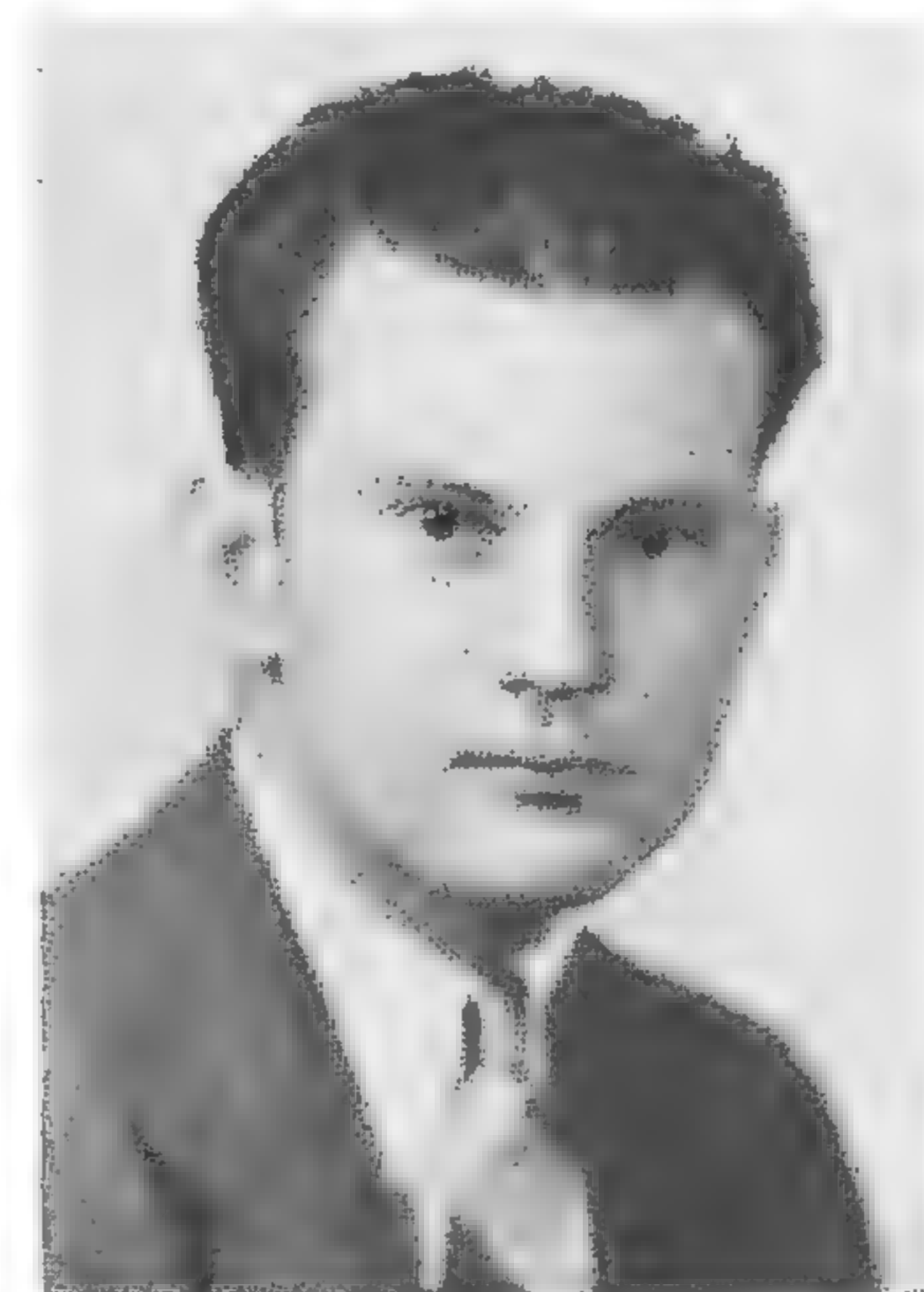
Jackass Trouble, page 63, is GEORGE S. REEVES' first published story, which automatically elects him to our **Discovery of the Month** club. He was born in Deadwood, South Dakota, in 1905, collected the three R's in Florida and California, his first long pants in Rapid City, South Dakota. Since three years' study at the University of Michigan, he has been busy sheep ranching on two thousand acres of South Dakota gumbo. He is a bachelor.



Frank L. Brunton

Ever since he could spell, FRANK L. BRUNTON has been interested in writing and publishing. His first venture was a grammar school newspaper which required a lot of ingenuity and a loan from his mother to keep going. At Northwestern University he edited the daily newspaper for two years, bossing the woman's editor around with a gruff voice. Later he married her. Now he is a Chicago newspaperman, after working on papers in Toledo, Battle Creek and Denver. He says: "I was born in Virginia with that gleam in my eye and would like to travel and write—as who wouldn't?"

Several years ago GEORGE KIRKSEY, then a young Dallas reporter, saw the late Harry Hochstater, Chicago sportswriter, squirt a large stream of tobacco juice on the bare leg of Ray Schalk, the White Sox catcher. The air grew tense, but the player just grinned and took it. This settled things for Kirksey. He said: "If those fellows can get away with that stuff, I can." Since then, he has joined the United Press, and is one of their top reporters. At the last writing he was covering one of the baseball camps in Florida. His current story is *Black Mountain Music*, page 65. He is thirty-two and unmarried.



George Kirksey



For a reproduction of the original painting of this advertisement without advertising, write to Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City

YOU'RE A HERO • • TO YOUR SON

Most boys worship their Dad as a hero whose standards and ideals they gradually acquire as their own.

Nothing is quite so disillusioning to the clear eyes of a youngster as the sight of a man — his own father — who has used liquor unwisely and immoderately.

The damage goes far deeper than a momentary shame.

Any man who cannot drink wisely and moderately, owes it to his son . . . his family, not to drink at all.

Liquor will have less lure for the coming generation if older people regard it as a luxury — a contribution to gracious living — to be enjoyed in moderation.

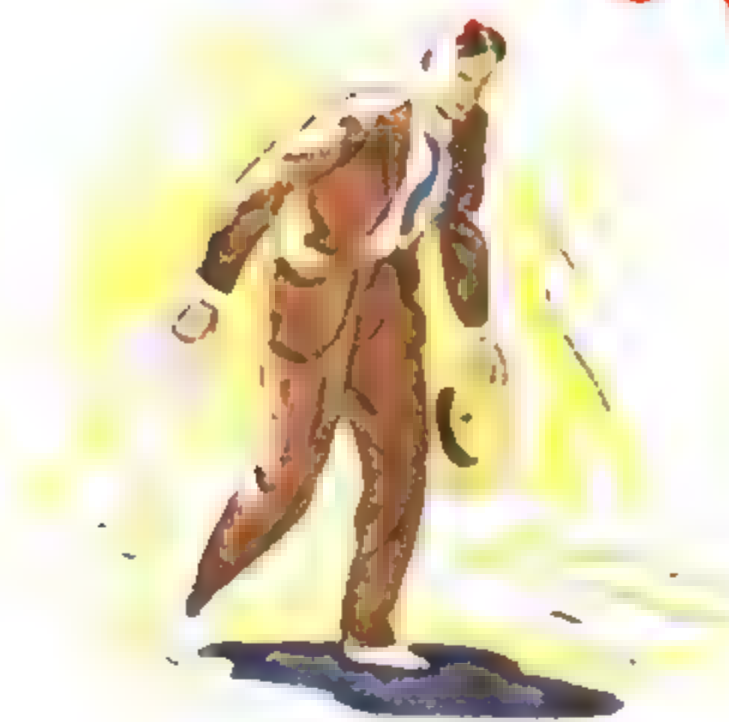
Surely, Father's Day is an appropriate occasion for the House of Seagram, as one of America's leading distillers, to say as we said *four* years ago, and have constantly reiterated . . . "Drink Moderately".

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP. EXECUTIVE OFFICES, NEW YORK

• • • THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM • • •
Fine Whiskies Since 1857



Are you a Drooper?



Does your morale melt every time the mercury mounts?

Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer can show you how to change that this year—and he's ready to help you make summer, 1938, a season you'll really enjoy. For he's featuring **DIXIE WEAVE**

—the suit that takes the broil and bake right out of summer's hottest days. • Yet because **DIXIE WEAVE** is a

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THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look for



... a Big Thing to Find

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Farewell, Old China Hand

**If you've lived in Shanghai, belonged
to the clubs, stood your share at the bar,
going home means going home broke**

by CALVIN STUART WHITE

• ARTICLE •

MAYBE you've heard that the bar of the Shanghai Club is the longest in the world, but what is more to the point of this story is that there was one Saturday afternoon—and only one—when that bar was deserted. Some say there will be many more, and probably they're right. It isn't our job to prophesy.

On this particular Saturday afternoon the Old China Hand and his cronies had taken their whiskey stengahs to the windows of the lounge. They were looking out across the Bund and down the Whangpoo River to where it curves past the Astor House. Three Japanese cruisers and a destroyer wallowed back and forth in midstream as they sent shell after shell over the Pootung shore. Every second minute a flash and a roar that jarred down to your heels. In return a mighty plop and a waterspout, compliments of General Chan Fa-kwei and his Ironsides Division. The Shell Oil tanks on the Pootung side were on fire, the British cotton mill smashed and smoking. A mile of docks and shipyards lay crumpled and the British-American Tobacco Company factory was in flames. Above it all the sun glimmered in sickly fashion through an inky smudge that covered half the sky. To the Old China Hand, drugged with the sound and the fury, it was a perfect little tableau of hell. Boy, one whiskey stengah.

A slightly cockeyed shell screamed nearer and nearer and ended in a crash in the building next door. Two grotesque bodies were flung under the window. The Old China Hand sloshed his drink on the floor as he joined the quick retreat to the library. He sat in a chair. He puffed out his cheeks. He wagged his head.

It's not at all like '32. Not at all, he said to the sallow young griffin, who wasn't listening. Why, in 1932 the Chinese and the Japanese kept their blood and thunder to the native quarters and the paddy fields well outside the International Settlement. Everybody put on his Shanghai Volunteer Corps uniform to man the Settlement gates. There was a bit of soldiering, but mostly bridge and kibitzing on the war. The wife brought you sandwiches

and a case of beer regularly every afternoon.

And if you were stepping out at night you ducked the curfew by staying at the cabaret until 6 a.m. Dinner invitations were amended to include breakfast. On Sundays we drove out past the Country Club to watch the fireworks. Wars? Shanghai liked 'em. They kept these blasted Orientals in their place. And when they were over the Chinese and the Japanese put their money in your banks, bought your securities and your insurance because they knew their money would be safe. They bought your goods because they knew they would be certain to get delivery.



That was six years ago. The Chinese didn't have an airforce then. . . .

It was mainly the airplanes that pointed out the difference. When a Chinese pilot spilled a bomb on Avenue Edward VII and killed seven-hundred-odd people, probably an all time high for a single explosive, then the Old China Hand began to suspect that this war was not going to be like '32. Then shells sprinkled the Race Course day after day. You couldn't play polo, tennis or lawn bowls with anything like peace of mind. Maybe the blighters didn't care? Finally a bomb smashed under the golden peak of Sir Victor Sassoon's Cathay Hotel—and the Old China Hand knew. That gold tower was something the O. C. H. and the shade of Kublai Khan both admired. A stately pleasure dome. A symbol of a Jericho in an alien land.

The Old China Hand mopped his neck. He tightened the belt around the now slightly unsettled paunch that lent form and substance to his freshly starched linen suit. He blinked his pale, oleaginous eyes and breathed noisily through a generous nose rose-tinted by years of 11 a.m. whiskeys. His mustache twitched.

How would his head look rolling under a chair? How would he look divided in equal parts and hung on the chandelier? Boy, one stengah.

In his glass darkly the Old China Hand saw the future. After all he probably would dodge sudden, and messy, death. Look at all the people back home that get killed in auto accidents. Look at the people who slip in bathtubs. But there was another chilling prospect that wouldn't shake off. Going home broke. To the O. C. H. going home broke—back to a land strange and not particularly friendly—was in the same general classification as getting bombed. And if you lived the life of Shanghai, if you belonged to the clubs, if you kept a pony or two, if you stood your share at the bar—then going home meant going broke.

No matter who won this war, it was the white man's exit cue. Say the Japanese won. That seemed reasonable. They would take over the customs and the post office. They would issue their own money. Their marines would camp in your godown. If they felt like it they would push you off your own sidewalk. They would abolish extraterritoriality, which meant that if you did something they didn't like they could shoot you and your consul would do nothing more than wring his hands. But what was most important was that the Matsuis and the Mitsubishis would take over your business. They would sell the things you had sold, at prices you couldn't sell them for.

The Open Door was being slammed, and it was time to get your foot out.

The door was being slammed on that old château on Route Tenant de la Tour in the French Concession. A drafty place filled with carved teak, old silver and jade, tribute silks ransacked from the four corners of Asia. A proud place curtained by a high wall from the

Continued on page 148

The Tithe of the Lord

**It might have been conscience, or
superstition, but some power guided
Benziger after his strange contract**

by THEODORE DREISER

• FICTION •

SITTING there, cold and helpless, on a park bench, the thought intrigued Benziger. "Suppose I do just that . . . make a bargain with the Lord? Supposing, here and now; I should try to make such a contract? Would it work?" Would the Lord, for instance, prosper him as He had prospered his father, he who was now so miserable, so at odds with the world? Assuming there was a Lord, and that He really acted in behalf of those who, like him, had sinned, would He forgive him his early errors? Restore him to a decent social position; make him as well off as he was before? Would He?

Then and there he decided he was going to try it. He was going to make a deal with God, or whoever it was that ran the world, just as he would make a deal with anyone in the business world. If God would help him to get over this despair so that he could get work and get on his feet again, he would, from then on until his death, *devote ten per cent of everything he should gain to helping those who needed help worse than he did.* Furthermore, he would leave women alone. Or better yet, get married, and be helpful—and faithful—to one woman.

* * *

When I first met Benziger, which was some years subsequent to this bargain with the Lord, I knew he was the type who would fit this story I had heard about him, exactly. He was a little under the medium height and weight, dark, rather brown skin, with healthy, cheerful, genial eyes, good nose and attractive mouth, a most enticing and reassuring smile. His forehead was low and wide, and over it fell curly brown-black hair. At this time he was thirty-eight years of age, neat, agreeable, assured, and very successful—the head of an important manufacturing unit of the American Wicker Furniture Trust or Combine.

But Benziger, as anyone could see, was considerably more than a manufacturer of wicker furniture. Frank Kelcey, the architect, a close friend to both of us, who was building gay summer homes for a score of people on Long Island—among them Benziger, told me that Benziger was that rare thing, a character, a man of the world in business, almost an artist. Since Kelcey was sure I would like him, he had introduced us.

Just the same, at first, I took his statements in regard to Benziger with a grain of salt. He was from Rock Island and Chicago. The group he represented—manufacturers, bankers, etc.—were, here in the East at least, considered pretty raw socially. Yet—Benziger was different. He swept me with an engaging, hearty smile. We entered into a conversation and I found he possessed imagination and charm as well as business ability. He appeared to have traveled a good deal—to

China and India and the Malay Peninsula. Unlike most business-bound men, he talked almost romantically of bars and cafés and out-of-the-way amusements in all of these lands. Before we parted, he invited me to see his new summer home on the North Shore of Long Island when it was completed.

But I will not go into that. It was all pleasant—although unimportant, and afterwards I invited him and his wife to my place at Shell Cove once or twice.

What was more important though, was what Kelcey told me after Benziger was gone—that is, a month or so later. According to Kelcey, Benziger had had a most amazing youth. His father, a conventional, religious, rich man of Rock Island, Illinois, had been in the furniture business before him, and while Benziger was a boy had tried to interest him in the very successful plant he had there. But Benziger, who at that time was obviously of a playful, restless and somewhat erratic nature, was not interested in what he considered such a prosaic enterprise. So, without consulting his father, he finally left home for Chicago—a move which caused considerable feeling between them. He did well enough, and presently got a position with a broker on the Chicago Board of Trade. Pretty soon he joined several clubs—also became acquainted with a young North Side social group.

Inside of two years, and without much, if any, exchange of letters or visits between him and his father, he married a girl of considerable means and social position and thereafter appeared to be established and as devoted to her as she was to him. According to things which Kelcey had learned, the wife, Rhoda, was not as clever as Benziger, but truly beautiful, slight, blonde, witty and affectionate. They had numerous friends and were considered to be substantial members of their community and gay as well as smart.

Then, at the end of the third year of Benziger's marriage, his young wife committed suicide!

"Would you think," Kelcey asked of me, "after visiting and talking with Benziger, that he was the sole surviving remnant of a marriage tragedy?"

"I would not," I replied.

"Just the same," said Kelcey, "he is."

And then, because I was really interested, he furnished the following details of the tragedy which astonished me as it startled Chicago, and more so the Benziger social set, because there was no evidence that such a thing was likely to occur.

Not more than six months before his wife's death, the Benzigers had been introduced to a young, well-to-do and clever married couple named Ellis, from Wisconsin. The husband, Calvin Ellis, was a young engineer connected

with a Chicago construction company. His wife's name was Olive.

The four of them became fast friends and went about everywhere together.

Olive, while more sensual than Rhoda, and perhaps a little more attractive, was not younger or gayer. She was different, dark and a little sly perhaps—whereas Mrs. Benziger, Rhoda, was open and confiding, and terribly, yet by no means selfishly, devoted to Benziger. In fact, she made it a point not to keep any strings or tabs on him—merely to love him, as he insisted always that he loved her.

Olive Ellis had a strong magnetism or hypnotism, and yet, according to all reports, she was anything but the brash forward type. Instead, she was rather aloof and evasive. But there was that compelling allure of her temperament—all the more so because she appeared not to follow anyone. In fact until she met Benziger, she was apparently devoted to her husband—wholly so.

Then the tragedy, of which Kelcey had heard so much!

"I don't know how you size him up, Mr. Lamborn," he said to me, "but Benziger appears to be a fine and able man. He loves pleasure, of course, but he is a good business man too, and treats his employees well—he even has a profit-sharing system and of course you have met his present wife?"

"She seems to be a very sensible as well as a beautiful young woman," I interpolated.

"And I suppose you know about the baby boy they've adopted?"

"Yes. He talked to him over the Long Distance while I was visiting him."

"He is genuinely devoted to the child and to his wife also," said Kelcey.

"Rose, this time," I commented.

"Yes, Rose, that's her name. The daughter of a wealthy Chicago grain merchant. Really nice woman, isn't she?"

"Very," I said. "I imagine he must have thought, after that first affair of his, that a healthy, sober, home-loving and not too romantic girl was the best for him."

"I guess that's right too," agreed Kelcey. "Only, in connection with that Rhoda-Olive affair, it appears that Olive fell in love with Benziger first—not he with her. She was one of those complicated beauties from whom you never know what to expect. At least so the papers indicated. At any rate, she either secretly or openly enticed Benziger. According to his confession at the trial, he was an easy victim. What he said he felt at that time (it was in all the Chicago papers when I lived there) was that love to him was not the intense thing which his wife Rhoda took it to be. He loved her, of course, but not the life-and-death way that gripped her."



AQUATINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Besides, as he said, Rhoda was too sweet and liberal and gay to check him up enough. The thing in particular that deceived him in connection with his wife was that she never appeared to be jealous. As he mournfully confessed to the world, she was probably so infatuated with him that she was anxious to appear to agree with his light variable views on life and love without actually doing so. She did not want to appear to hold him and still she did want to be exclusively happy with him. And that was why he grieved so much afterwards as he says. At any rate, neither he nor she anticipated any such dread disaster, as that which followed Olive's arrival on the scene.

"According to Benziger," went on Kelcey, who largely talked this story to me as I am telling it, "Olive was not essentially cruel either. She had some fantastic notion, based on her conception of her own beauty and charm I suppose, that she could conquer Benziger and continue to live with Ellis. Ellis cared for her very much, so much indeed, that he was willing to make allowances, as he actually stated to the newspaper reporters at the time. He was, as he publicly declared, no narrow-moralist. People were people and couldn't always be good—particularly women. Anyhow, he loved Olive, admired Benziger and Rhoda immensely and felt sure that Benziger and Olive contemplated no enduring change. He added, he felt sufficiently sure of Olive and her affection for him to feel that she would come back to him, just as Benziger would go back to Rhoda. And should Olive come back (as she did of course) he would forgive her as he actually did.

"In the case of Benziger, before the tragedy, he had even gone so far as to say, jestingly, to Ellis, that if he did not look out he would take his wife away from him, and Ellis

had answered, 'Well, I doubt it. I would have to see it first to believe it.' They were as good friends as that."

"Pretty up-to-date friends," I commented.

"I'll say," went on Kelcey. "Anyhow, what really happened was that when Rhoda came home to their apartment from some affair one afternoon, she found Benziger and Olive in a semi-compromising position. According to the newspapers at the time, all Rhoda said on seeing them was 'oh,' and then, 'I believe I had better go.' At that she turned and left the room. Of course Olive went at once and Benziger started to look for his wife. When he reached her room, however, it was locked. By the time he got in she had already taken poison and was dying. She was dead before any doctor could reach her."

"So he's the man," I said, remembering reading about the affair at the time.

"Yes, he's the man. But what I am getting to in connection with him, Mr. Lamborn, is something very different. He may tell you this himself some day when you come to know him better, because I think he likes to talk about it. It's the finer side of him.

"But quite naturally, right after the suicide of his wife he was all broken up. His business and social friends avoided him and he resigned from all his clubs. His father, instead of coming to his aid, wrote him a condemnatory letter and deplored his career.

"As for himself, as he told me, he was all shot to pieces, hardly knew which way to turn, because, while still loving Rhoda, he felt that he had committed an enormous, and of course irreparable, wrong, which was certain to follow and wreck him everywhere. Chicago was through with him, his father, father-in-law—all who had known him in the past; so instead of pulling himself together

and going to work, he went drifting about the country, drinking and gambling, until he was broke and became sick. Finally he got so low that he was sleeping in the parks, bumming his way on trains—anything to get rid of brooding over what had befallen Rhoda, Olive, Ellis and himself."

"I can understand it," I agreed sympathetically.

"And I!" emphasized Kelcey, "But what interests me still more is his comeback."

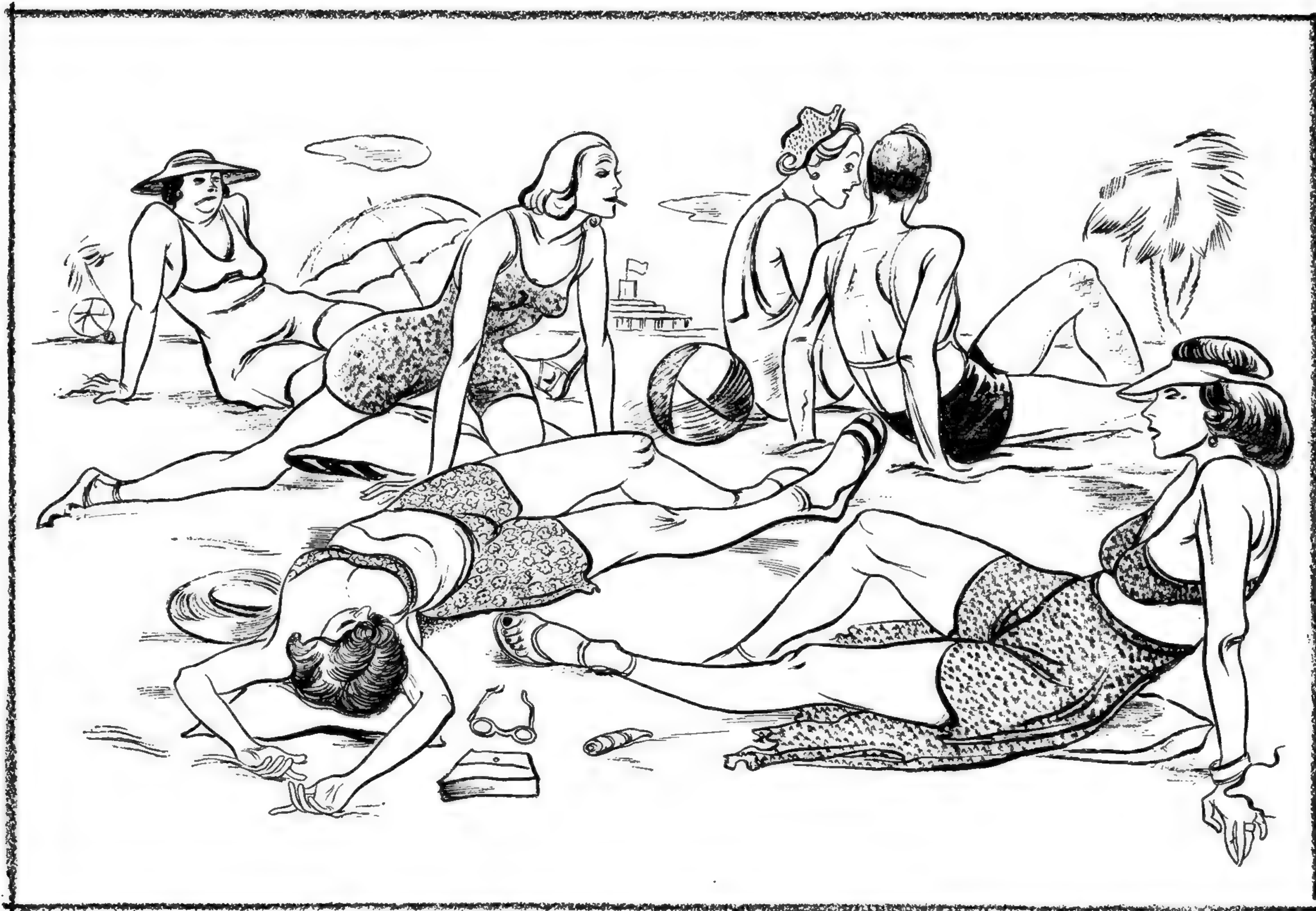
"Let's have that," I said.

"Well, here it is," said Kelcey. "As he was sitting in a park one winter morning in Detroit, without a job and hungry, cold, he started to reflect on his life so far. Up to that time, he said (and this was all of two years later after his wife's suicide) he had never troubled to think of himself as a failure who might come back—but rather as a failure who couldn't. He was down. He was through—and that was the end of it.

"However, at that time, one night when he was lying in a ten-cent flop house, a crazy religionist invaded the place and began distributing a tract or leaflet. Benziger said he was half drunk and half sleeping at that time, but just the same he could see the religionist—tall and thin and angular and consumptive, with long dirty hair and hands, stopping about and handing out those leaflets, or laying them on the cots or bodies of those sleeping. Finally he handed Benziger one, and the next morning Benziger noted that it read 'Turn Ye—Repent.' According to him, he was not much interested, because the man who had distributed the tract was a bum himself. But, just before crumpling the leaflet up and throwing it away Benziger reread that one line at the top, 'Turn Ye—Repent.'

"Then two days later when he was much more sober and colder, and about at the end

Continued in center of page 150



Consuelo at the Country Club

by SELDEN RODMAN

DRAWING by WILLIAM SHARP

I

Sharp triangles of red rubber and white
Intersect and are lost in the clean light
Where six brown bathers in the latest styles
Grouped in a regular hexagon like the tiles
Know they are watched by the eyes pouring tea
From the porch who hate with a chattering
frenzy

The topic for discussion under the awning
Will save one man and seventeen women from
yawning
*Because if I miss my golf
Where did you put it
Yes
I received the bill
He won't foot it
Why are his feet in the water
If one must call
Tonight have you heard they're giving another ball*

Consuelo from somewhere in the half dark
Of a door steps out in time to be the mark
Of the descending arm and eye of the suntanned
Bather
The ball falls out and into the sand
She speaks and everyone speaks and someone is
thrown
In the populous water you are suddenly alone

And lie for a long time separated
Remembering the hours before the porch debated
Furiously between the splash of the song
Was it right
Yes
No
Was it wrong
While bravely with that light it never earned
The moon's superior radiance burned

II

Lighting a cigarette casually he glances
Her way to see if the light of her own enhances
That spire of recognition between her Spanish eyes
Faint as the twist of a knot before it vanishes
Wondering
Is there anything left to matter
Now that love is guilt and truth chatter

*My husband is in the city come if you can
If you can't don't
Who is the attractive man
Sitting between
My legs are still wet from the water
Or save the expense of a tea for your other daughter
Or save
I'll meet you beside the courts at twelve
I'll be there he lied
See that you're there yourself*

So turned and dove in the water and rose
To the surface
Pulled up
Out
And into his clothes
Saw her again nodding pleasantly goodafternoon
To the ladies out of his eye in a different tone
Thinking
Now or never
Less cruel if quick
And left for ever
I wonder are both of them sick

Over their lives united and suddenly snapped
Built out of evenings and afternoons and now
wrapped
In the city's quite impersonal distance
Beyond the women on the porch whose assistance
Consists of the infallible judgment of what is right
While watching sharp triangles of red rubber
and white

III

But put them together again
Now
If you can
Seven years later by accident plan
To have them meet in a suburban station
Will there be more abandon in his recognition
Than the man on the platform whose passions fuse
His wife his ticket and the *Morning News*

Will Consuelo direct the play
Of her proper progeny
As on that day
Each mother forgetting she was once undone
Directed her soon-to-be-important son
To dive for the penny before it sank
Keep it
She said
We will put it in the bank

And ladies
Does your Club still stand unshaken
Where the best people meet
Do the lesser waken
In the well-stocked cellars
Is the larder locked
Clay-pigeons poised and shotguns cocked
The courts still empty and the links sparse
But the drive still congested with enormous cars

Leave them
Remember the unguarded day
The chequered sunlight
The unchecked play
The immortal music of the casual word
Unpremeditated
Wrong
Absurd
The deed in doing it
Remember at night
The ball thrown nowhere and the bird in flight

An End to Benevolence

Just for a change, let's fight a war for the simple reason that we want to grab a slice of territory

by **PARKE CUMMINGS**

• SATIRE •



THE trouble with this country is that it's too darn nice, internationally speaking. When we get into wars we're always going in for a worthy cause, like putting an end to unjust taxation, freeing the Cubans and the slaves, and making the world safe for Dictator—I mean Democracy. We've lent our troops and our money, losing quite a bit in the process, with the mistaken idea of proving to the rest of the world—or large sections of it at any rate—that we're swell guys.

What is the result today? The result is that we are imbued with false notions about national preparedness. For a longer time than I care to remember I have heard people say that America should be armed only for purposes of adequate defense, that she has no ambition for territorial conquests. I have heard editorial writers say this, and moderate pacifists, and mousetrap manufacturers, and authors and out-and-out militarists. The militarists, of course, say it more frequently than anybody else, but that doesn't excuse the others.

The fact is that I am sick and tired of having the United States stand for peace, or, at best, defensive war. And what I favor right off the reel is a much bigger army and navy, and *not* for defensive purposes but for aggressive. During almost its entire existence this country has been sitting around waiting for somebody else to attack it. It has never—at least by its own admission—started anything on its own account, and, as a result of this passive attitude, the American people are becoming an increasingly supine lot. It is high time we stopped sitting in moral judgement on others, and gave some other countries a chance to judge us.

Accordingly I favor the abandonment of America's traditional viewpoint, and a declaration of war on somebody—not a war to uphold another moral cause, but a good snappy war dedicated purely and solely to

the acquisition of one or more pieces of foreign territory. We need more territory. The way things are going now in no time at all we'll run out of rivers to dam, swamps to build roads through; drought areas to rehabilitate and even islands to build escape-proof jails on. Think what's going to happen when the government hasn't any more jobs to give! Then you're going to see some real unemployment.

Private industry needs more outlets too. Everybody can't go on buying new cars every year. And even if they could, as the manufacturers would like to have them, have you ever stopped to figure what would happen eventually? I bet you haven't. Well, we wouldn't have any more space left in which to dump the old abandoned cars. Already, judging from train and motor trips I've taken, things are perilously crowded in more than one part of the country. Dumping in the ocean might seem to be the way out, but if they make cars of much lighter material, who knows but what the darn things will float?

Naturally the manufacturers will also need a new populace to sell their products to, a populace educated in the American way of buying which is, of course, theoretically at least, to buy everything that is produced regardless of demand or not. It is hard to sell that system to foreigners, and the only alternative is to conquer them and make them Americans.

Moreover, war will make employment, and that is something we have to have. It will give employment not only to the men who enlist in the various branches of the service, but also to people on farms and in munitions factories. In fact I have a scheme where munitions factories alone will solve our unemployment problem once and for all. I don't claim that munitions factories, functioning even in normal war time can take up all the slack, but I have thought things out carefully, and have the solution. The government will not only hire people to work in munitions factories, but also hire other people to act as spies and sabotage agents against its own factories.

Then what happens? It's simple: The spies ferret out the factories, and tip off the saboteurs who in turn go to the factories and blow them up. This in turn creates the necessity for more factories, and more people to build them, and therefore, simply by watching to see that the correct balance is maintained, everybody who wants work will have it. Occasionally, of course, spies and saboteurs will be caught and hanged, which, in turn, will create employment for new spies and saboteurs. Of course there will be some people who will maintain that you can't create

prosperity by destroying things just as fast as you create them, but such people, obviously, simply are not thinking things through.

Having decided on a war, the next thing to figure out is whom we would fight, and here again, we must scrap all our outmoded ideas of war, and look at things from a fresh angle. The idea in the past has been to fight somebody we don't like, either because of their form of government, what their newspapers say about us, the way they wear their clothes or prepare their food or because they did something naughty like taxing our tea too much or sinking our ships. This was all right in the past, but today we should adopt exactly the opposite policy. Instead of fighting somebody we don't like, we should pick on somebody we *do* like.

The advantages are obvious. We can expect much more co-operation from a country like that. Moreover, let's remember that what we are out to do is not to punish somebody in the name of justice, but to acquire territory in the name of expediency. What we want, then, is good territory, and quite a lot of good territory, by the law of averages, is bound to be in the hands of people we like.

Having picked our victim—I almost unguardedly said "enemy"—we must next, it goes without saying, adopt a slogan. This cannot be a lot of things, cannot, for instance be: "make the world safe for democracy" or "Remember the Maine, the Alamo, or the Panay" or anything of that ilk. In fact the only thing the slogan *can* be is: "Grab So-and-So" (whatever the name of the country we pick on). This is a very simple slogan, and can be remembered even by people who can't read tabloids.

Thinking it over, I've decided that perhaps Canada would be the first country for us to conquer. I hope the Canadians don't get me wrong. The Canadians are swell people, and Canada is a fine country. That's just the point. It would be a nice country

Continued at top of page 119



The Birth of a Gag

Aims to reduce gagmen mortality rates

by **E. SIMMS CAMPBELL**



The gagman gulps a last cup of coffee, after sweating all night over his brain-children, and dashes to the publication office.

Out of the forty gags he submits, the above abortion tickles the fancy of the big boys in the front office. The publisher chuckles—then the editor chuckles. The publisher's secretary laughs and the office boy howls—the blonde receptionist doesn't get it. The gagman is informed that he may drop around next week.



The gagman returns next week for the final O.K. and after waiting a helluva time in the pretty reception room (that's to let him know how unimportant he is) he enters the sanctum sanctorum. The secretary, Miss Susio Q, hands him the above. "Mr. Wacky, our salesman, no like—Miss Prim, the janitress, thought you should leave out the word goddamn—it's a swear word, isn't it?"

"The publisher thought you could do a better rough sketch using full length figures. The editor thinks that 'grandma' would sound whimsier than 'aunt.' I do, too, don't you? Oh, dear me, there I go rhyming again—you know, I think of the most MARVELOUS things. I'm full of ideas and I'm continually hearing the FUNNIEST and most AMAZING things that I simply KNOW would make GRAND cartoons. Why only yesterday coming down on the subway two men were talking, one was a big man and the other was a little man and—." The gagman takes the thirty-nine rejections and the above idea and quietly tiptoes out of the office.

PUNCH or The London Charivari



THE NEW YORKER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

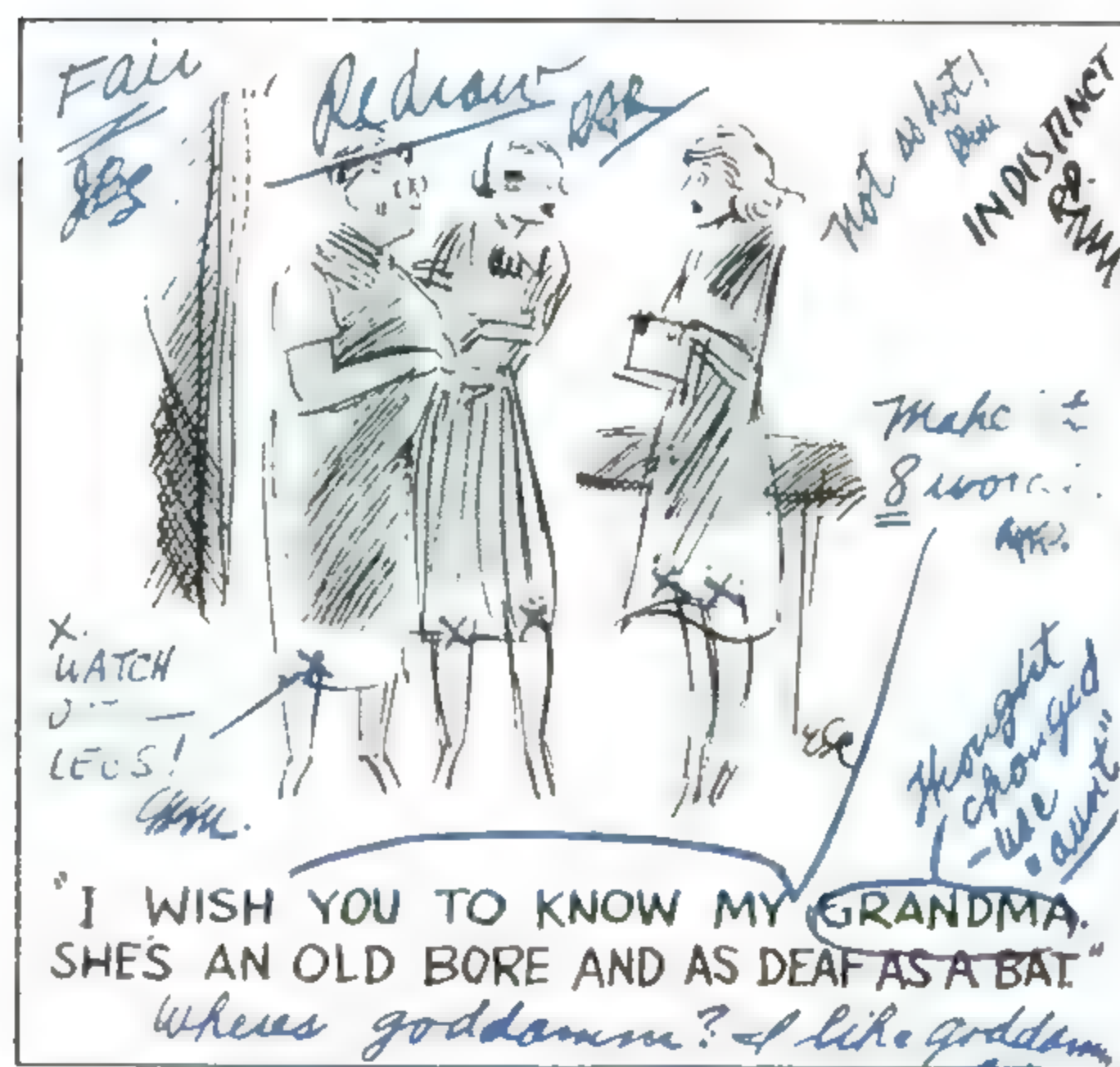


We're in POSTSCRIPTS, you and me,
I'm as happy as can be,
This is auntie, she's a dearie,
I make noise 'cause she can't hear me.

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



"Turn on that light, Mr. Bixby! I said my aunt was deaf, not blind!"



Another week and the gagman is handed the above by Miss Susie Q. "When you inserted 'grandma,' you changed the whole thought of the joke. Miss Prim thought you might redraw it on blue paper—the publisher's five grandchildren like blue paper and they love jokes with eight words. Oh, yes—hurry because the idea won't be seasonal."



After three weeks the gagman receives the above. "The publisher wanted to know what's the idea of the blue paper? And not only has the joke no sense but he says he can't even SEE the drawing. And why the big heads? A good gag doesn't have to be emphasized by caricature. He wishes it redrawn as it was originally. My, you cartoonists make money easy, thinking up nonsense like that."



Above is the final O.K. just as it was when it was presented one month ago. If a gagman draws well enough, he finishes it for a magazine, otherwise it is bought for a NAME cartoonist. If it's a good gag, it appears almost everywhere at once. I've guessed as four publications might use it—Punch—Saturday Evening Post—The New Yorker and Esquire. Then college magazines and the pulps kick it around and last, it is used as an hour's entertainment by our better radio comedians. Yes, it's my gag—I sold it to a publication about four years ago. —E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

The Stepmother

She and her stepchild were tensely polite, like two states maintaining diplomatic relations just before war

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY
• FICTION •

PIROSKA was five years old when her mother died. Then she was sent to live with relatives. She saw her father only on Sundays. He was an electrician, worked all day long, and didn't have much time to spend with his little girl.

But he was crazy about the child, and it was really on her account that he married a year later. Not for his own comfort.

Let Piroška come home. Let him see her, play with her; let her crawl in bed with him for a little while every night. A six-year-old girl is a marvelous toy for any devoted father.

He married a level-headed, comely, plump brunette, who knew how to take care of children. She moved lazily and timidly in the outer world, but at home she performed her work conscientiously and tirelessly.

The woman—she had previously been a cook—loved the child sincerely. And she decided that she would be a real mother for Piroška in the place of her dead mother.

It was not her fault but Piroška's that this didn't work out. The child behaved toward her stepmother like a haughty little icicle.

She was a clever child, observant, and all ears. She knew why she had worn on her little coat a black crepe armband for three months. During the time she spent with the relatives her imagination absorbed the casual speech of the adults: she is an orphan and she is going to have a stepmother.

Her conception of a stepmother was embodied in the *krampusz*, the frightening bogeyman, whom Budapest children inspect with silent terror in the windows of the department stores on St. Nicholas Day. Scary, strange, hostile. She was not going to love her stepmother. When she was

taken home she began to meow arrogantly for her "real mommy." No matter how sternly her father commanded her, she refused to call the other woman mother.

The industrious fat woman dropped her red hands sadly on her apron:

—She doesn't want to love me!—she thought sorrowfully. She won't let me comb her; can't look at me; can't stand me. Gracious! Her father is going to think yet that I am not treating her right! But she did not give up the fight to win the love of the little vixen.

A stepmother has a hard job on her hands. This woman, too, was full of anxiety: was she really the proverbial stepmother? Maybe she wasn't good enough to her; not as attentive as she should be. She, too, was worried by the superstition. And, in order to avoid even remote resemblance to the evil witch-stepmother of the fairy stories, she overdid her part. She became honey-tongued and flattering. Strange, unnatural. Which resulted in a daily increase of Piroška's impudence. Finally, she became as impertinent as a little fly that insists on landing on one's nose.

The stepmother fell sobbing on her husband's neck:

"It's no use, Ferenc! You'll have to divorce me... The girl won't get used to me..."

Never a stepmother had a worse life at the hands of an orphan. They were together all day long in the kitchen. And the inventiveness of Piroška's little brain never missed a chance to aggrandize the mournful state of her orphanhood.

The relationship between the two was bad. Nervously and tensely polite. Just as between two states which are still maintaining diplomatic connections in spite of imminent declarations of war.

It happened one afternoon that the stepmother said to the orphan:

"Piroška, get up from that chest. I want to take out some coal."

Piroška did not get up. This would be a new victory. She had never tried anything like this. She had never yet openly defied a command. Now she was going to see.

The stepmother meekly repeated her request:

"Get up, sweetheart."

Piroška looked just as indifferent as if it had been no concern of hers that she was being spoken

to. The stepmother's imploring voice began to quiver:

"Piroška, darling! Please!"

Whereupon an impudently sarcastic expression appeared on Piroška's nose, as if she were saying: you can't tell me what to do!

The woman suddenly lost her patience. Even her forehead blushed with anger. And letting loose the maternal instinct of discipline, she grabbed Piroška and spanked her. She gave her the kind of beating one gives

to a small child. First she pulled her ear. Then she raised her skirt, and, with her hand, gave her a coupled of resounding slaps on her bottom.

The spanking didn't hurt a bit. But Piroška yelled and screamed so that all the maids came out to the corridor from the adjoining flats.

There you are! The stepmother! That's she; that's what she is going to be like after this! Now she has shown her real face! Fear and the shame of deep humiliation were in Piroška's soul. After twenty minutes of full-lunged screaming she began to whimper quietly, and turned toward the wall, so that she would see nothing of the world.

There was quiet. Piroška could hear little noises, from which she concluded that her stepmother was still working there in the kitchen.

She stood for a long time. Then she got tired of standing and looking at the wall, and in addition, she was beginning to feel hungry. It was five o'clock, and a thin rumbling ran through her stomach. But how could she eat—now? She was beginning to feel the pangs of slow starvation when, of a sudden, right in front of her face, there appeared a large slice of bread thickly spread with plum jam.

A quiet, natural voice spoke behind her back, as if nothing had happened:

"You must be hungry by now."

Piroška was not strong enough to refuse the proffered delicacy. She accepted it from the hostile hand, glared at it sternly for a while; then she weakened, and took a large bite.

Now she heard a relieved sigh and laughter from beside the stove. Children have unusually sharp ears. By the tone of the laughter Piroška could tell that the evil stepmother was not feeling so good either after the spanking.

She turned back, half-reconciled. She took a peek at her stepmother from the corner of her eye. Then she smiled at her. Partly out of shrewdness, realizing that it might be a good policy to make peace with such a powerful adversary; partly out of incipient trust. She felt that a very important question of etiquette had been settled between them.

"Yes, she spanked me, but the world didn't collapse. Then, she has spread plum jam on my bread: she must be my mama!"

The woman sat down on the kitchen chair, and opened her arms in the child's direction:

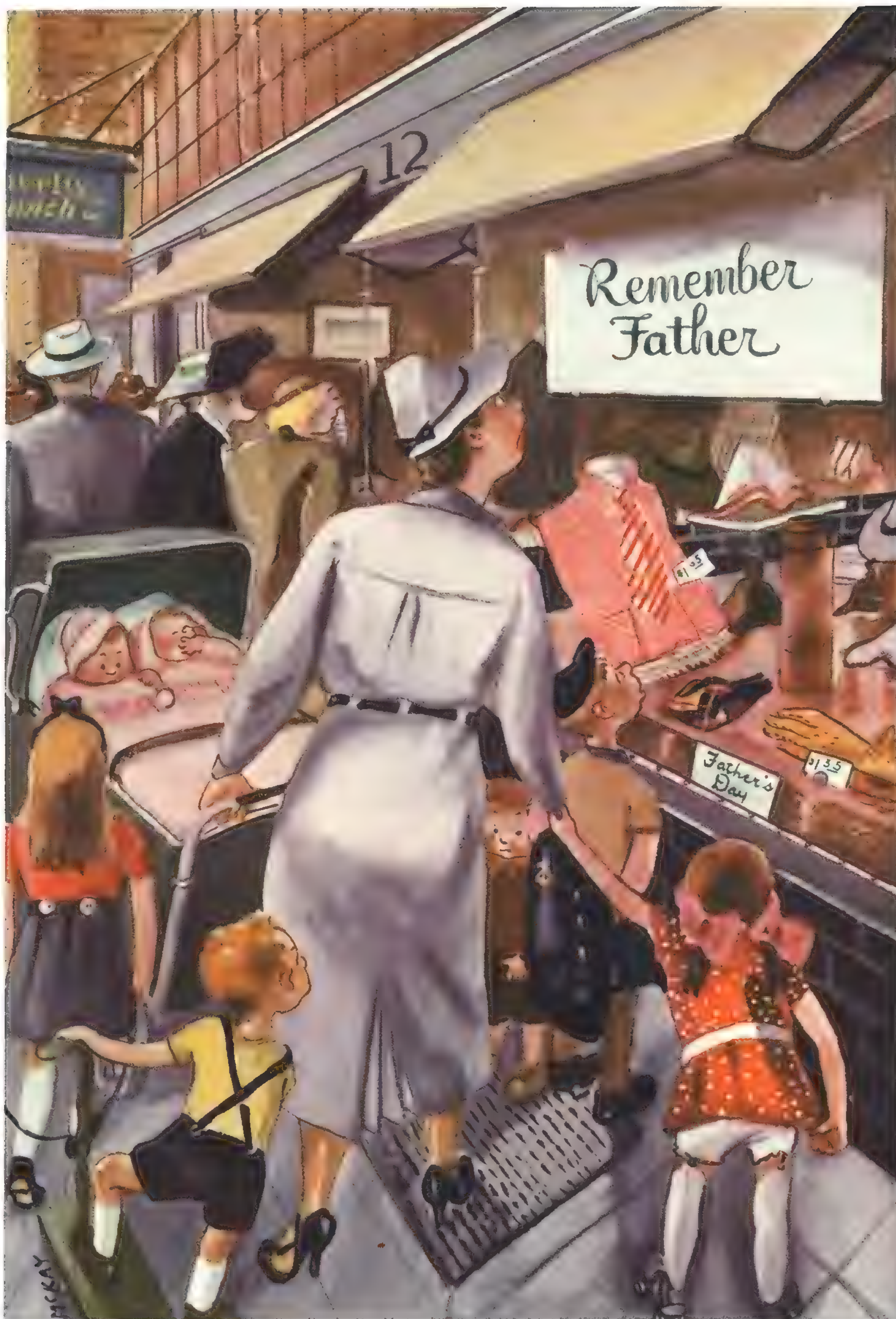
"Come, Piroška, give me a bite, too!"

Piroška climbed up into her stepmother's lap, and held the bread for her:

"Please take a bite!"

They ate and kissed. Both their faces became smeared with jam, which made them laugh long and heartily until their sides hurt. ##





"How can I forget him?"



California Playboy

**Mizner never gave a sucker
an even break nor ever lost
in a friendly game of poker**

by JIM TULLY

• ARTICLE •

H E HAD a long, heavily lined, and powerful horse face. In repose it was careworn—a Holbein done in sadness. Humor was nowhere upon it, not even at the edges of his tired, rheumy eyes, beneath which were sacs of blue. There was a lack of determination about his mouth. It was always slightly open.

Affable and adroit, his smile was never from the heart. With tremendous apprehension and sensibility, he was in reality a vast and grandiloquent pimp to whom all life was a house of prostitution.

Wilson Mizner was born in Northern California, and attended Santa Clara College for two years. After being dismissed, he joined a medicine faker, and early learned the easy exaggeration that characterized him through life.

He reached Alaska in the Gold Rush of 1897. One of the first Americans on the Klondike, he remained five years. Gambler, entertainer, what have you, he was one of a group later to be nationally known, among them Tex Rickard, Jack London, Rex Beach, Alexander Pantages, Senator Key Pittman, Robert W. Service and Sid Grauman.

Called the wittiest man in America, he appeared in *Who's Who* as a dramatist.

He was proud of his ancestry, being able to trace it seventy years. President Harrison had appointed his father a minister to a country in Central America. Mizner would shout with pride that he came of "an old California family." He was a quarter English, the rest Irish. He seldom mentioned his Irish blood. Only when maudlin would he talk of the woman from whom he had inherited wit, charm and a grandiose manner.

He had those qualities so deeply impregnated in the Irish—a revolving heart that could turn hatred into sardonic humor, quick intelligence, extreme volatility, impatience of order, and boundless vanity. There was a salamander in his heart. In heat, it was calm.

His forehead was high, wide and furrowed. His head was large, his hair brown and slightly thinner as he went down the hill of fifty. Six feet four, a quick moving, two hundred and seventy pound man, his hands and feet were too small for his body. He had, in repose, the appearance of an immense leprechaun lost in a world in which he must laugh to keep from crying.

His emotions were permeated with guile. He could dissemble his feelings in an instant. His passions were strong, and even in premature senility were never suppressed.

His shoulders were so straight they seemed to be in a leather brace. To hold in his huge paunch, he walked erect as Ludendorff, with his immense head thrown backward until the neck muscles bulged.

His period, the most colorful in America, had disappeared. Its glittering dust still burned in his eyes. He snorted in never-ending mental agony at the little people around him. As a compensation, they afforded him that which, without, he could not have endured—an audience. Men and women laughed at many of his jokes, the sources of which were dated before Rabelais. The heavy flying fish of wit, he skimmed the surface of all things and dazzled for a moment in the sun.

An arch flatterer, he had keen penetration.

His compliments fell on all alike.

He dreaded the passing of time. "Only fools have watches—don't time go fast enough?"

On the verge of hypochondria, he would beam with laughter and salutation if approached in public. His giant torso would shake in merriment at a quickly made joke. When the person had gone, he might ask, "Who the hell was that?" He admired crimes of wit, and was horrified at those of violence. He believed in capital punishment for strangers. If the murderer were his friend, he would have freed him at once, with kindly advice.

All people were "outsiders" to him who leaned too heavily on the shoulders of justice. That world of which he was so long a part knew him as "a dead right guy." A priest might more quickly have betrayed the secrets of a confessional than the garrulous fellow the confidence of a citizen of his world who trusted him. "I have shielded men when I knew they deserved the chair. I couldn't break their confidence and blow a police whistle."

He was cautious in the presence of outsiders. He made famous the saying—never give a sucker an even break. He never did.

At one time in New York he had his fellow confidence men wear a rose in their coat lapels as a means of identification. During a hard winter they had begun to prey upon each other.

Gregarious, he could long endure solitude. He often remained in bed all day and boasted that he had never seen the sun rise.

He appeared wise in all matters he did not comprehend, and covered his ignorance so well that he often deceived the most sagacious. Complex and proud, he seemed simple and unaffected. A scoffer at everything, he secretly worshipped the middle-class proprieties.

His manners were suave, and made him appear benevolent toward those whom he scorned.

So long as people were gay, he cared not how shallow they were. This quality made him a favorite in Hollywood.

A well known citizen of the tinsel town, he did not enjoy his popularity.

With hands folded, he would stare at the ceiling.

He lived in one room for six years and always regretted it.

"Why don't you move?" I asked.

"I can never find my other shoe," was the answer.

He liked hotels, and once owned one in New York. A sign read, "Do not smoke opium in the elevator."

A sentimental iconoclast, and a raucous realist, he fought everything of a subjective nature within himself. He had the capacity without the inclination to think

deeply. More than a mere wit, he was the embryo of a great man.

His colossal ego blended with humility. A bawdy house dialectician, he would rout a more learned man with wit.

As he seldom associated with superiors, his reputation for wisdom grew.

He retained and used all things that filled his purpose. When he read, "Fame is merely the prolonging of neighborhood gossip," he quoted it often, without credit to me.

When I mentioned Schopenhauer's observation—"Dull people are always formal," he exclaimed, "God!" and purloined it.

When told to leave a house he said to his host, "A gentleman never leaves a house until told to do so by a gentleman."

He drove a large, expensive car, the wheel of which no one ever touched.

He wore a heavy gray overcoat. Pockets bulging with liquor, he would arrive at my home at any hour between dusk and sunrise.

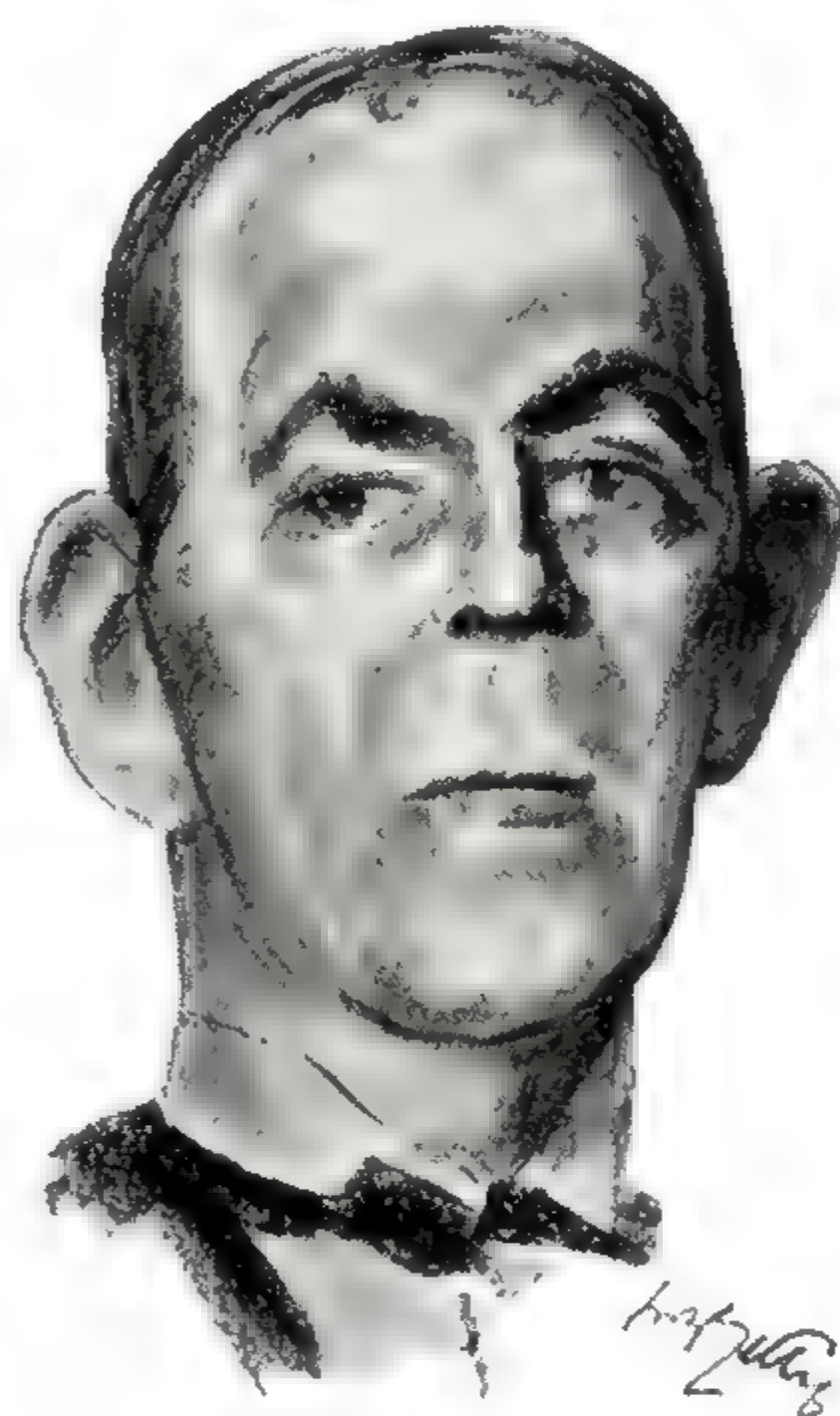
He came one night, forlorn as Lincoln. Three other men accompanied him.

"I'm dyin', Jim," he shouted. "Gimme a drink." He threw his arms upward in despair, and cursed Hollywood. When the liquor touched his brain, his hands gripped the arms of the chair as if he were to be electrocuted.

"You're not talkin' to a local boy, Jimmy." He gulped more liquor.

Suddenly he pulled a sheaf of paper from his pocket.

Continued in center of page 176



He Planned the War

Had Germany pursued the brilliant strategy of Alfred von Schlieffen, she might have conquered the World

by TOM MAHONEY

• ARTICLE •

IF THE wife of a cavalry officer had not died untimely some sixty years ago in Germany, there might have been no World War and our lives might be vastly different. The officer was the slender, ascetic Count Alfred von Schlieffen, a major at the time. In his grief, he sought solace in military study and became a schemer of annihilation so sinister that his plans turned the course of history.

Before the death of his beautiful Anna, following the birth of a daughter, Schlieffen's career was not distinguished. He was born in Berlin, the second of nine children in a noble family, and received the usual education of his class. As a youth he delighted in the poetry of Heine, had a gay time and incurred debts. For a time he planned to become a lawyer but weak eyes and the prospect of legal lore in small type caused him to abandon the law in favor of the army.

Schlieffen undertook his career with seriousness and the fact that his father had been an officer smoothed the way to the Military Academy where staff officers were trained. As a young officer, however, Schlieffen's only distinction was bad luck. He went through the wars with Denmark and Austria without leading so much as a patrol into battle. Though he had been a junior military attaché in Paris, he spent most of the Franco-Prussian War guarding the German coast. While his fellows were winning laurels, he had seen fighting only as a minor staff officer carrying messages. His brief marriage had been the one bright spot in his life and his wife's death affected him profoundly.

As a widower, Schlieffen became a new and harsher man. His manner grew cold and critical. He banished everything non-military from his life. It was not enough that the First Guard Uhlan regiment, which he commanded at Potsdam, was the best German cavalry unit. Schlieffen spent his days studying arms and his nights reading military history.

His monocled eye looked at everything from the viewpoint of a field officer. When a companion on a railroad journey remarked on the beauty of the landscape, Schlieffen glanced out and said: "The hills are not adaptable for defense, and the river is of slight value as a military obstacle." This was spoken by the man who had loved Heine's poems about birds, flowers and romance.

Recognition of his extraordinary effort came in 1883 when Schlieffen was appointed to the Great General Staff. As a member of the third section, charged with information on France and Belgium, he moved his desk to the modest building in Alsen Platz, hard

by the Brandenburg Gate, where the best brains of the German army planned future wars. Soon he was promoted to head of the second section of the staff and became responsible for mobilization plans.

While at this post, Schlieffen was invited horseback riding by the elder Von Moltke, aged conquerer of France. In the course of their ride, the retired field marshal gave Schlieffen a searching examination on Germany's military problems. To Kaiser Wilhelm, the field marshal reported the austere Schlieffen "fitted to occupy any post in the German army." There was no surprise in Berlin when he was made Chief of Staff in 1891.



Schlieffen took charge with a fierce energy which surprised those who had not previously come under his exacting direction. He immediately increased the departments of the staff from eleven to sixteen and its officers from fifty to one hundred sixty-two. All worked hard. Officers who did not appear both eager and brilliant were sent back to the garrisons. Those remaining were soon inculcated with the convictions of Schlieffen.

Foremost of these, perhaps, was his belief that the art of war is one in which even generals gifted with the fire of leadership can succeed only by study. He held a low opinion of untrained inspiration. Of the legends that Hannibal as a child was dedicated to arms on the altar of Baal, that David was anointed by Samuel to command the king's

army, and that Caesar credited superhuman powers with his victories, Schlieffen once said:

"If the incipient general relies upon his divine call, his genius, or the protection and support of higher powers, his hopes of victory are scanty."

He gave his staff officers countless problems in strategy and tactics. Improper solutions received sarcastic criticism. Schlieffen believed Sundays and holidays could best be spent by his staff in work. Von Kuhl, one of his disciples, recalls in his memoirs an operations problem given him by Schlieffen just before a two-day Christmas holiday. In the hope of some free time, Von Kuhl worked all night and turned in his solution on Christmas Eve. Schlieffen praised it and rewarded him with a second problem for Christmas Day!

None of his subordinates, however, studied more than Schlieffen himself. He buried himself in his work and spent years on the campaigns of Frederick the Great, Hannibal and Napoleon. From his study, Schlieffen, after much thought and analysis, undertook to choose from history an "ideal" battle, a victory perfectly planned and executed.

His choice was a battle fought by Hannibal over two thousand years ago near the village of Cannae in Italy. In an unfavorable position, Hannibal and fifty thousand Carthaginian troops faced Terentius Varro and sixty-nine thousand Romans. The latter had three lines of battle, according to the ages of their soldiers, and only the first line actually fought. Hannibal divided his inferior force into three mobile units which enveloped the Roman square and attacked it simultaneously. The square was crushed in and forty-eight thousand Romans were killed while Hannibal lost six thousand.

Schlieffen wrote a monograph on the battle of Cannae and showed how the envelopments and partial envelopments of armies or their wings explained many of Napoleon's victories. It was always better, Schlieffen concluded, to strike the enemy on the flanks or in the rear, rather than face to face. This he taught a succession of staff officers among whom were Ludendorff, Hindenburg, Hoffmann, Francois and others destined for fame. Schlieffen's work on Cannae is a textbook today at the Command and General Staff School of the U. S. Army at Fort Leavenworth.

While preaching this ageless principle of strategy, Schlieffen eagerly followed modern military developments. He sent observers to all the wars of his day. Dapper German offi-



cers marched with strange armies in Asia and Africa. Young Hoffmann obtained information of incalculable value from the luckless Russians in Manchuria. Arms salesmen who had to bribe their way in other countries found a welcome in Alsen Platz. Anything new which seemed promising was obtained for the German army. Schlieffen, the Kaiser's favorite, had only to express his wishes.

Hearing of the speed with which American circuses loaded tents and animals on trains, Schlieffen sent two officers to study the subject. On the basis of their report, the German artillery, greatly expanded by Schlieffen, adopted circus methods of loading. He improved field kitchens and army food, making general some of the innovations of his days at Potsdam where his Uhlans had their special pigsties. He lightened the infantryman's pack. He tested steel helmets with shrapnel fire on helmeted corpses. Machine guns, dirigibles and wireless were added.

Schlieffen had not long been Chief of Staff when European events gave him a task in which he could combine all of his calculations of ancient strategy and modern arms. The Kaiser neglected to renew a treaty with Russia and Germany's big neighbor to the East signed an alliance with France, the Fatherland's ancient foe in the West. France began to woo aloof England and also Italy, professedly an ally of Germany. Schlieffen's task was to revise Germany's secret military plans to conform with the new conditions.

For ten years, he worked on what marveling military men now call the Schlieffen Plan. He called it simply *A Plan for a War on Two Fronts*. There had been two earlier, less elaborate German plans with this title. The elder Von Moltke drew the first. It provided for a defensive stand against France while German armies conquered Russia. Schlieffen's predecessor as Chief of Staff, Waldersee, revised this. If war came in the summer, he would attack Russia. If the war came in the winter, his first move would be against France.

Schlieffen regarded his task as a very heavy one. While the German army was the best trained and best equipped in the world, it was numerically inferior to the combined armies of France and Russia and, though

much of it went for graft, each of these countries was spending more on arms than Germany. France had heavily fortified her naturally strong eastern frontier. Schlieffen's plan had to consider the varied terrain of the East and West. Above all, to hope for success, Germany must move before the ponderous enemy resources could be brought to bear. Only from Austria could Schlieffen expect help and he thought little of her soldiers. "One-third of them will go over to the Russians," was his cynical forecast. Italy could not be relied upon and, though the Kaiser was friendly with and related to English royalty, Schlieffen saw England as a foe.

"The Kaiser is in England celebrating feasts of brotherhood," fumed Schlieffen. "Incredible! There is the enemy! In case of defeat our navy will share the fate of the Armada and the Dutch navy."

Schlieffen opposed the German naval expansion because he believed that a war could be decided only on land and that the money should be used to improve the army. He recognized the German fleet as an irritant to the British and thought it well to expect England to aid Germany's enemies with an army of one hundred thousand. Never was a prophecy to be more accurately fulfilled. This was the exact strength of the British Expeditionary Force in 1914.

After weighing the information from France and Russia, Schlieffen decided France was the more dangerous enemy and also the foe against whom a decision might be obtained quickly. Russia was unlikely to mobilize so rapidly and, also, was so vast a country that an invading army might be eluded and destroyed like Napoleon's Grand Army in 1812. Either winter or summer, Schlieffen decided, France should be attacked first.

The opening campaign must be swift—"a battle on a time table." Russia could not be ignored too long. Hurling millions of troops at the frontier would not suffice. The campaign must be fully planned. It must be decisive—"a battle without a morrow." As it was Schlieffen who planned, nothing less than a great envelopment, a colossal Cannae, would do!

France's eastern frontier was both mountainous and fortified. Her northern frontier was the Belgian plain and forts there were few and old. Schlieffen decided not only to send the bulk of German forces against France but to hurl seven-eighths of these against the northern frontier, the French left flank. To reach this flank, he planned to send German armies through Luxembourg, Belgium and Holland.

All of these were neutral states protected by treaties but Schlieffen planned to have the French break the treaties first. He decided to deploy German armies openly on their own soil along the Belgian and Dutch frontiers before a declaration of war. From his knowledge of the ground and the impetuous temperament of the foe, he was confident that the French would respond by occupying

the heights of the Meuse in Belgium. This was the only worthwhile defensive position in the vicinity and, as has since become known, the French war plan (Plan XVII) called for meeting the enemy beyond the frontiers. An oft repeated Schlieffen motto was *Wegen und Wagen*—weigh the chances, then chance the risks.

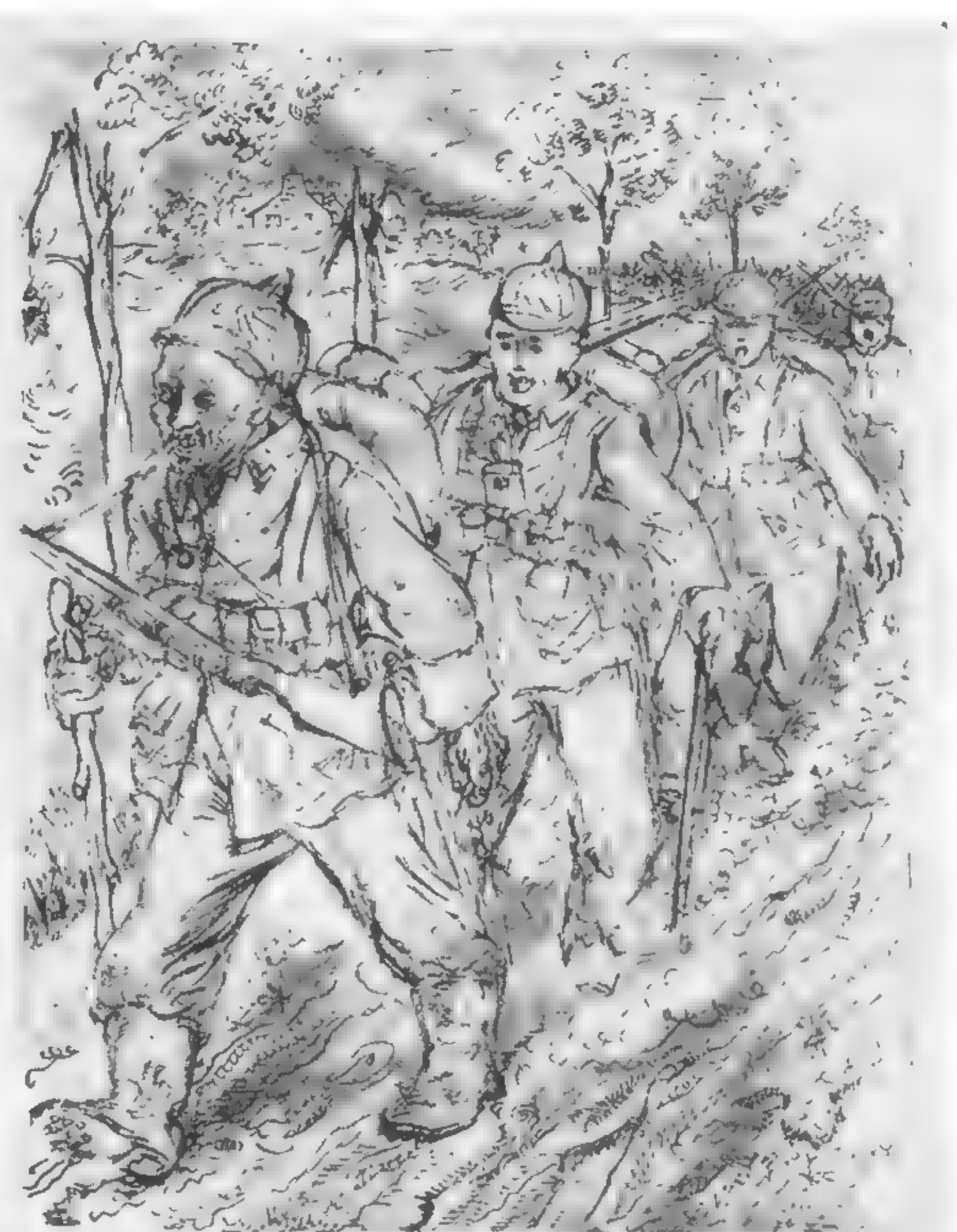
By crossing only a small strip of Dutch territory known as the Maastricht Appendix, the Belgian forts at Liège could be flanked. As the Dutch were sympathetic, Schlieffen believed diplomacy could obtain permission for the movement. Once underway, nothing must be allowed to delay or weaken seriously the German armies in the north. Five in all, they were to swing west and south in a great turning movement. At the same time, the two German armies in the south, much smaller in strength, were to fight a delaying battle and lure the French into Lorraine. This was an essential part of the plan but the death stroke was to be dealt by the German right wing turning South like a great swinging door.

"The French will quickly turn about from their own offensive in Lorraine," said Schlieffen. "It is therefore imperative that the Germans be as strong as possible on the right wing, for there the decisive battle is to be expected. The decision should fall in northern France.

"The right flank should be so strong that the French and their Allies can be driven against the rear of their fortress front and against the frontier of Switzerland. Thus by a huge envelopment of the French and British a colossal Cannae should be prepared. Antwerp and Paris should be invested by reserve and *ersatz* corps, but the decision lies not at these fortresses, but in the surrounding of the field army."

If the envelopment failed, Schlieffen favored making peace at once. Otherwise he predicted that German armies would move hopelessly to and fro between their fronts on the East and West and "the war would drag on with disadvantages and growing disintegration to the German forces and with the possible intervention of other powers." Schlieffen's vision was never clearer than on

Continued in center of page 160



Clear as a Bell

**A peaceable fellow has to stay
in the nut house so those nurses
and orderlies can have soft jobs**

by HARRY BOLTON

• SPORTS •

DEAR JIMMY: Hello pal. This is the old battler. Say, Jimmy, isn't there some way you can get me out of this crazy house?

My wife doesn't seem to do much about it.

I been here a long time now, Jimmy. Sometimes I suddenly come to, and think I just came here. Other times I remember I been here about sixteen years. I thought that maybe you could do something.

I am as clear as a bell now, Jimmy, clear as a bell. But these doctors, these nurses, these orderlies, these attendants, just yes me, and when I try to talk sense to them, they just give me the run-around in general. Yeah, I thought maybe you could do something. You can, can't you Jimmy? You can lift the old battler out of here, can't you, Jimmy? You can lift the old battler out of here, can't you, Jimmy, old champion? I am clear as a bell, Jimmy, clear as a bell. I'm not permanently punch drunk and crazy and have erratic spells from ungodly beatings, like they say. Honest, Jimmy, I'm clear as a bell, clear as a bell.

I got my road work done early this morning, because I started early and because I cut it down. It is time to start tapering off. I fight Battling Nelson again next Friday afternoon, and while I can lick Nelson with one hand tied to my leg, I don't want to go stale. I hope after Nelson, they get Gans for me right away. After I kill off old Joe, there won't be a lightweight left in the world worthwhile my fighting. I will step up to the next division, donate those welterweight bums all the weight they want, and take them, every one, just like that, one, two, three.

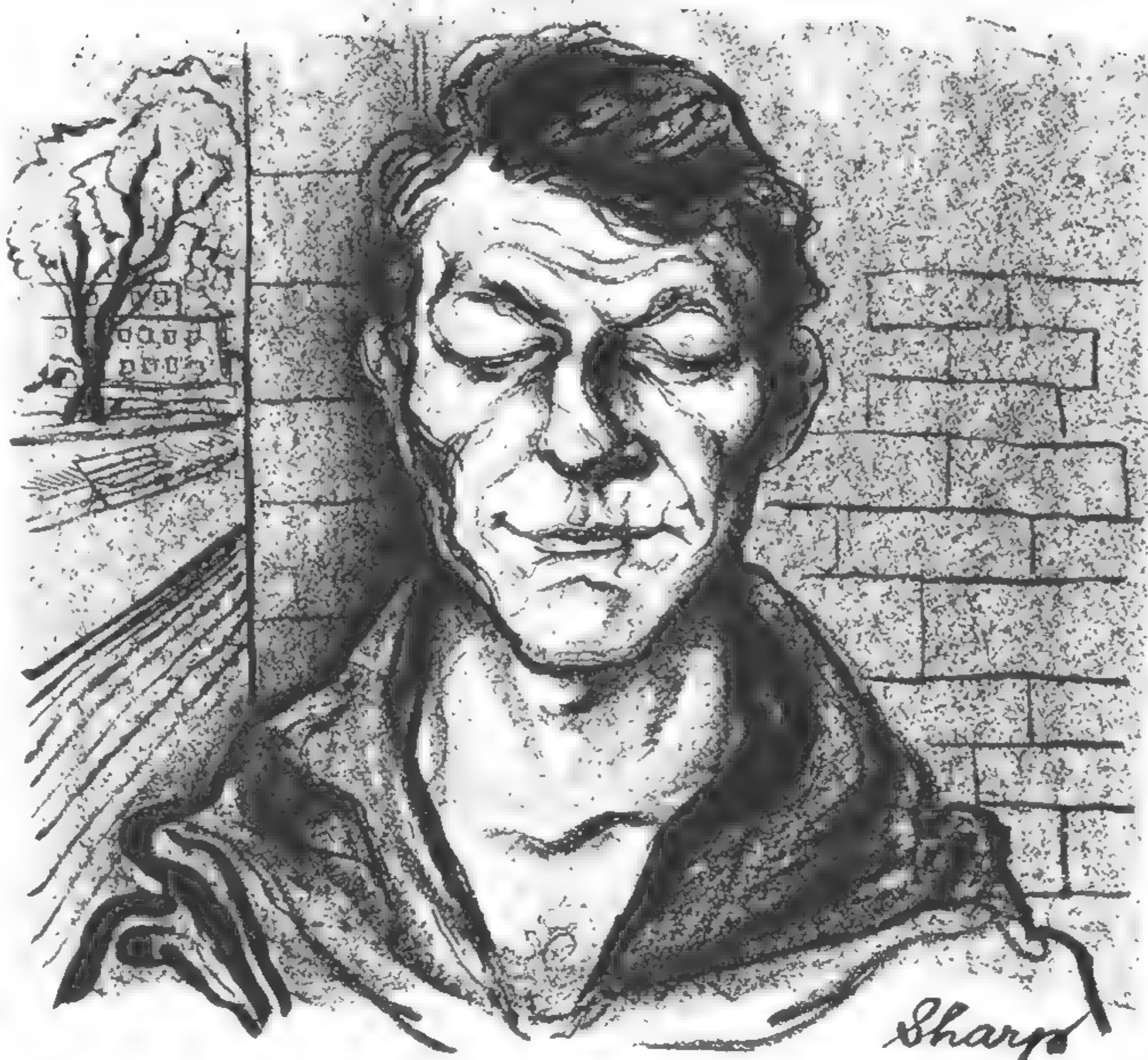
When I get Nelson in the ring this time, Jimmy

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I just happened to think about you this morning, and it struck me like a flash, there is the guy that will get me out of this nut house, there is the guy, there is the guy. Why I never had brains enough to write you before is a deep mystery to me.

I been in bed two days, maybe four. Caught cold I suppose or something. But I am clear as a bell now, clear as a bell. The back of my head and neck keeps hurting me a little. But I been massaging it twice a day. I guess those rabbit-punches don't last, hey, champ? The old maulies are holding up fine. How are your own? I did hurt my left hand the other day. I was forced to bash some mugg. He was try-



ing to tell me he would rather be hit by Jack Dempsey than by this Joe Louis. I told him, I says, sappo, this Joe Louis may

I forgot to tell you, Jimmy, my wife is visiting me today, and she just now says, Never mind Dempsey and Louis, dear, just go on and write Jimmy about other things. She figures it disturbs me, Jimmy, it disturbs, Aw, that's so much mush. If I don't mull over a little fight talk once in a while that disturbs me too.

My wife just now went across the lawn, and is over there chewing the fat with Doc Mapes, Doc Allen, and a couple of orderlies and some big stomached guy I don't know. Let her stay there. Who cares. Say, Jimmy, you know what she did? She brought me just newspapers. Just two newspapers. Yes, honest. Just two. And I'd read them already. Yeah, two papers. Old Two-Newspapers Maud.

While she is over there, I'll tell you why I had to bash this nut. If you don't think it will disturb me, you can tell me what different you would have done. He is talking up this Joe Louis, see, against, Dempsey, see, and that is reason enough for me right there. But in the first place, Jimmy, I don't just exactly admit I hit the guy. They say I did, and there isn't much use arguing against three doctors, two nurses, two orderlies and the nut himself, is there? No. So I just let them have it their own way. Maybe I did hit him, at that. His jaw is all swelled up although not above the eye, and my left hand is sore.

Louis, Louis, Louis, Louis, he talks. I don't know this Louis but I know Jack Blackburn the same as you do, and I know how Jack

used to fight and how he would teach Louis to hit, so I says, Listen sappo Louis's punches click, Dempsey's tear. Louis's victims get well. Dempsey's stay sick. Am I right, Jimmy? Sure.

Well, this mugg bares me a lot of cheap bridge-work, and that makes me remember what an awful pig he is at table and that he sits with both elbows all sprawled out nearly in the next guy's plate, and he lets those long black hairs grow on top his nose and he belches right in front of you, and anyway he is as big as a small house, so when he sneers and snarls close up to my moosh, Oh, I suppose because you think you were a fighter once, you could lick Joe Louis too, I says certainly, certainly, and let him have it.

Nossir. They can't compare the Dempsey. Next to me, next to me, Jimmy, then you, Jimmy, Jack

Dempsey is the greatest fighter that ever lived.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. How is the old champ? Me, I'm feeling grand. Clear as a bell, clear as a bell. Say, Jimmy, what I'm writing for is to have you get me either two big steer galls or else three small ones for my pickling dope. And get me a quart of camphor, too. My face is getting tender and I must be pickling it at once. Get it here today, Jimmy, because I fight Nelson on the 9th.

* * *

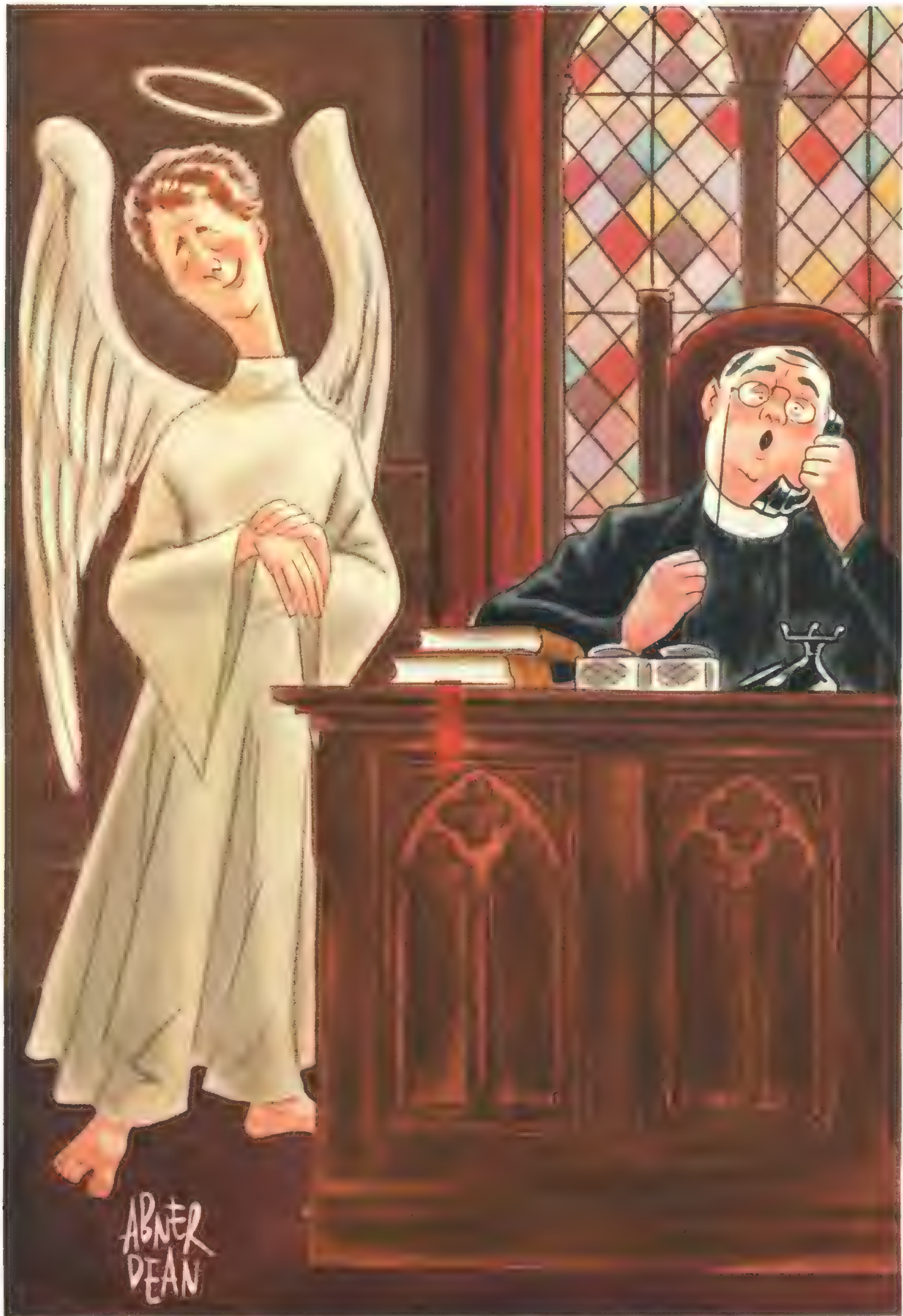
Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I been laughing at a guy all day. He is an ex-pug too. He says, Remember Battling Nelson? How slow and draggy he seemed to hit? How a hundred pugs sneered at Bat in the ring and afterwards in the dressing room and in the street they'd sneer some more. As, Oh, so that's the famous Battling Nelson. He's tough all right, but I could let him pop me all night. Then three days later these guys wondered what made that funny stiff feeling in their side and chest and neck and they'd say, Wonder what makes that, I ain't fought anybody, only Nelson. Three weeks later they have worse trouble pulling off a sweater and they'd say, What the hell causes that I ain't been hit for nearly a month, only Nelson. Three months later worse pains, more places, and they'd say Rheumatism, the Doc says and it must be for I ain't fought lately, only Nelson. Three years later, still taking shots and special massage, and they'd say, Wouldn't be so bad if I'd got this way fighting

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"No, I don't see a sable coat, diamond bracelets, and an ocean voyage!"



"I'm bringing home a friend for dinner, dear!"

A Little Bit of Butter

What happened is not known, but when Millie was delivered to the matron, she needed medical care

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

THAT girl Millie came home from college just three weeks ago today. She arrived suddenly; and in a little town such as ours people would naturally talk. Things were whispered about. No. There was no scandal. Who cares about love affairs these days? It was just the natural cause of events. It happens all the time. Millie was the daughter of a Jewish merchant.

Our little town, Heimlich, used to be a dead and sleepy mud hole. But now the place is buzzing with life. And during the last three weeks, while all the whispering about Millie was going on, the soldiers paraded every day along the new concrete road. Someday war is certain to arrive but at present, instead of war in Europe, we open the front door in the morning and the sunshine streams into the house. Sunshine and spring weather. The last three weeks were just beautiful. It made you feel good to be alive. And, of course, the old folks say that spring in Heimlich is better than in any place in the world.

Why should spring be better in Heimlich? Well, because things break into bloom earlier, they will tell you. And about Millie, why was she sent home just in the spring of the year, the middle of a school term? Well, people talk. You know. But the maid in the house of the Jewish merchant, her name is Dora, she told some of the neighbors and that sounded more like the truth, for Dora is a very matter-of-fact person. She told the true reason.

Yes, in Heimlich the old folks say that even the flowers are more beautiful. Why this is so they do not explain. It is just a plain statement which they issue as a fact and they would be offended if you questioned it. Why flowers should be more lovely in Heimlich than in other places is hard to explain. But we natives of Heimlich have a certain pride which we do not want to surrender. These days everything is surrendered. There are political forces and social forces and economic forces and your soul is part of a bigger thing. Who would be so selfish as to call his soul his own? Perhaps this was one of the reasons which forced Millie home just two months before she was to receive her degree. We knew her marks were good and her behavior was quiet and modest. But Dora says that these were not considered. They made a special case of her.

What did they tell her in college? Nothing, only the

usual thing that you hear about. They told her that a woman's place was in the home. . . . And that there would be no office or laboratory jobs for women who graduated. The other girls in the class, you know the Jewesses—there were three of them—well they were smart, they took the hint and left. And when Millie stayed on it made it bad. She did not want to surrender so easily. She was obstinate. And as for spring in Heimlich, she did not care to see it this year at all.

But you know, there are eighteen ways to kill a cat. And so they made a special case of Millie. Dora said that people in the school would talk aloud when she passed through the hall. Why was she staying? Did not the others go? Was it her father's money? Her father had a friend, a very smart lawyer, who knew high officials in Berlin and because of this—at least that is what they said—she was able to defy everybody. But this was certainly not true. It was only another one of those things that they devised to humiliate and unnerve this nineteen-year-old Jewish girl. She grew thin and pale and terribly jumpy and nervous. In the end she couldn't stand it any longer. She had to surrender.

And that is how she came to her father's home in Heimlich just three weeks ago. That was the start of our good weather. The sun burst out with a happy radiance, for why should nature pay any attention to personal sorrows? Nature is above joy or sorrow. They set out the tables and the little orchestra was playing outside in the beer garden. A few people, who had nothing to do in the afternoon, mostly soldiers off duty, were sitting about the little tables drinking their beer and basking in the warm sunshine. It

was very nice. You know, of course, that during the past year the barracks were enlarged, because we are only one hundred kilometers from Berlin on the new road, and quite a few soldier boys. . . . Ah yes, things are livelier in Heimlich than they used to be. Ho, ho! Sometimes things can get out of hand. The beer garden pays the government a pretty penny in taxes and the orchestra now plays every day. Hugo, the old clarinet player, now that he has a steady job has taken to drink. His father was a song writer and Hugo is now fifty, but he never accomplished anything. No good, just a failure. So if he drinks, who cares. What has he got in the world—nothing! It is not like the girl Millie, nineteen years old and just looking around in the world to see where her pretty head would lie best. Young, pretty, nice figure, smart, father with money—everything to live for.

When her change of address was sent in to the police, she received a formal notice to appear.

"Everybody gets the notice," said the maid Dora. "Last week they called me twice. And what for? All for nothing. Because your mother is dead and I am the cook here I am supposed to watch out and see that the regulations, everything, must be in order. So I tell them if they want to stick their noses into my pots, they know where to find the kitchen. Everything is in order."

But things were not quite so simple. Millie was questioned for three long hours by several relays of officials. Some of these men are new to Heimlich and we do not even know their names. But we see them now and again in the beer garden. But they are a surly lot and don't talk very much. I guess they have their orders. But the fellow that had the carbuncle on his neck, and it was all plastered up, he likes a little drink at the bar and he told us quite a few things and that is how we know.

They questioned her for three long hours.

"You Jews like to fry in butter?"

"Yes, we do. But when butter is . . ."

"You do. You do. You know you do."

"Yes, I admit . . ."

"Of course you admit."

"But when butter is scarce we use oil."

"Your religion does not allow you to use lard. Pork is forbidden."

"Yes. It's true. But . . ."

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Bores: Their Cause and Cure

**How to cope with the dynamic type,
the givers of skits, the baiters,
single-subject addicts and mimics**

by LOREN CARROLL

• ARTICLE •

THE dictionary, pussyfooting as usual, defines bores as "tiresome persons; annoyances."

This is as inconclusive as a Japanese definition of "defensive warfare." If we defined bores as instruments of torture, menaces to society, parasites and egomaniacs, we might be nearer the truth.

The first quality of bores is, of course, talking too much. Usually their conversation turns on themselves, their history and adventures. The most trivial aspects of their existence, they are convinced, are certain to entertain others.

Grade A bores never listen to others. Grade B bores sometimes feign to listen. Both are incapable of ever interesting themselves in other human beings.

Then there are less virulent types who become addicted to telling long stories, interrupting others, specializing in certain kinds of jokes, giving skits. Many of these can behave themselves if they want to.

In our clinic of bores we will look at many types. Not only the major bores who are beyond hope but the part-time bores for whom first-aid remedies are suggested.

We shall start off with the lesser offenders:

Temporary bores. Those who have completed a trip around the world, won the golf championship of Algonquin County, been victimized by counterfeiters. The remedy is to hear them out once and then say the next time, "Yes, you told me that." In due time they'll recover.

Single subject bores. Those addicted to raising chickens, attending first nights in the theatre, turning in their cars every few months, etc., etc. Many with a minor activity, too intensively cultivated, fit into this category. There are also parents with their first born (bright sayings, photographs, etc.), social climbers, land sailors, Savile Row enthusiasts. A little ingenuity usually keeps them off their favorite subject.

"Dynamic" bores. These are strictly self-made bores. God made them shrinking and reticent. The high-powered salesmanship and personality books gave them an urge to become "dynamic." They address you with a kind of phony fervor as if they were selling wheat thinsies and you were showing "consumer resistance."

"Dynamic" bores are at first acquaintance usually as funny as Fanny Brice. Later they are only as funny as Dr. Goebbels.

If you fix them with your evil eye and say, "Relax!" they think you have been reading

another kind of success book—*How to mesmerize the Dynamic Personality*. If this fails I can only recommend two parts egg yolk, one part tomato catsup with a touch of arsenic, shaken well.

Mimicry bores. Their admirers say something like this: "Helen is simply killing when she takes to telling coon stories. She's got hundreds of them." Try telling a few coon stories yourself till Helen loses her appetite for them.

Interrupting bores. They can't think up much to say for themselves so they break in when others are talking. If you say, "I was with a man named John Smith who lives in San Francisco," they say, "What! Not John



Smith! Has he got red hair, a sort of small guy, wears a grey hat? . . . course I haven't seen him for years." If you say, "The plane flew over Tombstone, Arizona, on its way to Kansas City," the I. B. blurts out, "Oh, how was Tombstone? My cousin used to live there."

The remedy is a flinty look, no spoken response.

Still water bores. They would have been normal if they hadn't heard the one about still water running deep. They put on a smirking, superior smile and listen industriously. Another man talking catches the smirking smile and is thrown off balance. One should remember this: to keep a superior smile going for hours on end requires so much

current that it blows a fuse in the region above the eyes.

Irrelevant fact bores. They get so fascinated by the minor details in their own stories that you think you'll never find out if the wolf ate Uncle Oscar.

The remedy for these bores is to help them along: "What did the wolf do then?" . . . "I'm getting anxious to hear about Uncle Oscar." They're usually flattered into speed and eventually you get to the end.

Baiting bores. Baiters are always on the alert to correct little errors of fact, particularly when the error has no importance in the conversation. If you say, "It was something like the Zelma Schmulkins murder," they'll remind you it was the Vilma Schmulkins murder. If you say, "Dickens's *Henry Esmond*" the baiters will remind you, although everyone present knows who wrote *Henry Esmond* including yourself.

Hand them a pad of paper and a pencil, saying "Now you keep a record of all my mistakes and hand them to me when I'm through."

Arguing bores. If the baiters survive the poison cup they usually become arguers. Genuine arguers indulge in the sport for its own sake. They are equipped to take either side of any question. Say to them mildly, "Tell me what you require me to say and I'll say it."

Whispering bores. Fidgety women are usually guilty of an offense that consists in whispering their way into any and all conversations. Instead of waiting their turn and breaking in boldly they say softly, "Dick, look at the woman in the pink hat." When they get Dick's attention they try to get another's. And so on until there is no more conversation. The speaker ought to stop and bellow out: "Not only Dick but the rest of us will take time out to look at the woman in the pink hat."

Mysterious bores. By dropping their eyes and lowering their voices they create the impression that Hitler told them *all* about the new tanks. They need only a little persuasion to pass the *all* on to you. Find a greasy spot on the wallpaper and think about begonias.

Subtle joke bores. The kind who pause at odd corners in their stories to create the impression they have arrived at something inexpressibly delicate and comic. A few nervous listeners laugh because they're sure they missed something. Then at the end of the story the story-teller lowers his voice and says in an off-hand manner, "So Martin never came back."

Speak up loudly and say, "What was that joke all about?" The reply will be, "Oh, are



you one of those who have to have their jokes diagrammed?" A few feeble souls will giggle. Reply, "Yes, please diagram it. No one here has the foggiest idea what the point is."

Miscellaneous bores. They are always unpredictable, the kind that can be vastly entertaining on one occasion and stifling the next. For dealing with them these suggestions:

Cultivate listlessness. Fail to meet his eye when he comes to the climax of his speech.

Learn the key words of his favorite stories and keep the conversation off the key words. (See Case history 2, below.)

Ask a lot of questions. Break in sharply with irrelevant comment.

Lead him down some byway of his own narrative.

Interrupt. Tell stories yourself in such an aggressive manner that he is forced to listen.

If these fail, create outside diversions. Drop things, go to the telephone. Make the dog bark. Get up and walk around. The bore may get the idea you're too fidgety to make a good listener. He will probably save his big efforts for others and favor you with some of his lighter and more interesting pieces.

So much for the less noxious types of bores. We come now to some grim cases.

Case history 1 (Grade A bore)

The Princesse de L comes from an old American family, wealthy and influential ever since the railroads began gashing the western prairies with steel rails. The men in the family have not only turned the trick in Wall Street but have been keen politicians. A few blundered off the main track into education and literature. The women have always been flighty and "brilliant," addicted to writing novels, memoirs, fancying themselves as patronesses of the arts.

The Princesse's mother and father kept open house for all visiting celebrities. A much more difficult feat, they even trapped native specimens. The children of the family saw eminent scientists, surgeons, statesmen, men of letters, at close range, as other children see the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. They got plenty of material for stories, skits, anecdotes. Conversation in the family circle was full of erratic allusions, weird phrases,

elliptical stories. After an hour of this "brilliant" conversation, the ordinary mortal would have felt that the air was saturated with mustard gas.

The youngest daughter married a German baron, divorced him and went to live in England where she cultivated "the right set." She was decorous, unostentatious, imperious to the point of rudeness. "The right set" approved of her and she had several chances for good marriages. But she preferred the Prince de L. She transferred her headquarters to Paris.

Now at the age of forty she knows New York, London, Berlin and Paris upside down. She can be boring with equal facility in three languages.

She has a sharp tongue, an eye that misses nothing, a seventh sense for perceiving the weak points in the armor of others. She is destitute of loyalty, she has no charity, she is convinced that good manners are suitable for peasants. Finally she is one of the most ruthless egoists that ever inhabited the planet.

Nothing interests the Princesse except herself and the persons and things that touch her intimately. She talks incessantly, not only anecdotes of which she has an inexhaustible supply, but opinions, ideas, scandals, jokes, disquisitions on historical subjects, anything that pops into her head. A great deal pops into her head.

Handsome, well-dressed, she commands attention. She is determined to keep it. It must be one of her innermost persuasions that people attend her parties and dinners just to hear her gabble. Her "brilliance" runs away with her so that her eyes sparkle, her face becomes flushed, her head tilts in a pose she probably learned from Marlene Dietrich.

It is not always easy to understand what she is talking about because she has cultivated a sort of throaty inarticulation she picked up in England. She tosses in German and French words, she makes mysterious allusions to persons and events, assuming all will understand, hoping no one will. The listener must strain his ears to get the wit, the *mot juste*, the spicy revelation. There are plenty of people who rebel at the strain and so avoid her.

She doesn't mind because her houses in Paris and London, her good dinners and her flocks of celebrities lure new customers. Her soirées are as popular as the late Daddy Brown's adoption parties.

The Princesse is so clever she sometimes starts a story right in the middle:

"Most extraordinary it was! When I spied that moth-eaten creature right at my own table and wondered how he got there, it was too thick! When he made the remark about Anthony Eden, I knew I was in the *pétrin*. So . . ."

The Princesse often tells stories as confusing as this one; I quote and cherish this one because it was one of the few times she got caught by the heels. A testy old general put up his hands and said in a voice that implied he was still giving military commands, "Princesse, what are you

talking about? What was extraordinary? Who was at your table? Why was he moth-eaten? What did he say about Anthony Eden? What does *pétrin* mean?"

Unabashed, still sprightly and radiant, the Princesse threw her gears into reverse, tossed off a few explanations, and then plunged ahead.

She didn't stop for half an hour. A rough inventory at the end indicated that she had told three screaming stories (I didn't know the people she was talking about and so didn't scream), referred to Hitler, Mussolini and Milan Stoyadinovitch with an air that implied she knew all their secrets, quoted Voltaire and James Russell Lowell, made brief excursions into the subjects of Chinese painting, women's hats, chess, Moorish architecture. She ended up by reading three paragraphs from an article she wrote for a Paris paper, the article being excavated from the depths of her handbag.

When she talks the Princesse's eyes sweep the faces of her audience like anti-aircraft beacons. If she sees one pair of dull or wandering eyes, she concentrates on them like a sorceress. If the eyes don't respond she treats their possessor with studied rudeness for the rest of the evening.

When someone else talks the Princesse looks into space and drums on the arms of her chair. Sometimes she coughs. If there is a moment's silence she tries to crash in with something of her own. If these devices fail—they often do—she assumes an injured expression and meditates on something far away. She has the air of a woman in a trance.

Case history 2 (Grade B bore)

"Did I ever tell you the story about the wristwatch?"

It was four in the morning, the hour when the energies reach their lowest depths. I hadn't the spirit to put up a fight.

I looked over at Harcourt, who had taken the last telephone call from Marseilles and was stretching himself with one foot up on his desk preparatory to a long bout of talking. His face was hidden by a *green shade*; I could see only his parted lips.

Continued in center of page 144



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Respectable Strangers Welcome...

**Algoma guides protect their own and
if you're a fish hog, you may find
the beans scorched, the salt missing**

by HAROLD TITUS

• SPORTS •

So—said Wentworth—you lads are going to fish Ontario this year, are you?

So—said Wentworth—you're at last throwing in with the thousands who've discovered that the Algoma bush isn't so far away but that some several millions of us with no more than a long week end to spare can get at least into the edge of it.

So you're going in as far as Oba and work back, are you?

That's fine—said Wentworth. That's immense—said Wentworth. The chances are that if your guide likes you you'll be trying water that's never had a hook dropped into it before. Never. The probability is that you are going to kill more and larger trout and pike than you've ever even seen in your young lives. The bet is that you're going to be tempted to keep on killing until the thwarted impulse to hog it, built up through years of fishing over-pounded waters, is as limp as . . . well, limp.

That's natural—said Wentworth. That's only normal—said Wentworth. Not many gaffers of your generation have had the chance to take fish until they tasted satiation. Very few in these central and eastern cities (except the rich, of course) had had it until the fishing possibilities of this Algoma country became noised about. You'll have it there—he said. And how—he said.

But—said Wentworth—I'm glad you're going to drive in through North Bay. I'm glad there's only one through highway into the Canadian Sault from the east. You'll have to see it. You can't miss it—he said.

He made a wet ring with his glass on the table top and smiled sardonically.

See what?—he countered to the question. The text—he said. The text of this evening's sermon—he said. The spirit—he said—of what we might call Algoma's commercial hospitality and the secret of securing for yourselves a permanent niche in that Valhalla for anglers.

This text—said Wentworth—is emblazoned on what we may call a welcome, with reservations, arch. This text is affixed in large letters to a monument to civic pride and forward looks which spans the one highway at the corporate limits of Sault Ste Marie, Ontario. And this text reads:

Respectable Strangers are Welcome in this Town.

Get it—said Wentworth. Let it sink in—

said Wentworth. . . . And then remember it.

Respectable Strangers are Welcome in this Town. On an arch. On a welcome arch. An odd progeny, by American enthusiasm out of British reserve. Keep it firmly in mind. We'll leave it for a time. But we'll come back to it, as one must return to the text in any well-ordered sermon.

You see, by no means all roads lead to the Sault but those that do get there end there. Beyond the Sault is the Algoma bush, Stewart Edward White's Silent Places which gave my generation the foot-itch thirty-odd years ago, and that bush is rather much as White left it. Oh, you can drive north and west from the Sault to Lake Superior's shore but the mileage is inconsiderable. You can, true, motor to a few lakes and streams to the north and east. But you boys are going in. You're really going in, if you plan to start at Oba and work back south. Twenty-odd miles out of the Sault your railroad crosses the last highway. Beyond that is the bush and though

your train keeps on wrestling grades and plunging across muskeg for another two hundred fifty miles, you've seen your last road. What I'm trying to say is that beyond the Sault lies wilderness and you get in by air, by canoe or by this one railroad. Scattered pulp operations, some mines. The rest is moose, fish, solitude.

Now very likely—said Wentworth—you have already contacted an outfitter in the Sault. You have? Oh, yes. I know him well. A competent and excellent fellow and carrying in his heart the very essence of that type of welcome which breaks into words on the arch.

Because of this fact you may, perhaps, be a bit dismayed at his greeting. He will be restrained, reserved, even unenthusiastic compared to any other individual following a kindred occupation you have ever encountered.

Down here, at least. Fishing has been fairly good, he may say. Yes, some excellent fish have been taken, he may say. Of course, conditions change, he probably will say, and you may not do so well.

No promise of limit catches, understand? No prediction of record fish, see? No arm waving and superlatives and boasting. He is, remember, sending you into an area which

probably holds more trout and pike than any other country of comparable size which lies outdoors but he won't say that. Not to you. Not at first. Not until you have proved your qualities.

Despite what it has to exploit, Algoma has not what we know as the booster spirit. Algoma has not yet commenced to pant in unison for its full share of the tourist traffic.

This restraint will strike you as off-key. It may impress you as downright backwardness. But wait! You lads have grown up in the come-and-get-it tradition. In your experience natural resources were regarded as something put down by the Almighty for Chambers of Commerce to publicize and the local population to cash in on until they faded. Every time a new lake was made easily accessible or a road driven in to some hard-to-reach stretch of river the service boys got there first with boat liveries and filling stations and what-not and plastered the highways with signs begging the world to join in the looting. Fisherman pressure immediately mounted until fish supplies dwindled disgustingly. Frantic efforts have been made to hold it up by restocking and you know all too well the results.

So it will be difficult for you to realize that an angler with cash to spend freely can be regarded as a candidate for fraternal secrets is sometimes regarded by the initiate: with fingers crossed. It will puzzle you, as a prospect for goods and services, to become aware that you are being eyed with thoroughgoing skepticism.

Understand, I don't mean that people will be rude. They will be nice. They will attend a myriad of small things that make for true hospitality. For instance, on your train the next day the café car steward will solicitously warn against soup at proper time because this Algoma Central assuredly can do things with hot liquids in places, climbing as it does those spurs of the old Laurentians and plunging into canyons and writhing around stalwart shoulders of granite and

diorite and porphyry and greenstone.

And your fellow travelers, mostly bushmen, will be insistent that you aid in downing the prodigious quantities of beer which are consumed on every trip. They make you one of them, these prospectors and rivermen and cruisers, because for them, living normally in isolation, a train trip is a social opportunity not to be overlooked. They are

Continued on page 136





“Dangnation, Gran’maw—it’s too crowded around hyar—Ah wish you hadn’t invited all the neighbors”

The Apotheosis of Mrs. Morton

**Though she did not wear blue robes
or a crown, Chango always confused
Mrs. Morton with the Blessed Virgin**

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

• FICTION •

ENORMOUS waves were lashing up from the lake and gnawing at the lower edge of the garden. Mrs. Morton could not see them from where she lay tossing in her bed, but she heard their crashing sound. They had been roaring thus all day; and now that it was late at night their assault had not ceased. These periods of storm sometimes happened. But this seemed a worse tempest than any that she remembered on Lake Chapala.

How many storms she had seen on this lake, and how many days of sun! She knew that she was very ill tonight, and that she must try to keep up her spirits by thinking of the days of sun, not of the storm. She smiled gently as she saw in imagination her dead husband's quiet ascetic face out there amid the garden paths; she laughed as she saw herself sitting with that wild man General Gonzales on the marble bench under the great mango tree. "Thank God," she said, and then corrected herself—"I mean, thank the devil that I have done no cruel deed that can poison this garden!" In a sudden wide extension of vision, as in an ether-dream, she pictured the whole earth as a fair plain of flowers, where here and there in many spots arose hideous whirls of blood-colored smoke—the spots where cruel acts were being done. She looked carefully at her vision, but she could not see that any blood-colored smoke was arising from her garden.

She dozed a while. Awakening, she heard the waves again, and thought: "Certainly great masses of the lyrios, the water-hyacinths, are being swept down tonight from the eastern regions of the lake, to pile up on these shores. Poor Chango will have a big job on his hands tomorrow!"

As she lay there, her bed seemed to rock up and down. An earthquake? No, there were no earthquakes here. Yet something was happening. Was it possible that the great volcano, Colima, sixty miles away on the other side of the lake, was in eruption after its centuries of silence, and was now making the earth tremble and spouting flame into the sky? No, not probable. No, everything was all right. It was just her illness that gave her odd sensations.

She tried to laugh at herself. But she became aware that she was finding it difficult to breathe. The sensation was terrifying. It passed away after a moment; and presently she sank into a pleasant haze of dreams again.

When she awoke, she was surprised and startled at first; but then she saw the familiar candles burning in the familiar room. What a pleasant light they give, she thought. Much nicer than electricity.

Then she saw the grave-eyed majestic Clara standing beside her bed and looking at her intently.

"Good-morning, Clara!" she said gaily.

It must have been a poor joke: Clara did not smile. Suddenly the sense of suffocation returned.

"More air! It is close here. Open a window!"

Clara obeyed. The candles flickered in the sudden gust.

"What time is it, Clara?"

"About midnight, Señora. Are you comfortable?"

"Yes. Give me a drink of water. Is Chango still awake?"

"He is out in the patio."

"Send him to me. I want to speak to him."

"Yes, Señora."

Clara left the room. The bed began to rock again. Maybe it was Colima, after all, that was shaking the earth. Certainly it was Colima; it must be Colima—that majestic mountain of rock and fire.

"Ah-ha!" she said aloud, "old thunder-pimple! So you want to speak at last, do you!"

Clara immediately came back into the room. Mrs. Morton saw that something was troubling Clara.

"What's the matter? What's the matter? Are you afraid of Colima?"

"Señora, may I not send Chango for the doctor? You are very ill."

"The doctor? That ignorant drunken fool? Colima would laugh at him! Certainly not. Go tell Chango that I want to see him."

"Yes, Señora."

Chango came—dirty, embarrassed, wriggling his bare toes. He stood before Mrs. Morton in the candlelight, twisting his ragged straw hat in his hands.

"Chango, is the shore of the lake all right? I am speaking very seriously now; I want you to listen to what I say. You are to hold the lake back, if Colima misbehaves. Don't be afraid of Colima. You just hold the lake back. Do you understand me? I don't want the garden hurt. You hear me?"

Even if he had understood her stumbling words, he was too simple-minded to be able to grasp the idea that she was delirious with fever. But her voice and her appearance made him well aware that she was dying. He had seen people die before; and then they were put into the ground; and their souls went to heaven, after the priest had been paid great sums of money for the necessary prayers.

He shuffled his bare feet and smiled his sweet senseless smile.

"Answer me, Chango! Is the lake all right?"

"Yes, Señora, the lake is all right."

"See that you keep it so! And don't get drunk oftener than once a week. I shall discharge you if you do. You hear me?"

"Yes, Señora. Yes, Señora." Chango grinned foolishly and shuffled out of the room. He groped his way down the dark stairs, and at the foot he knelt humbly as before an altar.

Out of the uttermost depths of his sorrowful confused mind, he prayed to the Virgin Mary—to the one in Heaven, and to the one who now lay upstairs in bed and whose soul was soon to depart from this world of tribulation. He could not separate in his mind the ideas of these two beneficent persons. He knew that they were not exactly the same, but the two pictures united in a blur. Mrs. Morton had been for so long his protectress, guarding him from the evils of the harsh world and directing his conduct, that her association with the Divine Person had become an almost complete union in his thoughts.

He was well aware that the Blessed Virgin, the Compassionate Mother of us all, was dressed in blue robes with golden stars on them, and wore a crown: she stood on the altar in the church with candles before her. The other Blessed Virgin lay, with lead-colored lips and clayey cheeks, in that huge bed upstairs, and she wore no crown. It was all very bewildering. Were there then two different Blessed Virgins, or were they one and the same, like the Mystery of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity, who were three and yet one? Alas, there were many mysteries in this world—mysteries which no one could understand, as the priest had often told him. Probably this was one of them, not to be fathomed by reason but merely to be accepted by an act of faith.

He bowed his head, crossed himself, and repeated all the prayers he could remember. Rising then, his simple heart lightened and consoled, he went out into the patio and sought his "domicile." There, on his cot-bed, he fell instantly asleep.

Upstairs, Clara kept her patient watch. Mrs. Morton asked suddenly, out of a dream: "But where is Pedro? I want to speak with him. Why is he not here?"

Clara replied with perfect composure: "Pedro has gone out for a little walk, Señora."

Mrs. Morton glared at her. "A little walk? At this hour of the night? Impossible!" Then her thoughts returned to reality, and her expression changed. "Yes, now I remember, dear Clara. Yes, I remember. But never lie to me again. Yes, I remember about Pedro . . . He was such a fine boy! . . . Oh the wickedness of men, to shoot him down like a dog!" . . .

The tenor of her thoughts changed. "Do you remember, Clara, that day on the lake when he sang? It was a lovely day! But what a filthy night we had afterward, when the boat capsized. Pedro swam ashore carrying me; he saved me. And Chango saved you. They swam about fifty miles with us, I think. We had to leave your mother behind in the water; it could not be helped; she was old, and could not live through it. It was sad that she was drowned. That was a bad night."



DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"Yes, Señora, that was a terrible night." Clara strove to conceal her tears. This fantasy about the capsized boat, this pure invention of the death of her mother, who was still very much alive, brought sharply home to her the fact that her mistress was no longer in possession of her faculties of thought.

"What a sweet, low voice you have, Clara! . . . Clara, do you remember the day you gave the caviare to General Gonzales? How I laughed! You knew all the time, didn't you, who he was?"

"Yes, Señora, I knew. I had seen his photograph in one of your newspapers."

Mrs. Morton smiled and closed her eyes. She dozed for a long time. Clara noted that her breathing was becoming difficult.

"Not long now, O Blessed Virgin, O not long!" she prayed. "Take her unto Thyself with merciful swiftness! I ask it in the Holy Name!"

The Señora's eyes were still closed, but from her lips came a clear voice. "Clara, I have loved you."

"I know that you will always love me, Señora."

"You fool! Don't you love me a little?"

Clara did not reply. Mrs. Morton opened her eyes. She saw Clara's agonized face. Her mind cleared completely, and she smiled tenderly.

"My dear Clara! Don't feel badly. So I am dying, am I?" Then she gasped, paused, and spoke suddenly, in English, the first English words that she had ever addressed to Clara. "Pish and tosh and a boiled owl! I'd trade

all the gods there are, for you, anytime!"

The spoken words meant nothing to Clara; she understood no English.

"Yes, Señora."

The eyes closed. In a moment, apparently without pain, the breathing stopped; and the spirit of Mrs. Morton ceased to exist in the world of mortality.

Clara felt Mrs. Morton's wrist: the blood-beat was silent. She closed the eyelids and turned away, blind with tears, overwhelmed by her own grief. But the sad world, the world of sickness and poverty and pain and death, would doubtless go on forever. It was the Will of God. Heaven was the reward; and the Saints were kind.

Taking up one of the lighted candles, she went out of the room and slowly descended the stairs. She entered the living room, which was ominously silent and empty. Never again would the stick of Mrs. Morton thump across this familiar floor.

Clara crossed the room. She saw only too well the wavering shadows cast by the candlelight before her. The shadows of the chairs moved like living creatures; the room was alive with threatening shadows. There was one enormous grotesque shadow, like a horned devil, threatening her from the wall ahead of her. Small cat-like shadows tried to cross the floor and approach her feet. The ceiling was a vague flickering cloud of shadows that were waiting to take shape and form, and attack her from overhead. All of them were powers of evil. They were as old and as terrible as the Aztec gods—who, everybody knew, had been

demons in disguise. She could almost make out the features of some of them—Huitzilopochtli the Slaughterer, and Chac-Mool the Secret, and Mictlantecutli the Lord of the Dead, and the fecund Serpent, Coatlicue. Even the gentler Quetzalcoatl was there—no longer gentle, but disclosing his true nature in a sardonic grin of triumph. Her hundred-year-old mother had told her of all these; and she had learned from the priest that they were not gods, but demons from Hell.

She was aware of her peril. But her courage did not falter. In tremulous confidence, she strode calmly across the room and approached the bookcase on top of which stood the great amethyst cross of General Hernando Gonzales.

First making the gesture of devotion and humility, and ignoring the onslaught of the approaching shadows, she lifted her right hand and took the amethyst cross from the ebony pedestal on which it rested. The light from her candle, transmuted and reflected by the twelve enormous amethysts, glowed with a compassionate richness, as do the stained-glass windows in a cathedral. Clara paused: then, summoning up all her courage, she did what she had never before dared to do, and pressed her lips to the sacred relic.

No lightnings glared: no thunders roared: her homage had been accepted by God as a symbol of humility, not of presumption. Joy filled her heart. She was uplifted. The demons no longer existed.

Carrying the great amethyst cross upright before her, as an archbishop might bear it

Continued in center of page 108



NUDE



SELF-PORTRAIT WITH MODEL

Prints by Emil Ganso



RECLINING NUDE



AFTER THE STORM



METROPOLIS

Emil Ganso: Handy Artist

He suffers from no painful refinement of sensibilities and, like the honest workman he is, he does his job right

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

ATTEMPTS have been made to imprison Emil Ganso within such stereotypes as these: "Oh yes, he's the baker who became an artist" and "Oh yes, he's the man who does those hot nudes." A colleague has described him to me as a German peasant with his feet firmly planted in manure-soaked earth. There is truth in all of these short cuts to knowledge about Emil Ganso. He is solid and practical. He is healthy and hearty. He is the issue of peasant stock and he has the wholesomeness of the peasant. He can do things with his hands and his brain. He is broad, solid, muscular, and has the stance of an Ajax rather than of a tennis player—that is, endurance rather than flashiness. He has a nose which the gods must have carved for Cyrano, but a nose which is the symbol of authority rather than the signal for ridicule. He has the heartiest and most spontaneous laugh in America and in these most parlous times (for artists) more reason to rejoice than to complain. He can look back upon the days of his own hungry past—and laugh about them with the unexpectedness of a geyser. If he isn't one of the happiest men of art in America, then he is a marvelous actor. In fact, he looks ten years younger today than he did in 1925 when he finally wiped the flour and sweat from his face and left the full-time oven for the full-time easel. Emil Ganso, with an apron round his middle, is the kind of man who will ply you with beer, sausages and good stories at the next Turnverein picnic and exhaust you with his inexhaustibility and make his stories sound funnier than they are because of his hearty appreciation of them. He is the embodiment of all that is good and jolly and hearty in the typical German-American we used to know before politics soured racial relations.

That's the general impression, but there is much more to Ganso. There are subtler shadings in his character than this caricature implies. The art of painting being, at least in part, an intellectual process, even Ganso must be perforce at least a part-time intellectual. He has read a book. He has worked out problems. This general impression does not mean that he does not possess such other qualities, Teutonic or otherwise, as neatness, order, efficiency, ambition, acquisitiveness. Essentially, he is geared to reality. He wants to know how a thing is done and then he wants to do that thing better than anyone else has done it. He has little patience with muddlers and guessers. His hands are not a dilettante's or a Bohemian's. They tell the



SELF-PORTRAIT

story of his curiosity and his conquests. A painting by Emil Ganso is completely his—he literally created the canvas after his own formula, he mixed the colors and he built the frame. He is sorry for artists who are indifferent to the nature of the mediums they work on or with. Perhaps, says he, one in twenty of my pictures is good. If that is so, he wants that picture to have a fighting chance to survive and he wants the colors on it to remain bright so long as is possible. Ganso the etcher, Ganso the lithographer, Ganso the woodblock engraver all have the same thoroughness and capacity with respect to their mediums. With the exception of Henry Varnum Poor, painter, potter, architect, builder, Emil Ganso is the handiest man in American art.

Not to put too fantastic a point on it, the Franco-Prussian War had something to do with Emil Ganso's birth. His father came from the French Pyrenees and went to fight the Germans because Bismarck forged a telegram. He was taken prisoner but became so fond of his captors that he adopted their country as his own, married a German girl at Halberstadt, in the Harz Mountains, and fathered a family of ten sons and one daughter.

His father died seven months after Emil was born, in 1895, and his mother only recently, at the age of 82. Ganso describes his parents as being very simple people; his

father drove a brewery wagon, his mother was a peasant woman.

Ganso does not remember what time he was not interested in making drawings. Only a short time ago he salvaged from the Ganso home at Halberstadt a water color made at the age of seven. It was of the first Zeppelin that took the air. His mother was not unsympathetic to his ambition, encouraged him and bought him boxes of paints whenever they went to fairs, especially around Christmas time. Sometimes he would levy tribute on his brothers for pfennigs and when he had enough, they would go into the price of paint materials. Halberstadt is a Gothic town, more than 1500 years old, a delightful picture postcard of a town, and in the time of Emil's boyhood attracted swarms of German artists who set their camp stools down all over the place. Young Ganso looked over their shoulders and, by looking, learned. The secret of perspective came to him from these observations.

At the age of fourteen boys of Emil's economic class have to decide upon a trade, for at that age apprenticeship begins. It was an old European custom. Mother took Emil to the pastor and showed that worthy what marvelous drawings the boy could do. The clergyman set cogs in motion and obtained for young Emil an apprenticeship under a lithographer at Leipzig. But the final papers never were signed and sealed because the Gansos were too poor to raise the funds for Emil's four-year keep while learning his trade. Call it the irony of fate, or what you will, but twenty-four years later, a grown man and a recognized artist, Emil Ganso finally visited Leipzig to spend six weeks studying the latest methods in German lithography, all with the help of a Guggenheim Foundation Fellowship.

However, in 1909, with recognition still far in the future, he had to learn a trade in which, while learning, he could earn his bread. He was apprenticed to a baker and pastry maker in his home town through the influence of an elder brother. During the next two and a half years he had been apprenticed to four bakers and pastry makers, he was that inconstant. They didn't think very highly of Emil then; they put him down as a chap who didn't like to work, who resented discipline and who was sure to turn out to be the family black sheep and scapegrace. Halberstadt wasn't up yet to the higher pedagogy and vocational guidance, but the Gansos were yet to learn that Emil could work harder and more steadily than any one of them, provided that it was art he was

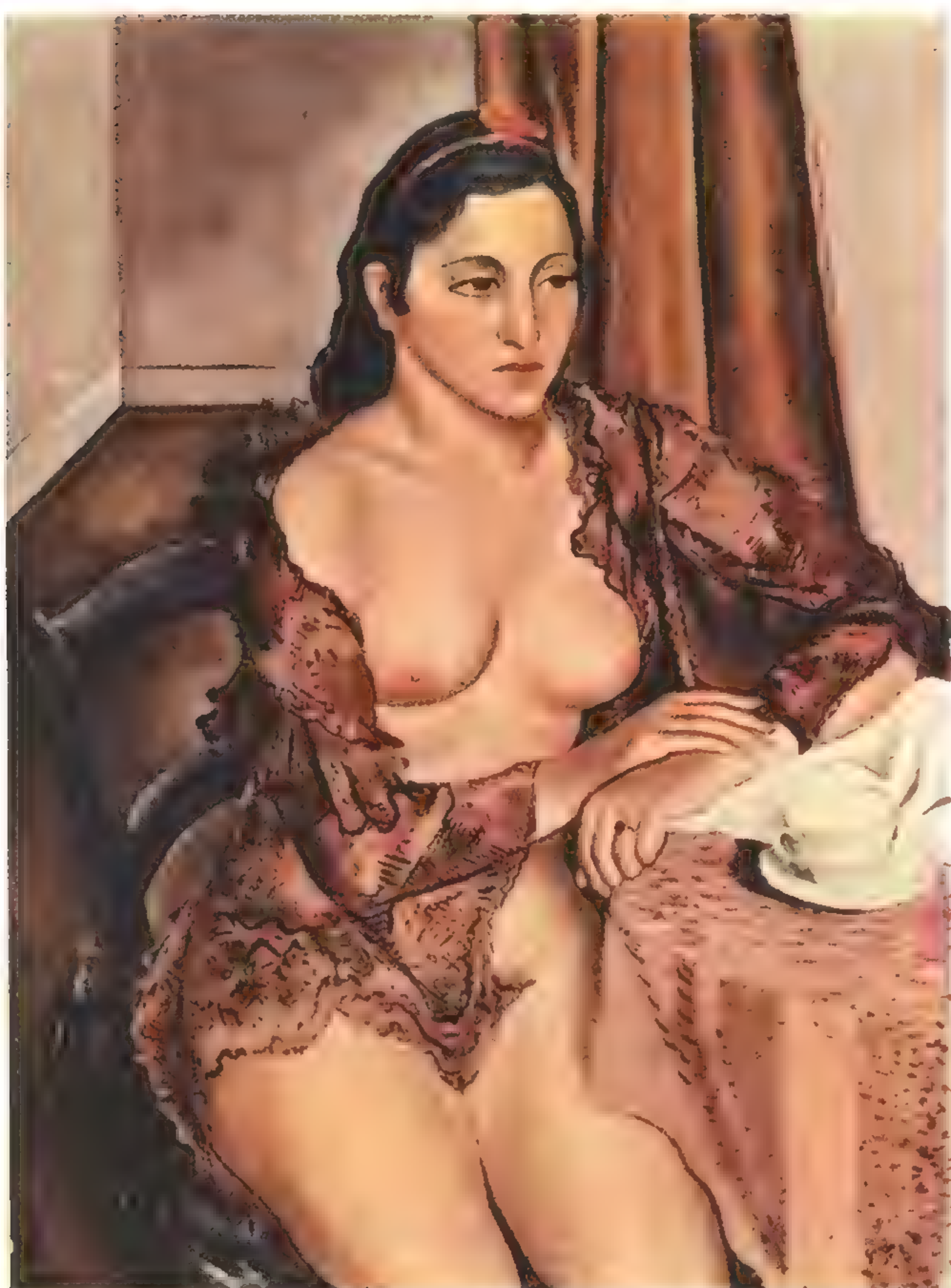
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SPEAKEASY



STILL LIFE



BLACK VEIL



PARIS NIGHT

A Collection of Paintings

by **EMIL GANSO**

THE most important thing that ever happened to Emil Ganso was his meeting with Erhard Weyhe, of the famous New York bookshop and art gallery. Ganso used to visit Weyhe's shop but didn't tell him that he, too, was an artist. He did, however, show him some things Matulka had done, but there was no sale. He happened to mention to Carl Zigrosser, head of the art section of the shop, that he was a lithographer and that he had some gouaches also that he'd like to show. "Bring them along. I'd like to see them," said the amiable Mr. Zigrosser. The latter was absent when Ganso, in the fall of 1924, brought his portfolio to the shop. Noticing Weyhe coming down the stairs, Ganso was preparing for flight, but the dealer called him back. "I know all about it. Zigrosser told me. Show me what you've got." Ganso opened up and conquered Weyhe immediately with his stock of lithographs, water colors, drawings, gouaches. He bought the lot outright, giving Ganso a tremendous check. The adjective is Ganso's. Weyhe had bought without knowing that he could sell, but collectors bought and were delighted. In fear that he would wake up out of a pleasant dream Ganso gave Weyhe's shop a wide berth; he was afraid Weyhe would return his pictures to him and demand the check. The shop had sold enough to justify adding new stock, but there was no Ganso. When, finally, he showed up he heard Weyhe's was going to give him a one-man show. Somehow he didn't seem to take this news seriously, and as late as March, 1925, he asked Weyhe if he meant that talk about a show. "Of course, it's going to be next month." "But," said Ganso, "I can't paint enough pictures for the show in one month, I'm working." "Quit your job," said Weyhe, "I'll give you an advance of \$50 a week." And so it was. And ever since, through prosperity and depression, boom and recession, this understanding has continued, although with ups and downs, but amicably and with loyalty. There is no written contract, there has been no misunderstanding. Not only is this kind of arrangement between dealer and artist rare, at least in America, but what is more rare is its continuance. Ganso cannot find words which will sufficiently convey his admiration for the qualities of Erhard Weyhe, banker, patron, dealer. He can afford to laugh, he says, at the little dealers who run after you after you're known and they know that your work sells.



KENNEHUNKPORT PARK



COLORED LITHOGRAPH

These paintings and prints are reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery, at 940 Lexington Ave., New York City

The first one-man show was held in April, 1925, and it was a sensation, spiced by newspaper exploitation of the fact that the painter had just been rescued from the bondage of the bakeshop. Collectors marveled at the variety of the artist's mediums and at his plastic command of form, particularly of the female nude. His figure things even then were the despair of sweating life class students. At all times he has had the faculty of capturing the figure in its most odd and casual and unposed positions. What marks him off from most contemporary painters is that he has a perfectly unashamed attitude about Woman. He seems to delight in her primary and secondary sexual characteristics. Warm blood flows through their veins; there is nothing frigid about them. All of his drawings, paintings and prints which celebrate Woman may be interpreted as a modern artist's *Song of Solomon*. One critic referred to his "peep-show nudes" and one contemporary paper reported bluntly that "Ganso would rather paint a pair of buttocks than all the bread lines in the Bowery," which is another way of looking at the same thing.

The Black Veil, originally a nude, was to have been exhibited at the Whitney Museum. But Mrs. Whitney, the museum's patroness, was then in litigation over the custody of Gloria Vanderbilt. Since the showing of a juicy Ganso nude at the time might give public opinion and the court a wrong idea about the moral influence of Mrs. Whitney, Ganso was prevailed upon to screen, if not entirely conceal, the charms of his model. He threw upon her a black veil which rather stimulates curiosity and only partly satisfied the requirements of the occasion. Accordingly, a still life was substituted. When this picture was first reproduced, in measly scale and in black and white, eighty men telephoned to demand the name of the model, on suspicion that she was the wife of the caller. Ganso says she was then no man's wife.

He has achieved hardly less distinction for his still lifes, his fruit and flower combinations. He can paint the golden fuzz of a peach with the same warmth as he can state the glow of adolescence on a young girl's body. Only in his landscapes does he show a tendency to be hard, precise, metallic, as if they were not intended for human habitation.

In April, 1925, he gave his first one-man show at Weyhe's. As this is being written he is preparing for his twelfth one-man show at the same place. His prints, drawings and paintings are in fifteen American museums, and abroad, in the Bibliothèque National in Paris, the Kupferstich Cabinet in Berlin, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. The Print Club of Cleveland awarded him a five-hundred-dollar purchase prize for his wood engraving, *At the Seashore*, a study of two nudes.

—HARRY SALPETER



PORTRAIT OF A LITTLE GIRL



"I just don't seem to manage on my \$18 a week as well as you do"

Jackass Trouble

**Hell had no fury like Gussie's
when those lugs wouldn't even
look twice at her new permanent**

by G. S. REEVES

• FICTION •

GUSSIE yawned and stretched, and regarded the stack of dinner dishes with an expression eloquent of negation.

Gussie's husband observed the yawn and stretch, and sensed her lack of housewifely enthusiasm.

"Aw leave 'em go," he diagnosed. "You can come on to town with me and wash 'em when we get back."

"I don't guess I want to go to town either," Gussie said, looking very weary indeed, "I'm too tired."

"O. K.," he shrugged, and finished admiring his shave in the mirror.

"I'm too tired," Gussie explained further. "I don't guess I'll go."

So Gussie's husband took the dab of placer gold out of the jelly glass in the window and got ready to drive into town for some sixty-penny nails to finish his new sluice box.

All the while he was getting ready Gussie could hardly hold her head up, but no sooner had the Ford left the yard than her feet hit the floor with a bang. Going into the bedroom she pulled the box from Montgomery Ward off the top shelf and took out the Honey Beige chiffon stockings, the Peach Bloom dance set, and the Countess De Paree pumps, 18dx7113. After admiring these articles briefly, she got carefully into the outfit and smoothed it down some. Then she got into the black silk dress from Sears, Roebuck and smoothed that down some. Then she put on some powder and lipstick and considered the general effect in her mirror.

She had observed that as a general rule men's eyeballs clicked when she passed them on the street. They looked at her ankles first, and by the time they got to her face they didn't much care what that looked like. She checked up on this situation fore and aft in her mirror and decided it was O. K. Then she put a dab of perfume back of each ear and set out down the gulch to see what Pete and Deke thought of her new permanent.

Deke was down in the bottom of his shaft digging gravel for gosh sake. He had found a nugget the day before which was about the size of a pea. It was worth about six-bits, maybe a dollar, but there was a jagged place on one side which led him to believe that it was just a chip off a bigger one about the size of a pineapple. Consequently the gulch was echoing with the sounds of Deke's industry.

At the same time Pete was hurrying along the creek bank in front of Deke's cabin, putting his fly rod together as he walked, and

trying to get a leader out at the same time. His face was pale, his breath was coming short, and he was walking all over himself in his excitement. The reason for his jitter was the fact that John Henry had just jumped at a fly, and when a twenty-eight inch Rainbow takes all twenty-eight inches out of the water after a fly, it is enough to set any fisherman's heart to turning handsprings over his gizzard.

Knowing that if he tried to cast when he was in this condition he would likely get a back-lash, Pete worked the upper end of the pool for a spell to get his blood pressure down and some of the kinks out of his leader.

The second cast he hooked a Lochlaven about seven inches long and opened it to see what they were taking. He found a few mosquitoes and some little gray bugs. Putting on a Mosquito and matching the gray bugs with a Hackle, he pulled up his waders, drew a long breath, and started working down toward the log where John Henry had taken that belly smacker.

But at this point Gussie completed the first leg of her journey and strolled out of the bushes onto the bank behind him.

"Why hel-lo there!" she said, like imagine-meeting-you-here.

Pete looked up and grunted.

"How are yuh!" he inquired, like not-that-I-give-a-damn.

"I'm pretty good," Gussie admitted. "How do you like my new permanent?"

"Uh-huh," Pete said vaguely, and worked out some line.

"I can't hear a word you say," Gussie complained. "The crick makes too much noise I guess. Come on out and talk to me where I can hear what you say." Then she sat down on a log and motioned invitingly to the place beside her.

"I'm fishing," Pete stated, as though that settled it.

"Aw, fishing!" Gussie said disparagingly. "That sure ain't any fun!"

Pete considered talking out loud on a fishing creek was worse etiquette than playing horse shoes in church, and he was getting ready to bawl Gussie out in the sign language when a number of things happened simultaneously. There was a big splash down the log, a bolt of zig-zag pink lightning cut through the water in a big arc, and a shock traveled up Pete's line like the kick of a high voltage wire. Then the line flew back in his face and he was standing there with a lame

wrist and a broken leader. His first reaction was stunned silence.

More times than he could count he had sneaked up on that pool saying to himself, "Today he's gonna strike," and nothing had happened. He had laid wet flies and dry flies reverently upon its surface, he had dragged spinners across it till his arm ached, and through it all John Henry had sat there and sneered. Then, when patience was rewarded at last, what had he done? He had let John Henry get a downhill yank on a straight pole and lost both fish and leader. He groaned—a deep, belly groan.

But Gussie failed to sense the tragedy in the situation.

"Got a bite, huh?" she commented placidly.

"A BITE!" Pete shouted in a choked voice. "Did I get a—dammit to Hell, what are you doing here anyways? Ain't you got no better sense than to come around talking to a guy when he's trying to fish? Scram out of here! Gwan! Beat it!"

"Is that any way to talk to a girl?" Gussie demanded resentfully. "I guess I got as good a right—"

"Are you gonna beat it?" Pete demanded ominously, turning again in her direction.

"Oh well," she shrugged, getting up off her log, "you wasn't much fun anyway."

So she smoothed her dress down good and slick and moseyed off toward Deke's shaft.

Peering over the edge, she discovered Deke down on his knees in the gravel sloshing some mud around in a pan. From time to time he dipped the pan into a pail of water beside him and stared intently into the residue with the deeply divining air of one who wrests secrets from tea leaves.

"Whatcha doing?" Gussie inquired, leaning over the windlass. Deke looked up.

"Taking up the rods on a Fordson tractor," he said. "Whadja think?"

"You ain't either!" Gussie contradicted. "You're panning gold is all. Come on up and talk to me."

"Go home and talk to your husband," Deke growled. "I'm busy."

"He's gone to town."

"Then go talk to Pete. I ain't got time to fool."

"Pete's mad at me. Come on up and see my new permanent."

"I can see it from here."

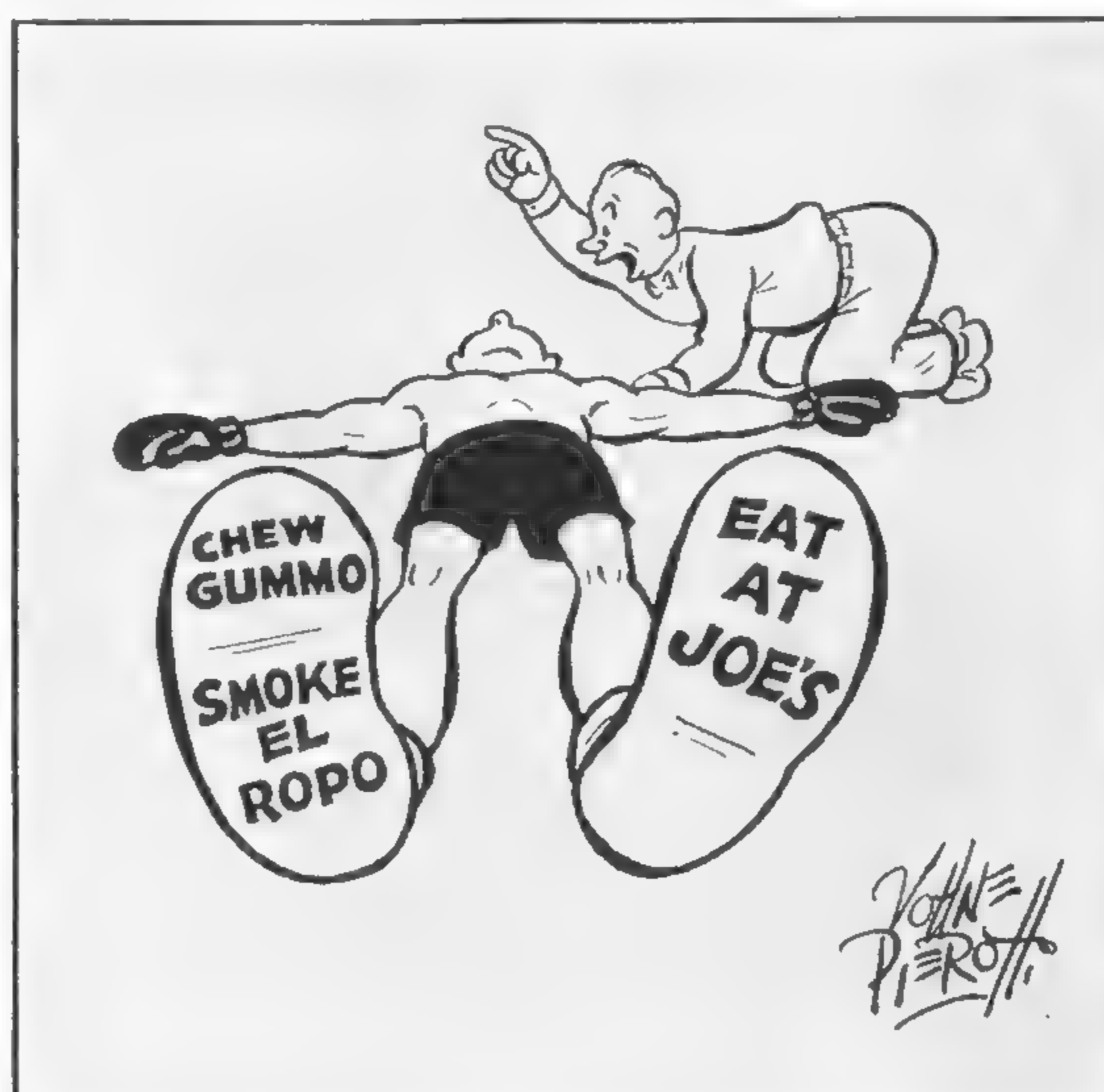
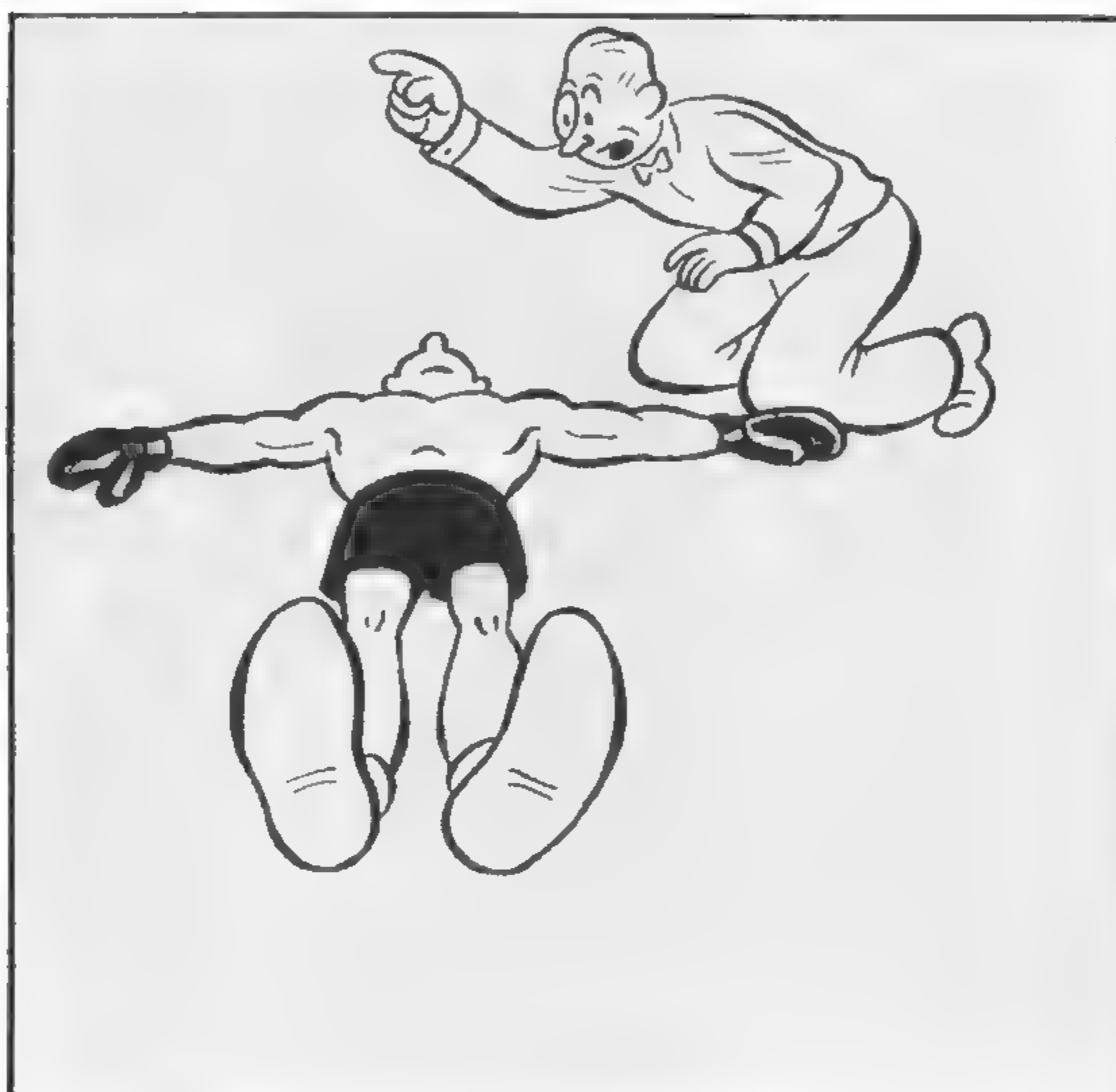
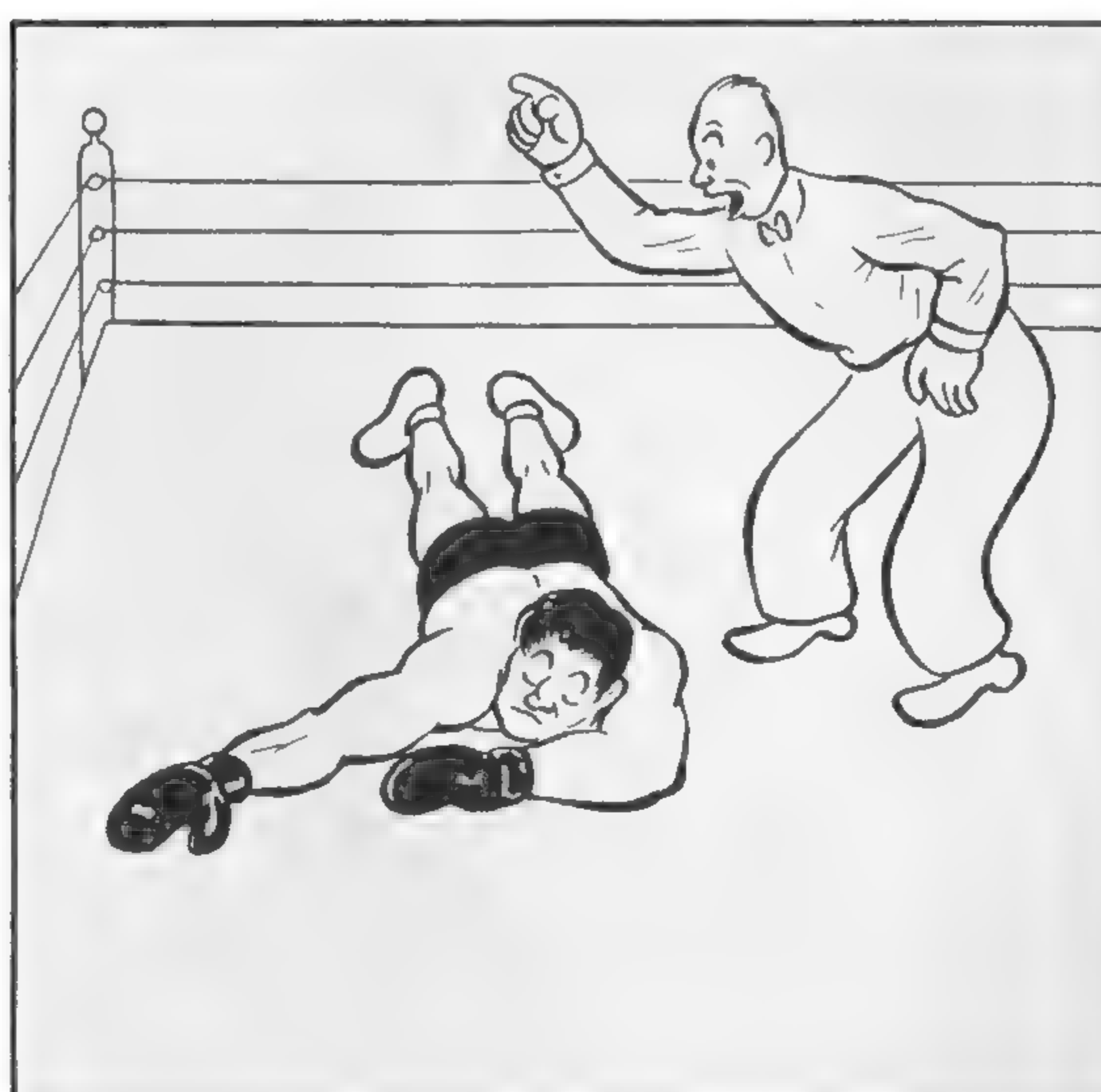
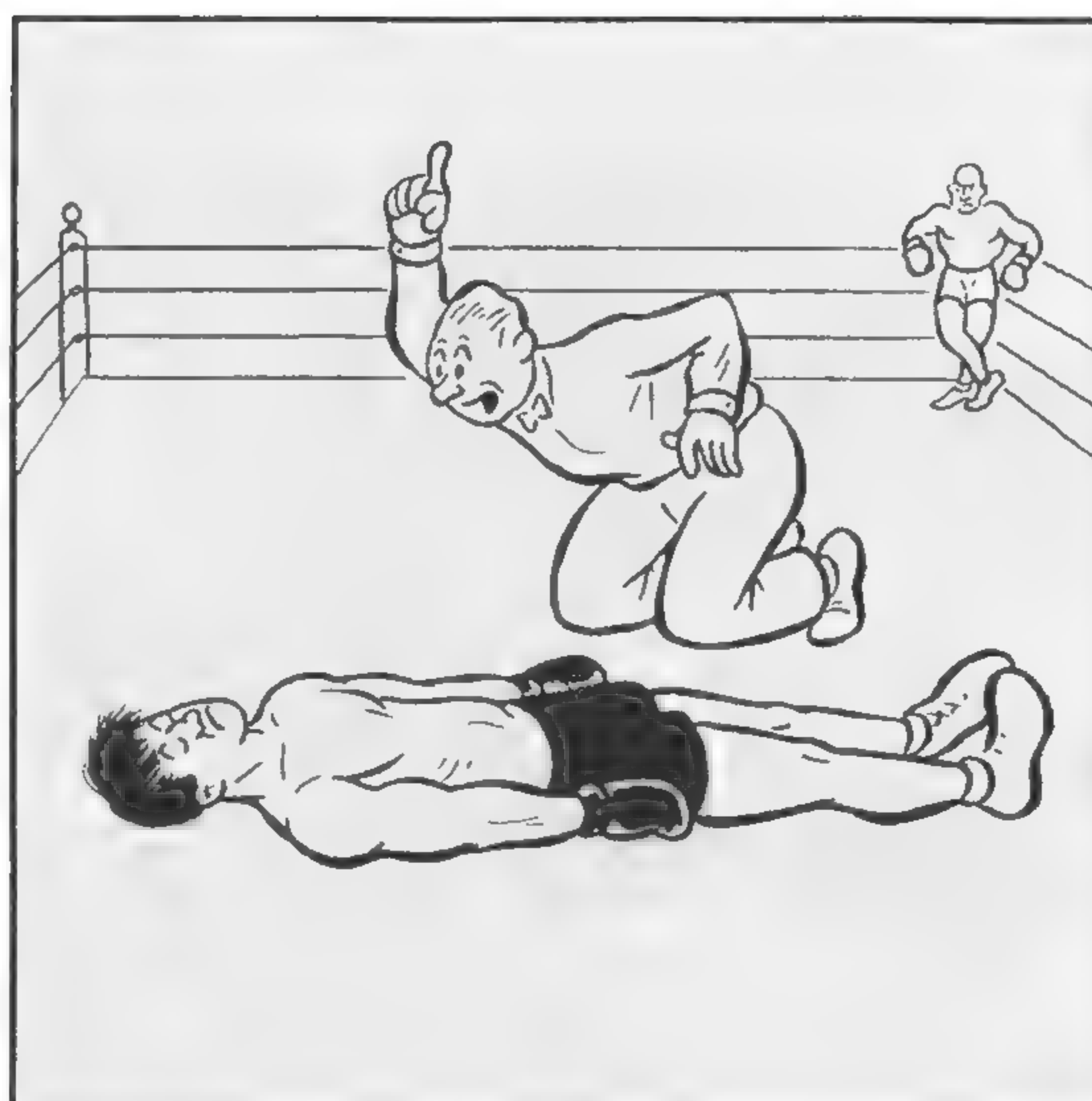
"How do you like it?"

"Fine."

That ended the conversation as far as Deke

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Black Mountain Music

Nothing's bothered Cliff Melton since the day he earned one hundred dollars for punching Ray Schalk in the snoot

by GEORGE KIRKSEY

• SPORTS •



HE REARS skyward six feet six inches. His ears are so large his outfielders complain they can't follow the batter when he's pitching. He isn't sure if it's Sunday, Monday or World Series day. He thinks bullets fired from a gun melt in the air and never come down. He isn't sure of the difference between an air mail and a special delivery stamp. And you can't blame him much because he discovered the difference between fame and obscurity in baseball was a stiff punch on the nose.

A punch on the nose has ruined a lot of men, both receivers and givers of the sock, but it made Cliff Melton over from a stumbling minor leaguer into one of the greatest pitching prospects in baseball's big show. Only one year behind him yet he holds in his left hand the fate of the New York Giants in the 1938 National League pennant chase. Few men win twenty games but Melton did it his first year. Very few men who do win twenty their first year ever repeat their second but the surest guess is the unimaginative, mountain music man from the Black Mountains of North Carolina will do so.

A typical Rube Waddell is Melton, something the National League has been waiting for since the famous Athletics' southpaw walked down the vale of retirement.

It was Jack Ogden, business manager of the Baltimore Orioles, who taught Melton the value of that punch on the nose and made a great pitcher out of the easy-going beanpole southpaw from a fightin' country. Impressed with Melton's showing, the New York Yankees bought him from Ogden for 1935 delivery. After quite a set-to with train schedules, the dopey-eyed pitcher reported to the Yanks at their St. Petersburg, Florida, camp. He had everything but control and was getting that until an exhibition game which he pitched against the hell-raising Chicago Cubs. Against the Cubs, Cliff started out like Christy Mathewson. He was going great until the third inning when, I think it was that old rascal, Gabby Hartnett, yelled out:

"Hey, Mickey Mouse. Tie up those ears so I can see the outfield!"

Melton's floppy ears fell like those of a licked dog. As the rest of the Cubs picked

up the "Mickey Mouse" gag, the big, slim fellow sagged. His fast ball got slower, his control terrible. Up came Frank Demaree to clear the bags. Up came Joe McCarthy's thumb. Melton was jerked from the game and from the roster. He found his way back to Ogden and the Orioles.

But he hadn't heard the last of "Mickey Mouse." Up and down the International League the quip spread.

Fresco Thompson, nominated by Burleigh Grimes as the worst baiter in baseball, got Melton's goat one day by yelling:

"Hey, Mickey Mouse, why don't you paint those ears of yours green and pitch out of the background."

The fans laughed. Melton's effectiveness faded. Ogden, knowing something radical had to be done to rouse Melton to action, called his pitcher aside.

"Mickey Mouse," he bellowed at Melton, "is doing more than making a million dollars in the movies. He's making a sucker out of a good pitcher. That pitcher is you. I won't have it any more. I'll tell you what I'll do. The next guy who calls you 'Mickey Mouse,' just hit him on the snoot. I don't give a rap if you're fined and suspended. I'll pay the fine. More than that I'll give you a hundred dollars every time you punch one of those baiters on the snoot. Now get out there and do as I say."

Melton pitched that day. Again he started like Eddie Plank. And again came the mocking, taunting cry of "Mickey Mouse." To everyone's astonishment (including Ogden's) Cliff walked over to his baiter—the famous Ray Schalk, then manager of the Buffalo Bisons—and whacked him a beautiful left-handed punch right on his proboscis. He won the game eased up and Ogden's one-hundred-dollar reward. In his next start, the same thing happened. Again, he strode over to the base line and punched his baiter—this time Manager Ray Blades of Rochester. He didn't have to punch anyone else. Word swept around the International League circuit "Melton's a bad man; look out."

Those two smacks were just what Melton required. He compiled a brilliant record in 1936 with Baltimore and was bought by the Giants after a spirited auction of big league clubs and became the first young rookie left-hander in modern baseball to win twenty games, carrying the Giants into the World Series.

There wasn't a smack in a carload of Meltons in 1937. He didn't have to knock anybody down. After gazing at his stuff the first few games—a fast ball, a sharp-breaking curve and a beautiful change of pace—even batters like Ducky Medwick and Hartnett

learned to respect "Mickey Mouse." They shouted the once taunting words at him but they rolled off his chest like fast balls off his left paw. And like all success stories, his greatest success was against those same villainous Cubs who were responsible for his shunt to Baltimore in 1935.

For it was Melton who throttled the Chicago Cubs, 6-0, in the key game of the ding-dong 1937 pennant race.

He slammed the door on the Cubs and kept it shut just when they threatened to throttle the Giants and move into first place. He beat them one day, and came back the next to splash ice water on a ninth inning rally that threatened to dash the Polo Grounds heroes out of a pennant.

The night before the day he was to face the rampaging Cubs Melton was found sitting by himself in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel. He wasn't nervous, excited, perturbed, worried or impressed. He was just sitting.

All Chicago was aflame with pennant fever. Newspapers carried screaming banner lines telling of the Cubs great victory in the first game of the three-game series to decide the flag. The windy city hadn't been so "het up" since Mrs. O'Leary's cow scored that bull's-eye on a lantern.

But Melton, sitting by himself, was serenely unconscious of anything unusual going on. One of the dozen New York newspaper correspondents traveling with the Giants strolled by.

"Lots of excitement going on, eh Cliff?" said the scribe.

"I don't know," drawled Cliff. "Everything seems about as usual."

"That's an important game tomorrow, Cliff," said the baseball writer. "How do you feel about it? Think you can stop the Cubs?"

"Sure," mumbled Melton. "Not going to be much trouble doing that."

The reporter started to move on, but Melton halted him with:

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65 Widows and the Green Monster

Since Five-Suit Bridge has come to stay, you might as well learn how to play without losing your shirt

by ELY CULBERTSON
• ARTICLE •

IF YOU should ask me what I think about this Five-Suit Bridge, I should have to answer you somewhat paradoxically that I think Five-Suit Bridge is a splendid game, but that I dislike the fifth suit. If we could only play this game with four suits! I can even tolerate the Eagles, although I cannot yet quite make out how those thirteen Eagles managed to fly right into a deck of cards and what truck the birds can have with the rigid aristocratic caste of Kings, Queens and their Valets in the pasteboard world. It seems a pitiful end for our glorious American Eagle, to seek for its old age a resting place inside the pasteboards even though the bird is on the way to extinction anyway. But this is not the real reason for my objection to the fifth suit. I simply object to the fifth suit on the grounds that it makes the game unnecessarily cumbersome, adds nothing worthwhile to the drama of the game and is an all around nuisance. It brutally destroys the marvelously harmonious balance of a four suit pack that, unchanged, has survived all the wars and other social cataclysms of the last four hundred years. Innovators and card manufacturers have found to their bitter cost that one cannot with impunity lift the face of a deck of cards. The fifth suit is really a fifth wheel.

And yet I am quite enthusiastic about Five-Suit Bridge. I have been hard at work all these months on the Culbertson System of Five-Suit Bridge, assisted by a large staff of master minds of Bridge and even a few professors deeply versed in the only science that is absolutely certain—the Theory of Probabilities.

I unhesitatingly recommend Five-Suit Bridge to all. If you have not played it, by all means try it. At first you will probably reject it as emphatically as I did, but if you keep on playing a little while longer, you will discover a peculiar fascination about this new game. As you continue to play, you will discover, as I did, that the fifth suit is really a nuisance, getting constantly in your way. Nevertheless, the game begins to grow on you to such an extent you can hardly wait for another deal. The secret of this fascination is the "Kitty" or the "Widow" card, that sixty-fifth card, dealt, as it used to be by all self-respecting cheats, from the bottom of a deck and laid face up for the most reckless or, if you prefer, the cleverest bidder to grab. It won't be long before that Widow will get under your skin. The tricks it plays on you, the way it has of turning a whole deck of perfectly balanced distribu-

tions into crazy freaks, where Aces and Kings are guillotined and voids are a common occurrence, must definitely exasperate and therefore interest you. It's because of this Widow, whose passionate distributional outbursts almost verge on obscenity, that Five-Suit Bridge acquires a kind of morbid attractiveness, until the player is willing to tolerate the puerilities of the fifth suit and the absurdities of the present crippling scoring.

The Widow principle made Skat the national game of Germany for generations and it similarly maintained the supremacy of Vint, the ancestor of contract, for over one hundred years in Russia. Let me show you how this devastating Widow operates in practice and in case you have not yet played Five-Suit Bridge, here is a very brief outline of the game.

You pick up a deck of sixty-five cards containing four regular thirteen card suits and a fifth, usually green, thirteen card suit with Eagles or Crowns as pips. You deal sixteen cards to each of the four players. The sixty-fifth card, called the Widow, is exposed and becomes the property of the final declarer who may place it either in the dummy or in his own hand and discard some worthless card of the same or another suit. Thus, when the play begins there will be four thirteen card suits and one with twelve cards.

After the deal, you proceed to bid and play in a manner very similar to contract except that in scoring, the game is 120 points instead of 100. The minor suits are rated 20 points per trick, the major suits 25, the Eagles (Royals) 30 and notrump 40. There are two other important differences, one dealing with the "book" and the other with slams.

In Five-Suit Bridge the "book" represents the first 8 tricks or exactly one-half of the total of 16 tricks that must be won or lost at every bid. The 9th trick is "one odd," the 10th trick is "two odd." Game in Royals, or "four odd," is 12 tricks; game in minors, or "six odd," is 14 tricks.

The second important difference deals with slams. Game in minors or "six odd" is at the same time a "small slam" and carries with

it a premium of 500 points not vulnerable and 750 points vulnerable. If you bid and make 15 tricks you will score 1000 points not vulnerable and 1500 points vulnerable for a grand slam. But you need a two to one chance in favor of making your grand slam to justify the risk of losing the small slam.

Finally, if you are rash enough to bid a super

slam and lucky enough to win all of the 16 tricks, you will score 1500 points not vulnerable and 2000 points vulnerable. I may add that you need not feel too boastful about such an acrobatic feat for even a half-witted mathematician will be quick to point out to you that you actually risked about 2000 points to gain a paltry 500 points. In other words, you require actual odds of four to one in favor of making a super slam to justify its bidding. Just for conscience sake I will give you good advice about super slams which, I am sure, you will not follow: DON'T!

Now, let's take a closer look at that kittenish Widow. Throughout the entire bidding, she has been lying face-up, tempting you to all sorts of crazy bids for the pleasure of possessing her. You will naturally antici-

pate the final bid and will try to include the Widow card in your own hand. Your partner will do likewise. Here is where trouble might easily begin, leading to disastrous over-bidding by two partners coveting the same Widow. To stop this, I have worked out the following rules to gag partners:

1. If the Widow is a Jack or higher, the partner who is *first* to bid, mentally takes the *honor* value of the Widow.

2. If the Widow is lower than a Jack and either of the partners makes a bid in the same suit as that of the Widow, it belongs to him.

3. If the Widow is neither an honor nor of a bid suit, it is not

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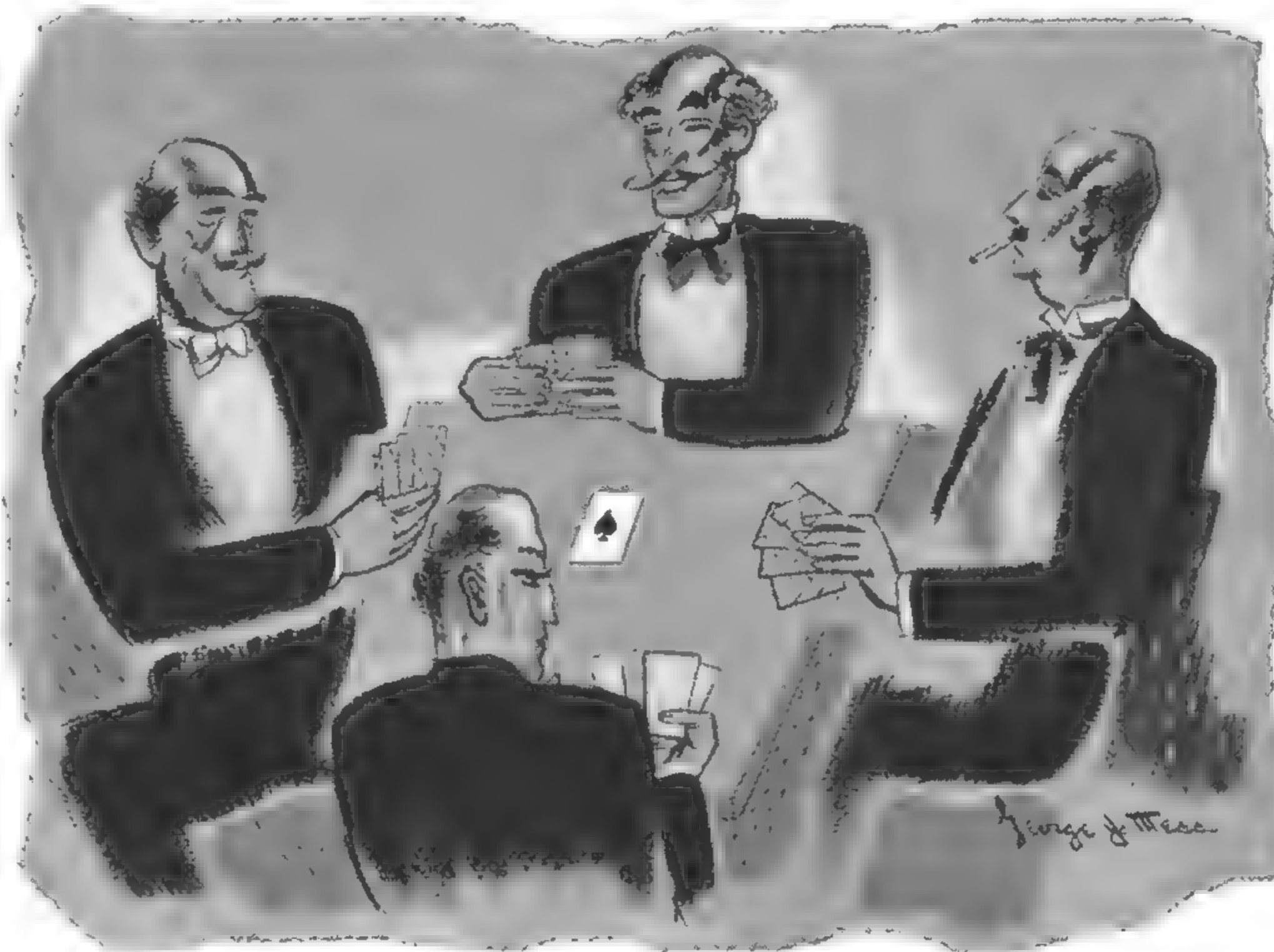
SCORING 5-SUIT BRIDGE

SUIT VALUES

Diamonds & Clubs	20
Spades & Hearts	25
Royals	30
Notrump	40

GAME 120 POINTS

	Non-Vulnerable	Vulnerable
Small Slam 14 Tricks	500	750
Grand Slam 15 Tricks	1000	1500
Super Slam 16 Tricks	1500	2000





“I want to report this phone out of order—I haven’t had a call all evening”



"When I say 'swing it'—I mean the club!"

Complete Success of Albert Tappet

**He was just an average guy till
that day he suddenly opened his
mouth and sang like Nino Martini**

by HOWARD COLLINS

• SATIRE •

UNTIL his Glorious Moment came, at precisely twenty minutes past seven on a certain Monday morning, Albert Tappet had been just an ordinary man. He admired Myrna Loy, had dandruff, voted a straight Democratic ticket, and had read *Gone with the Wind*. For several years he had been a clerk in a shoe store in Monroe, Michigan, and by the time he was twenty-eight years old he had learned that an aspirin at bedtime is worth four in the morning, that most people answer their own questions if you wait forty-five seconds before replying, and that you can't beat a slot machine.

Although he always listened to Jack Benny and Charlie McCarthy on Sunday nights, his greatest enthusiasm was reserved for singers. Each morning he carefully checked his radio program so as not to miss a concert by Lawrence Tibbett, Rosa Ponselle, Richard Crooks, Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, or any of the other famous artists of our times.

One Sunday night he was privileged to attend the broadcast of the Ford Sunday Evening Hour and to see and hear, in person, the noted tenor, Nino Martini. It was more than an important moment in his life. It was the crisis.

He was still thrilled in retrospect the following morning as he stood before his bathroom mirror, shaving with that subconscious technique which allows the razor to roam in safety and the mind to roam at will. And then he noticed that there was, between the face that looked out of the mirror and the face of the artist whom he had heard the night before, a faint resemblance. Closer inspection failed to verify this elusive impression, but it set him thinking.

"How would it feel," he wondered, "to be Nino Martini?" He closed his eyes tightly and tried to imagine it. "After all," he thought, "we look somewhat alike. And every man has vocal cords, a throat, lungs. What has Martini got that I haven't got? I breathe, the same as Martini. I eat, I sleep, the same as Martini. I think the same as Martini. One who knew neither of us might easily think that I *am* Martini."

He opened his eyes and stared at his reflection, entranced. "I *am* Martini," he repeated softly. "I *am* Martini! I *am* Martini!"

And now I will prove it!" And Albert Tappet opened his mouth to sing.

As critics were later to exclaim, in their brilliant analyses of Albert Tappet's unique talent, a cascade of beauteous melody gushed forth. Note for note, word for word, tone for tone, Albert Tappet sang, with no conscious effort whatsoever, the selection that the great Martini had wowed 'em with in Orchestra Hall the night before.

It was indeed superb. So said Major Bowes, who heard his audition in New York ten days later. And within fifteen minutes after Tappet had concluded his radio debut on the Major Bowes program, Murray Hill 8-9933 had received 61,421 calls that echoed the sentiment.

The following Thursday he appeared on the Rudy Vallee hour. The applause was terrific.

"On the part of our millions of radio listeners," said Rudy archly, "how, may I ask, do you do it?"

"It's easily explained," responded our hero. "Just before I start to sing I close my eyes tightly and try to imagine that I am Nino Martini. I imagine so hard, and throw myself so completely into Martini's personality that within a moment I *actually am* Martini. And then I sing."

"Can you imitate anyone else?" Rudy asked suavely.

The question startled Albert Tappet. "It hadn't occurred to me,

Rudy," he replied. "But I believe I can. Shall I try?"

A torrent of applause from the studio audience answered him. Tappet acknowledged it, stilled it with a lifted hand, closed his eyes for a moment, drew a long breath.

Upon the astounded ears of the millions of listeners burst the lilting voice of the coloratura soprano, Lily Pons.

Sensational? It was supercolossal. Twenty-

two thousand skeptics throughout the nation turned off their radios and explained to their spouses that it was all a fake and that the entire broadcast was probably an electrical transcription.

But when Ripley put out a cartoon the next day containing only the starkly dramatic printed name TAPPET, and *The Real, True,*

Inside Story of Albert Tappet began to run serially in the Hearst papers, and a ten-page picture section appeared in *Life*, the skeptics were won over.

Two days later Tappet signed a twenty-five-thousand-dollar a week radio contract with a chewing gum manufacturer. Three days after that his picture was on the back cover of every magazine in the country advertising Lucky Strikes.

On Monday of the next week Warner Brothers announced that production would start soon on an abbreviated movie version

of Wagner's *Nibelung Ring* with an all-star acting cast and with all the parts to be sung by Albert Tappet. The city council of Monroe, Michigan, where Tappet had lived before the Great Moment, voted fourteen thousand dollars to erect a bronze statue of him in the public square. One day's mail contained 652 proposals of marriage and 1,804 letters appealing for funds. And 2,318 male babies had been named for him, including six sets of twins.

The opening performance of his radio contract was slated for Soldier Field in Chicago in order to accommodate the thousands who clamored for tickets. Temporary grandstands brought the total seating capacity to one hundred forty thousand. More than eight thousand miles of special wires were led into the arena to enable the crack correspondents, famous feature writers, and noted radio commentators to report the occasion to a palpitating world.

President Roosevelt was there, of course, with the members of the Supreme Court as his special guests. So were Greta Garbo, and Joe DiMaggio, and Alfred P. Sloan, and Jack Dempsey, and Walt Disney, and Albert Einstein, and Alexander Woollcott, and Katherine Cornell, and Elsa Maxwell, and Dale Carnegie, and Emily Post, and Thomas Dewey, and Dr. Dafoe, and hundreds upon hundreds of other celebrities. John L. Lewis and William Green had adjacent seats. Mussolini had sent General Balbo on another

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Vacation in Hell

**That right entry of the coal bank
always had sorty a bad name after
it fell in and smashed two fellars**

by JESSE STUART
• FICTION •

YOU know how it is here among th' hills. A body's got to make a little money. I've been makin' mine diggin' coal. I make enough durin' th' fall atter th' crop's gathered in to buy my youngins some winter clothes and shoes and pay my taxes. I get five cents a bushel fer diggin' th' coal and wheelin' it out where th' jolt wagons can get to it. I can dig about thirty bushels o' coal a day on an average. That makes a dollar and a half a day and honest to God that ain't to be laughed at in times likes these. It's better 'n cuttin' timber fer fifty cents a thousand, or hoein' corn fer seventy-five cents a day or doin' gin work fer some farmer fer fifty cents a day.

Lefty Weaver dug coal with me. Lefty and me's been buddies a long time. Atter we'd gather our crops we'd go back to th' coal bank over on Rufus Pratt's place and dig coal together. We allus worked as buddies. I'd hep Lefty gather his crop and he'd hep me. Old Lefty was as good a worker as ever God put breath in. He fit his work. Warn't no standin' back and shirkin' when Lefty took holt o' a thing. When he lifted he didn't stand and holler and grunt like a lot o' fellars. He lifted hard enough to bust a gut. That was Lefty. It took me humpin' all day to do th' work that Lefty done. I shore to God worked to do my half o' work. I jist wouldn't let Lefty out-do me.

Atter we'd worked out in th' fields and farmed all summer w'y Lefty called goin' back to th' coal bank a vacation in hell. Th' bank we dug coal from warn't th' best bank Rufus had. He's got four coal banks on his place. But we warn't steady diggers and Rufus give us th' bad bank. It may not be so bad but it got a bad name when th' Right Entry fell in and smashed Sid MacCoy and Lief Porter. It jist got a couple o' fellars is all. That give it sorty a bad name. Th' roof on none o' Rufus Pratt's coal banks ain't any good. It's a brittle rock roof. Got to keep it posted all th' way in. But 'pears like th' roof above our vein o' coal is rottener than any th' roofs.

It was jist two weeks ago. Sall got my breakfast and I dranked a couple o' cups o' good hot black coffee. I was dressed in my bank clothes, and Lord but they's cold in th' December wind when I got out and started down to Lefty's. I hurried down th' path to Lefty's. He'd had his breakfast and was ready. We struck off down th' road to th' mines. It was so cold and our old bank clothes was filled with mud and kindly damp to be wearin'. But we didn't mind that. We jist hurried to th' mines. It's allus warm in th' mines o' a winter time you know. Water a runnin' out and rats livin' back there jist as warm and comfortable.

We put our coal forks and picks and shovels

in th' coal buggy. We refilled our lamps with carbide, put in a little water and turned th' little wheel to get th' spark. "Kafunk" and pop went th' fire and lit our lamps. Then we bent over sorty behind th' buggy and shoved off back to a mile under th' hill. Lefty's big shoulders and mine together nearly spread across some th' nar places in th' coal bank.

"Lefty," I'd say, "you beat anybody diggin' coal I ever saw. Jist lay there on your side and prize around with a crowbar or two a little bit and durned if th' whole vein don't tumble down fer you. In this hard diggin' durned if I don't believe you can dig fifty bushels a day." Lefty'd jist laugh and th' little carbide flame would flicker from his lamp. We could tell when a hot wind was pressin' to th' front o' th' bank. Th' flames on our carbide lamps 'peared to be tryin' to pull away from th' lamps and get back out'n th' mines.

"A lot o' seaps comin' through here," says Lefty, "we must be under that damned sag. We'll need a lot more posts. We'll haf to take a couple o' days off and do a lot o' postin'. If we don't this damned roof goin' to come down shore'n God made th' lumps o' coal. I seen a big rat runnin' out'n here t' other day."

I says: "Lefty so much o' this bank postin'—havin' to go out and cut tough-butted white oaks fer posts and haulin' 'em here to th' coal bank—then cartin' back and settin' 'em up—it's that what cuts our average o' coal diggin' down. And look at all th' bone and slate we got to cart out and dump over th' hill."

"I know," says Lefty, "but that ain't it. We got youngins at home. We got a wife ain't we? And wouldn't this be a deep damn grave? All th' tombstones we'd have would be th' saw briars above us, th' green briars, th' tough-butted white oaks and th' rocks! If this entry'd ever fall in I'll be damned if I'd believe anybody could find us where we are now. We've got this hill filled up with enough big holes fer a hundred moonshine stills and a thousand foxes to den in. Th' foxes 'll get it if th' moonshiners don't beat 'em to it."

It's th' truth that I allus thought o' Sall and my seven youngins when I's back under th' hill. But look at Lefty—he had eleven youngins! Would have another one right soon. Lefty'd have a round dozen! What if th' hill was to get 'im? What if th' hill was to get me? What would his Murt and my Sall and all our youngins do without us? I jist hated to think these thoughts but sometimes I did think 'em. I'd think 'em as I come in behind th' buggy shovin' with all th' strength I had. Sometimes I'd haf to brace my feet on one o' th' little crossties in th' track and shove with every ounce o' weight and strength I had.

"See that rat," says Lefty to me, "there he goes! Yander, see 'im! That's th' sign o' a bad roof Hargis. We'd better do some mine

postin' tomorrow. We can't go on too fur. I believe we're under that damned sag. It's that big saddle down in th' ridge—dangerous as hell too. We can't tell exactly how we're runnin' with this entry."

I tell you old Lefty's really shovelin' down and prizin' out th' big lumps o' coal. I's loadin' 'em and takin' 'em out'n th' buggy and dumpin' 'em fer th' jolt-wagons and th' teams. By noon I'd shoved out five buggy loads o' coal. Not quite ten bushels to th' buggy. But we'd doin' good work.

"There goes another rat," says Lefty. "I seen its eyes. Runnin' out'n here."

"Th' moonshiners 'll have a lot o' company when we leave this mine," I says.

"When we leave this mine," says Lefty, "it'll be too dangerous fer th' rats."

"You're about right," I says, "men stay longer in these mines than the rats."

"Th' rats can live a lot easier than men," says Lefty, "they ain't no law to keep them from pilferin'. Jist too bad when they get caught."

"I never liked a rat until I come here," I says. "I didn't know there's one good thing to be said fer a rat. But there is one thing. He warns us when there's danger in th' coal banks. We can see 'im runnin' out. I jist often wonder who warns him!"

"He's more ust to th' ground than we are," says Lefty, "allus lived in a hole in th' hill, under a smoke house, cellar or a hogpen!"

"We jist been in a hole fer ten years," I says.

"We ain't no rats neither," says Lefty, "but if we'd lived back under th' hills all our lives and was born back here w'y we'd be changed a lot. You jist think what if a man never saw daylight and worked back here all his life in this night. What would happen to 'im! Jist ast a few o' th' old coal diggers! W'y he'd get like a varmit. His eyes would get afraid o' th' light. He'd be afraid o' th' light."

"Another rat," I says, "see 'im. Look—watch 'im! There he goes! Where's all th' rats a-comin' from nohow?"

"Don't ast me," says Lefty, "you know as much about 'em as I know. They jist live back in here where it's good and warm is all. They live back here like we do."

Lefty was down on his side diggin' coal. I was jist over on th' other side from Lefty. I was diggin' with a short handled pick. Th' coal it 'peared like was comin' out so easy.

It jist seemed to me like I wasn't diggin' coal. It 'peared to me like I'd been diggin' coal. No, I was not diggin' coal. I was gatherin' peaches. It was July. Th' sun was hot. My how th' sun did come down. It was almost too hot to get my breath. I'd take a big willer basket and walk up th' ladder into th' peach tree. I'd reach up and pick th' peaches. I'd put them in my basket. Th'

basket was heavy to hold. Th' leaves on th' peach tree were thick and th' wind was smothery. It was hard fer me to get my breath.

I'd put th' big peaches in th' basket. Once I started to take a bite off'n one and I saw a green snake on a peach tree limb. It was lookin' right into my eye. I jist took aim at 'im with th' peach and drawed back my arm and let th' peach fly. I took th' green snake right above th' eye. He jist bent double like a measurin' worm and tumbled down out'n th' tree. I couldn't see where he hit on th' ground fer I's up in th' peach tree and there's a lot of green wilted leaves below me.

I picked th' basket o' peaches and went down th' ladder with 'em. It was a ladder like we got at home fer th' chickens to walk up in th' oak tree to roost. It bent a little with my weight. Th' peaches was awful heavy. But I helt it against my hip and helt to th' ladder with th' other hand and I got down all right. I dumped th' basket o' peaches in th' barrel that Sall had used to sulphur apples in. I jist didn't like th' smell o' th' durn sulphur. But I poured th' peaches in th' barrel and went back up in th' tree atter more peaches.

I started to take a bite off'n a big ripe peach. I jist looked up in time. It was a durned big stripped-tail spider. He had big hard shiny eyes that looked like agates in th' sun. He's shinin' his two eyes on me right in th' wilted leaves in th' peach tree top. They looked like flashlights atter dark. "God," I says to myself, "what's it all about nohow? A body pickin' peaches and can't get to take a bite o' one o' 'em."

I took th' big ripe peach and I cut drive at that spider's eyes. I took one o' 'em casouse. Th' ripe peach jist splattered all over th' spider's face. Th' last I saw o' 'im he's goin' down through th' peach tree limbs a wipin' th' mushy peach from his face with one o' his long hard legs. He was a monstrous spider. About as big as a quart cup I'd say. But I hit 'im in a touchy spot when I plugged his eye. He fell fur below me. I never saw 'im hit th' ground. It was too fur down out'n th' tree.

"Now," I says to myself, "I'll take me a bite o' peach." I pulled me a big peach and started to take a bite. I jist looked in time. It was that durned green snake again. He was right on th' limb in front o' me a-lickin' out his tongue. Fire was dancin' in his eyes too. He was mad. Ripe peach was smeared all over his head where I'd hit 'im before. I didn't know whether to hit his big open mouth with my fist or to hit 'im with another peach. He was at close range. I didn't take a chance with my fist. I jist drawed back and I let 'im have it. Th' peach jist smashed over his face and eyes and he tumbled out'n th' tree like a stuck hog.

"I got 'im this time," I says, "now I can eat a peach in peace."

I reached up and pulled me another peach. Jist as I got ready to take a bite I looked up and seen th' spider. He was whetted his front legs across each other and they made a racket like rubbin' two files across each other. He'd cleaned th' peach I'd hit 'im with off'n his face. It was clean as a chip chopped from a

tree. His eyes were big and shined like two silver dollars at me. He'd come back to get a bite o' me. Lord, I've allus been more afraid of a spider than I have o' a man. I know how they'll jump twenty feet to bite a body. I intended to get 'im before he got me. I jist drawed back my arm and I cut drive so hard with that peach at his head that I had to hold to a limb to keep from fallin' out'n th' tree. I busted 'im right between th' eyes and he jist crumpled up like a green leaf scorched by fire—jist wound up like a ball and tumbled out'n th' tree.

"I got you this time," I says, "you damned stripped-tail thing!"

I picked peaches and put 'em in my basket.



TEMPERA PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

I jist about had all th' peaches I could carry down out'n th' hot tree. Lord but it was hot up among th' leaves. Jist once in awhile I could get a breath o' breath o' wind. I believe it was th' hottest smothery day I ever saw. I'd pick th' peaches fer Sall and then I'd go back to th' coal tank and dig coal. "There's something funny about this," I thought, "I dig coal in th' fall and winter and here I am pickin' peaches fer Sall to can. Maybe it's a dream." Then I thought: "It can't be a dream. Here are th' peaches and here am I up here in th' tree. Right here is a good peach. I'll reach up and get it and take a bite!"

I pulled th' peach down. It had big red spots on it that colored it like a body's cheeks when th' winter wind stings 'em. I was jist ready to put my mouth over th' peach and

bite out a hunk when I looked upon th' limb above me and here was that snake and spider. Both side by side. They'd doubled teamed on me. They'd got together down on th' ground. Now they'd come back up in th' tree to fight me. "I know this tree," I says to 'em both. "It is my peach tree. It is upon th' hill above my pasture field. This peach tree is th' big tree that allus bore so many peaches. It's th' one in th' low swag by th' old rotted white oak stump. It's my tree and by-God I'll defend it. No snake nor spider can run me off'n my own premises."

They jist looked at me. I didn't expect 'em to speak. Who ever heard o' one speakin'. They jist bite a body 's all. "If I hit one o' 'im," I thought, "th' other'n bite me shore as God made th' peaches. I'll jist get down out'n th' empty tree and let 'em have it. I've got th' peaches. They have th' tree." I jist went down th' ladder and th' last I saw o' 'em they's settin' upon th' limb like two chickens gone to roost. Eyes a shinin't like silver dollars.

I dumped th' basket o' peaches in th' barrel. I hated to get close th' barrel fer I smelt th' sulphur. I'd haf to tell Sall about th' snake and th' spider. She wouldn't believe me. She'd say that I'd been dreamin'. I'd ast 'er why she give me th' old sulphurin' barrel to put th' peaches in too. I'd have a good'n on 'er! I jist laughed and laughed. But I'd picked th' barrel o' peaches. I's wet with sweat a-doin' it too. Now I'd light my pipe and have a smoke.

I set down on th' ground. I's purty tired-out. I pulled my homemade ter-backer crums from my pocket and I put a handful in my pipe. I's tampin' 'em down with my finger. I heard somebody comin' over th' hill talkin'. It was right back o' my peach orchard. You know where that patch comes around th' hill. I never heard as much laughin' in all my life. Sounded like a whole crowd o' men. I felt in my pocket fer a match but I couldn't find one. I says: "It's all damned funny. It's jist like I was when I's a boy. I ust to dream I's tryin' to piss. I'd get about ready and somebody's face would pop up. Then I'd run someplace else and get behind th' sprouts. I'd get ready again and somebody'd slip up on me. I never could find a place. In th' mornin' I'd wake up with a big wet place in my bed—a big yaller circle on th' clean white sheet.

Then Mom would come in say: "Why can't you wake up? You big Lummix! Jist lay there and sleep and float th' bed off! Look at my sheet now! It'll be a purty thing to hang out on th' clothes line to dry and all th' neighbor wimmen and th' girls to see! What can I tell them! Hargis floated th' bed away again last night." This must be a dream too. I couldn't eat a peach fer a snake and a spider! A spider big as a quart cup! Huh! I couldn't smoke my pipe fer I couldn't find a match!

"But it's not a dream," I says to myself, "here's my peach orchard. It's in June. It has to be June. I'm gatherin' peaches. Here's th' green leaves wilted in th' sun. Right over there is th' big beech on th' pint. Yander is th' big poplar on th' knoll. Right over yander is my house. I can hear somebody comin'."

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Good-bye to a Friend

Why do they gum up detective stories with lectures on art, archeology, physics and love?

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

ABOUT a year ago I had to read and make notes on about fifty books and some two hundred pamphlets dealing with "dreary subjects"—to wit, all those topics on which the prosperity of American citizens (myself conspicuously among them) depended. It was absorbing work, and every night, when it was over, I turned to the usual consolation of statesmen and financial giants: the detective story. Part of my object was to stay awake until about eleven, so that I wouldn't wake about four in the morning and start to think about the next day's work. At first, when the system failed, I assumed that I was "too tired even to read"; after a time I discovered that the mystery story was, for me, more soothing, more sleep-making than any of those multicolored capsules on the market. I tried reading mysteries in broad daylight; they put me to sleep. I would pick up one I had dropped the night before just as the criminal was about to be unveiled—and I still couldn't be bothered reading to the end. A standby of fifteen years and more had failed me.

On complaint to friends, I was informed that I was growing old, or had read so many mysteries that consciously or not, I knew the answers; no one suggested that the fault lay in the stories themselves. But once in every three or four months I would find a mystery novel which did keep me awake as long as a biography would; a new book by Mignon Eberhart, for instance, or *The Judas Window*, or Leslie Ford's serials, and these would make me think that it wasn't hardening of the arteries so much as dumbing-up of the mysteries which had left me disconsolate. I found I could re-read *The Maltese Falcon* with great interest, whereas some bright new enterprise in murder and detection fell from my nerveless hand. For my own peace of mind, I decided that something had gone wrong with our writers of mysteries.

You can put your finger directly on the historical moments when the wrong occurred, and you may be surprised to find that some correspond to the arrival of new and stimulating elements in mystery fiction. Most of them were attempts to make the detective story something more than itself: S. S. Van Dine was one of the corrupting influences

because he made his Philo Vance a "character" full of idiosyncrasies, and also tried to transmit a lecture on art or physics or mathematics or archeology with each of his fictions. I do not mind Vance's smoking Regies; that is only a modern version of Sherlock Holmes' tobacco from the slipper; but obviously Van Dine felt that the mystery novel needed body (whereas it really needs only a dead body) and took his own encyclopedic way of providing. A long time after, Dorothy

Sayers wrote a vastly entertaining mystery (*The Nine Tailors*) which swung far ahead of Van Dine because it dealt with the obscure art of campanology (bell-ringing to us) and made it amusing and interesting; Miss Sayers is, however, another corrupter. Or, you might say, she has left the field on which she won honor and moved into another, taking her characters with her: the mystery about dirty work in a woman's college was a first essay in psychology, where the subtleties were connected with the story; in *Busman's Honeymoon* the delicate nuptial relations of Lord Peter and his Harriet are, I am sure, no

part of the commission of a crime nor of the art of detection. They represent what Miss Sayers wants to say, perhaps, about love and marriage, and are respectable in that sense. But they are a little alien; they gum up the works; they hold up the story.

Another influential corrupter is Frances Iles who startled the world by presenting the crime in the open so that mystery was lacking from the start, and the reader followed the craft of detection with a decided advantage over the detective himself. Dozens of variations of this technique have appeared and some have been remarkably interesting; but they have raised hob with the mystery story as a form of entertainment.

The net result of all these changes—and of the big sales which rewarded the experimenters—was that a host of writers began to think the highest praise for a detective story was saying that it was "more than a detective story." You wouldn't say of a grand opera that it was not merely a grand opera but in addition a study in the self-determination of small nations; or of a landscape that it was not only a fine picture, but an accurate survey of the area, available for use by any real estate operator. In short, if you believe in the detective-mystery type of fiction, you don't want it to be anything in addition. You

are mightily satisfied if it is good of its kind.

Of course a large number of people never could create the intrigue and the suspense of a good mystery novel even when they believed in their work; when they came to be sceptical of it, they were utterly lost. They began to invent characters, whereas the ideal detective story uses lay figures—if you have to be emotional about any of them, you might as well be reading Dickens or Hemingway. They began to create a vast background,

whereas the ideal mystery wants at best a pictorial diagram. You can see at once what this led to. In the ancient convention, Lord Blot or Silas M. McMurtra, the ruthless American financier, was found dead in the library; you may have tired of the library, but never of the dead man, because you never knew anything important about him. He wasn't a person; he was a personified victim. Your mind remained clear for the business in hand. But if the

victim is presented to you as a real person, someone you ought to know, then you have to be interested in him; he must be a capitally rendered human being, a created character, one of the supreme triumphs of a novelist's skill. Otherwise he will merely irritate you; your emotions will be called out—and retreat halfway—because the man pretends to the status of imaginative creation and doesn't actually achieve it. The same thing is true of the detectives and of the suspects and of the village idiot or local apothecary who may figure in the story. If they are not created by a masterly novelist, they must be left as diagrams—like those little figures children draw when they are playing, appropriately, hangman.

This doesn't exactly throw you back into the arms of Edgar Wallace. His people are false enough; but the reason his books are unreadable is that his plots are falsier still. That is the great point about a novel of mystery and detection (which is also true about a novel of adventure): the characters may be unreal, but the situation in which they find themselves must be absolutely logical. The author has to believe in it and has to make you believe, also. The strict sect of mystery writers despises the Oriental villain, the missing twin, and the gang of international

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"Can you shrink this hat? I'm not in pictures any more."



Ingrates at Yaddo

**The struggling writers who stay at
The Mansion couldn't bear so much
holiness without a secret chuckle**

by LOUIS ADAMIC

• ARTICLE •

THE printed words on the stationery were "Yaddo, Saratoga Springs, New York." The letter, dated late in April, 1931, and signed "Mrs. Elizabeth Ames, Executive Director," read:

"Several persons have asked me to consider your name for residence at Yaddo about which you undoubtedly know . . . If you are interested . . . may I hear from you soon?"

If you wish to know more about Yaddo from someone else I suggest that you confer with William Seagle, any of the Van Dorens, Paul Blanshard, Norman Thomas, and others."

Although I, apparently, should have heard of it, I had not.

Attached to the communication was a tiny leaflet, explaining that Yaddo was the country estate of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask, "open for residence to a limited number of creative workers from June to November. Guests live in the mansion and they have studios in which there is protection from intrusion and opportunity for sustained effort. This country home invites one also to the rest and recreation necessary for creative work."

The leaflet continued that to those who visited it "Yaddo means peace and beauty and romance as well as practical, direct living and a simple, unaffected home . . . Guests are chosen by committees of confidential advisers. The length of each person's visit is determined by special conditions. Some come for several weeks; some remain for most of the season. There is no living expense."

After my long private economic crisis, this seemed fantastic, too good to be true. I suspected the thing must be entangled in all manner of strings. I did not like the wording of the little leaflet. But I wrote to Irita Van Doren, Paul Blanshard, and Norman Thomas, whose names were familiar to me, and whose answers were very favorable.

I accepted the invitation and went to Yaddo on September first, staying two months.

A station-wagon met me at the Saratoga railroad depot and drove me past the famous race track, through a gate, to an estate of six hundred acres, part of which was farmland and the rest woods, lakes, little groves, vast lawns, and spacious sunken, rock, and pool gardens, profuse with exquisite flowers, beautifully arranged. Through the woods and around the little lakes, on which swans swam, wound macadam and dirt roads and narrow footpaths. The ground in the pine groves was carpeted with six inches of needles.

Approximately in the middle of the estate stood a great three-story Georgian mansion—The Mansion—somewhat of an architectural masterpiece of its kind.

Mrs. Ames—a charming woman in her earliest thirties, native of Minnesota, the widow of a young aviator who had gone to France immediately after they were married in 1917, to die there soon afterward—received me in a manner which was a subtle mingling of formality and informality, welcoming me to Yaddo, expressing her hope I would enjoy my stay and accomplish a good deal.

George, the chauffeur and houseman, hastened in with my bags and typewriter case. Mrs. Ames and I followed him . . . and, thinking of the words "simple, unaffected home" in the leaflet, I found myself in a vast, high-ceilinged hall, the central sitting room, or whatever one might call it, which would have added to Cecil DeMille's reputation for sumptuous interiors.

Near the entrance was a sunken, gently rustling water fountain of white marble. Then up two or three marble steps, and I stood on the edge of one of the largest and possibly most beautiful rugs I had ever seen, specially made long ago, and I am not sure where, but probably in Arabia or Persia, and worth thousands of dollars. At the other end of the long, wide room was an immense window opening on a terrace,

with a long view of a large lawn that sloped toward the Adirondacks. Along the walls stood various pieces of furniture and *objets d'art* including two little Swedish sleighs and a pair of thrones of elaborate workmanship. There was a big fireplace; around it, many chairs. On the walls hung numerous pictures, mostly

idyllic scenes and portraits, including one each of Spencer and Katrina Trask, both life-size or larger: he, in the garb of a genial country gentleman, leaning against a stone wall beneath a tree; she, in a soft Grecian costume, strolling happily through a sun-shot grove, bearing a cluster of long-stemmed roses. Floodlights burned over each of these portraits. Aside from the carpet, nothing in the

room was simple; everything was twisted, involved into a heavy, Victorian ornateness.

A door on the right near the entrance led into a small (small for Yaddo), book-lined reception room; close by the large window, a partly drawn drape offered a glimpse of the paneled, many-windowed dining-room, with its half-dozen tables and three or four china

and silverware cabinets. Opposite, a solemnly open door led into the chapel-like music room.

Mrs. Ames led me up, and we came to another large hall—the library and reading room, with many books and pictures and statues; stained-glass windows, tables, reading lamps and easy chairs; doors, corridors, passages, and little flights of stairs leading into various rooms and to other parts of the house.

I was shown to a large room on the top floor, which was simply furn-

ished with a desk and wastebasket and two chairs, a bed, a couch, and a dresser. There were eight windows close together in a semi-circle, offering a view of a good part of Yaddo and much of the State of New York. There were a small rug and an open fireplace.

After two years of tiny, one-window hall-bedrooms, I felt strange and out of place amid all this comfort. It took several days for the feeling to wear off. I met most of the other guests at tea time the first day. They were the novelists Evelyn Scott and her husband, John Metcalfe; the poets, Horace Gregory and his wife, Marya Zaturenska; Malcolm Cowley and Dr. Morris R. Cohen; the artists, Alexander Byer and Cikovsky; Mordecai Gorelik, the stage designer; and three or four others.

Finding it difficult to work those first few days because of the unusual surroundings, I walked about exploring the grounds, keeping largely to myself—for I suspected that in a setup of this sort one was apt to get drawn into all manner of situations, feuds, and emotional crosscurrents.

Not far from The Mansion were quarters for servants, of whom there were a dozen or more, including Ana, a superb cook from Bohemia who had formerly been in the service of an American minister to Prague. Nearby, too, in a grove by itself, was Mrs. Ames' modern cottage. A stone's throw further away, in another clump of trees, stood a larger dwelling—the summer home of the well-known philanthropist George Foster Pea-

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Tribute to Taxco

**It's a question which is more odious,
the arty tourist who wants to "get next
to the people," or a card like Arthur**

by HARRY SYLVESTER

• FICTION •

MR. and Mrs. J. Howard Bradlee were not disappointed in Mexico. Mrs. Bradlee found the Indians wonderful types and even did a few sketches of them in the roadside villages although her husband was in a hurry to reach Mexico City. None of the villages had liquor stores and Mr. Bradlee had found that he liked tequila very much. Mrs. Bradlee had expected that he would, just as Mr. Bradlee had expected that she would find the Indians were wonderful types. Both of them thought the United States was pretty bad, it was so bourgeois, and if they liked Mexico enough, they were going to take up residence there.

They had letters to people in Mexico City and it was very exciting there for a while what with tea at the Embassy on Wednesday and meeting the Ambassador and all. Mr. Bradlee was surprised that there was no liquor served at the Embassy tea, but he would have been content to stay in Mexico City indefinitely. Mrs. Bradlee, though, began to find most of the Americans there what she thought pretty obvious. They smiled or were arch for no reason at all when she told them how she thought the Mexicans were wonderful types and how she did so want to meet some of the pure Spanish types as well as the Indians and mixed bloods.

So she persuaded Mr. Bradlee to move on to Taxco where she had heard all the American artists went. Mr. Bradlee didn't want to go but Mrs. Bradlee was very persuasive and so they went to Taxco. Mrs. Bradlee knew she was going to like it from the minute she first saw its red-tile roofs on the mountainside as their car came around a bend in the road.

When they turned off the road onto the cobbled streets of the town, boys ran after their car and jumped on the running board, asking in bad English to show them around the town. Mrs. Bradlee let the oldest of the boys hang on the running board and he directed them through the narrow, winding streets to the Hotel de los Cierras. It didn't look very nice from the outside, being just a plain, white building, but inside it was all right, Mrs. Bradlee thought.

The hotel was built around a very small court, heavily planted with cactus, poinsettias and young banana and lime trees. A small fountain pulsed in the court and the dining tables were arranged around the outer edge. Mr. Bradlee went into the small bar of the hotel and Mrs. Bradlee talked to Mrs. Rogers, the Englishwoman who ran the hotel. Mrs. Bradlee was wondering where she could find some of the natives to pose for her.

"Well, they're very shy, you know, about

posing," Mrs. Rogers said; "but if you go to the market on Sunday or the Cathedral you'll see some of them quiet enough to sketch."

"The Cathedral?" Mrs. Bradlee said. "Why, I thought all the churches were closed?"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Rogers said. "They're all open here in Taxco."

"Then I'll be able to sketch one of the



padres in those lovely, big-brimmed hats," Mrs. Bradlee said.

Mrs. Rogers was visibly upset. "Well, you see," she said, "there is only one in town and he's out a lot, visiting the near-by villages that have no priests."

"Then why are all the churches open?" Mrs. Bradlee said. "It seems silly."

"You know, just for the sake of the tourists," Mrs. Rogers said in her best confidential manner.

"O-oh," said Mrs. Bradlee, feeling flattered that Mrs. Rogers did not think her a tourist.

Mrs. Rogers had to go then, for it was steadily getting darker in the court and the waiters had begun to set the tables. Mrs. Bradlee sat there, watching the waiters. She found the one nearest her very interesting. She discovered that he spoke English pretty well. He was young, ten years younger than Mrs. Bradlee, who was in her early thirties.

The waiter seemed to know just what to expect and just what to say. Mrs. Bradlee ordered a drink. A drink always made her feel gay and free. Her third drink was in

front of her when Mr. Bradlee came in from the bar, saying he thought it was about time they had dinner. By now, most of the tables had American tourists at them, most of the parties with Mexican guides in city clothes. The Bradlees had no guide. Mr. Bradlee had decided they didn't need one. By now Mrs. Bradlee was getting along famously with the waiter.

After the soup, Mr. Bradlee said: "You know, dear, I wish you wouldn't be so familiar with the waiter. People are looking."

"What do I care for people!" Mrs. Bradlee said without looking at Mr. Bradlee.

Mr. Bradlee bowed his head. Drinking had clouded his mind and he knew he couldn't possibly hope to answer his wife's *bon mot*. He knew his wife was clever, being an artist, and that he had really been lucky to marry her, since he was only a broker, when he did work.

Mrs. Bradlee had another drink with the main course, and when the waiter bent over to serve, she put her hand on his shoulder. More and more she thought of what a wonderful type he was.

It was quite late when the Bradlees finished dinner and there was almost no one at the tables. Mr. Bradlee was just conscious enough to see his wife get up and leave with the waiter, now grinning and in street clothes. It was too dark to sketch now, Mr. Bradlee thought, and he did wish Florence wouldn't go off with the waiter.

When Mrs. Rogers came over to the table, Mr. Bradlee was asleep with his head and arms on it. Mrs. Rogers sighed professionally but wasn't much upset. Now that the tourist season was starting, this would be more or less the regular thing. She signaled to two of the waiters to take Mr. Bradlee to his room.

II

Being at once a bad painter and possessed of a substantial income from a trust fund left by his untrusting father, Lawrence Stoddard became a free-lance photographer. The way he explained it, he had no use for the modernists, who were just bad artists unable to compete with the academicians. And the academicians were simply trying to compete with the camera, which was hopeless. The thing today was photography, Lawrence would tell anyone who would listen.

So Lawrence, after learning all about photography, closed up his little cottage in Carmel-by-the-Sea and bought an expensive convertible coupé, which he drove down alone into Mexico. In Monterrey he made a

lot of contacts with Americans, but in Valles he almost had his camera smashed when he tried to take pictures of the soldiers on guard and other things, the town being then under martial law.

Lawrence was very indignant about this and threatened in English to tell the consul in Monterrey, but the soldiers paid no attention to him and finally a man in civilian clothes took his arm and explained in pretty good English that, after all, if Lawrence was a Mexican and trying to get American tourists to come down to Mexico, he wouldn't want pictures of martial law in Valles to appear in American papers, especially the stains on the white walls near the square where two of the imported Leftists from Mexico City had slumped after Cedillo's men had shot at them during the meeting.

All the while he was talking, the man was leading Lawrence to a near-by hotel. "I want you to feel at home. This is my hotel," the man said. "Order anything you want. I lived in the States once myself, three years. What paper you work for, *San Antonio Express*?"

Lawrence explained that he was a freelance and didn't work for any paper, and the man lost interest appreciably. He kept giving Lawrence drinks of tequila and after a while Lawrence broke down and almost tearfully told the man how he had wanted to be a great painter. The man said that was too bad and that Lawrence ought to try a drink of mesquite. After that, Lawrence went to sleep with his head on the table and it was late afternoon when he woke. The man was gone and the waiter said there was no check.

It was dusk when Lawrence had driven the sixty-odd miles to Tamaunchale and when he stopped there for gas, he was told it was not advisable to drive on through the mountains because of the night fogs. Lawrence didn't say anything, then drove on. He thought it would be an adventure to drive through the mountains at night.

There was no fog for a while and he could see the wide, constantly winding road ahead of him. Then he began to notice that the valleys were filled with fog which seemed to descend from, though still touching the clouds overhead. In places the fog came over the road. This didn't bother Lawrence, though, and he began to drive faster. Why he did this, he could not have said, but it was no use, for the fog got lower and denser until the terror that had been gradually forming in Lawrence, choked suddenly in his throat and he stopped abruptly with the thick mountain fog throwing the light back into his eyes like a white wall.

For the first time he noticed that he was sweating. He switched the motor off and sat there, staring into the fog. He had not known it would be so cold and rolled up the windows tightly. Then he locked the car doors in a sort of reflex action. He thought he had better save his battery and unwillingly switched the brights off and the parking lights on, so that the fog and the silence came right up to the windows.

There was no doubt something to do in this sort of situation, Lawrence felt, but he could not think of it. He wished he had brought a gun with him. He felt under the seat for the seven hundred dollars in cash

he had there. Then he forgot about it; there were other things to think about. It was colder and there was no sound and Lawrence sat there shivering. He had sweaters and a topcoat in the rumble but he didn't think he'd better get out of the car. He switched the parking lights off, finally, deciding that would be safer. If another car came, he could switch them on.

No car came and Lawrence grew colder and hungry. In the silence he at last began to hear stealthy noises and his mouth went suddenly dry. He made sure the car doors were locked. The noises came closer very slowly. When Lawrence could stand it no longer, he simultaneously switched the brights on and started the engine, preparatory to a quick getaway. Outlined against the thick whiteness was a small burro. It bent its head after blinking into the lights and continued cropping the roadside grass. Lawrence turned off the lights and motor and slumped into the seat, sweating. A truck with fog lights came along but was out of sight before Lawrence could do anything. He saw it again, dimly, taking the next



MONOTYPES BY ERIC LUNDGREN

curve. No more trucks came and toward morning the fog began to lift, and Lawrence, coughing badly, drove on.

He reached Mexico City that afternoon with a bad cold and spent a week in bed at the Hotel Geneva. It was much colder in Mexico City than he had thought and when he did get out, he found that it looked a good deal like a cross between Brooklyn and Boston. The doctor thought Lawrence should go on to Taxco, where it was warmer and where he would have more interesting subjects for his art.

Lawrence wanted to go back to the States right away, but found that he could drive down to Acapulco from Taxco if he didn't want to stay there and get a boat from Acapulco to California and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

The sun in Taxco was so warm, though, and the steep, cobbled streets so quaint, that Lawrence liked it right away and the spirit of adventure filled him again for the first time in two weeks, and he knew he would take some great pictures. He wanted to get close to the people and after talking to Mrs.

Rogers at Los Cierras, he went to a small, native boarding house across the Plaza. Mrs. Rogers told him he would have to watch the water there and that it wasn't a good place to stay, but she couldn't fool Lawrence who knew she was just trying to get him to stay at her hotel.

At the Mexican place, they seemed rather surprised to have an American stay there. At dinner Lawrence asked in bad Spanish if the water were boiled and they said yes. The Mexicans didn't know what Lawrence was talking about but they had learned to say yes.

After dinner in the small, dark room with the wooden bar at one end of it, Lawrence sat back and prepared to get closer to the people. The Indians coming in were wonderful types, he thought. They were short, dark men in loose, white clothes and straw sombreros. Some of them had thin, Indian beards and mustaches and most of them carried little grass bags and short machetes with hooked ends. They drank the cheapest liquors out of very small glasses and looked sidewise at Lawrence. This was not one of the places they usually saw *nort americanos*.

Lawrence felt an outsider until one of the men who owned the place came and sat with him and they began to drink.

Everything became wonderful, then. Lawrence felt himself getting closer to the people all the time. Tomorrow he would take some wonderful pictures of them. One fellow interested him particularly, an Indian, better dressed than the others but more sullen. Lawrence asked the proprietor who the well-dressed Indian was and was told he was a silver-worker from the jungles near Acapulco.

One of the other Indians had a curious weapon, a knife blade on the end of a short, leather whip. Lawrence had watched men use blacksnake whips in Oklahoma and Texas as he drove down and had sent some wonderful pictures of them to *Life* and was waiting to hear from them now. He borrowed the knife whip from the Indian and began to try to snap it as he had seen the men do with blacksnake whips. The Indians avoided him patiently.

Pleased with himself and glowing, Lawrence went over to his table for another drink and asked the proprietor why the silver-working Indian was so sullen. The people from that man's place in the jungles were bad people, the proprietor said.

Lawrence felt that was a challenge to his own ingenuity and personality, although all he had been able to understand was *mal hombres*. He approached the silver-worker and, by gesture, asked him to have a drink. The Indian shook his head slightly and held up a half-filled glass. He turned away from Lawrence. Lawrence then tried to snap the knife whip and yelled: "Yippee!" as he had heard the cowboys do. The knife came close to the silver-worker, who turned and said something angrily in Spanish, which Lawrence could not understand.

That didn't stop Lawrence, though; he would get close to the people. He snapped the whip again, awkwardly, and the blade took a chip out of the wooden bar. Lawrence laughed out loud and put his arm around the Indian's shoulder. The Indian pushed him away.

"Yippee!" yelled Lawrence and snapped

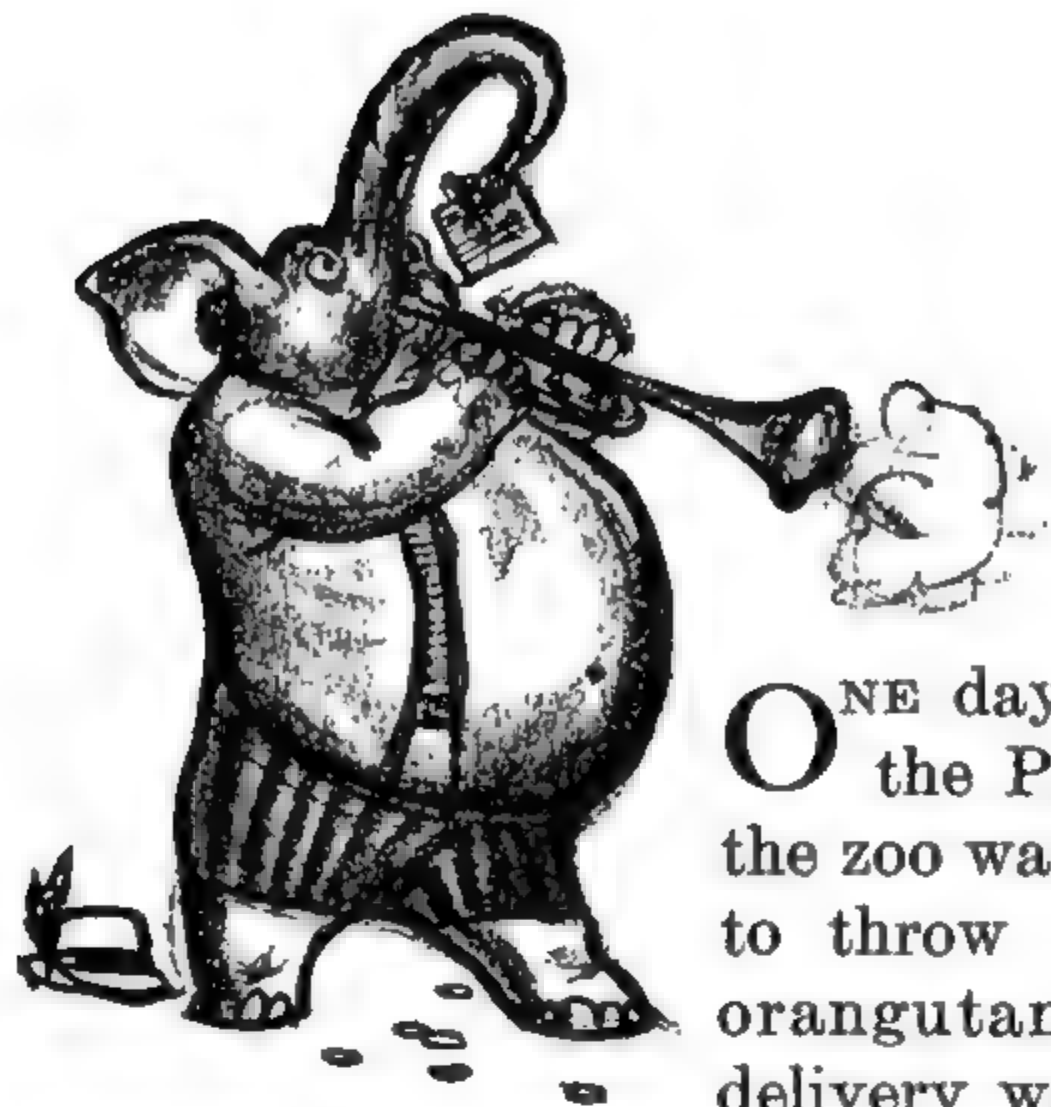
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Animals *Do* Think

No one ever taught Gunda, the elephant, how to hoodwink her keeper by robbing the cash box

by **PAUL W. KEARNEY**

• ARTICLE •



ONE day I stood idly in the Primate House at the zoo watching a man try to throw a peanut to an orangutan. The visitor's delivery was awkward and his aim very poor, and when the fourth successive peanut fell short of the orang's outstretched hand, the ape gave every evidence of deep disgust.

Relinquishing his grip on the bars, he rummaged around in the straw until he found an empty peanut shell. And then, with an easy, underhand toss, he pitched it directly into the man's hands.

"That's the way it's done," the animal seemed to say. And when my mind finally grasped the significance of an ape's teaching a human being a trick, I couldn't help chuckling at the many heated discussions I've heard on the theme of instinct versus reasoning in animal mentality.

I've seen bears at the zoo retrieve a piece of bread from the pool on a cold day without getting wet by the ingenious expedient of pawing the water until the swirling currents brought the food within grasp. I've seen an elephant snare a peanut beyond his reach by blowing a blast of air against the side wall so that the deflected draft carried the nut toward him. I even know of a grey parrot in a private home who, although he couldn't fly, repeatedly climbed up the forbidden window curtain over two feet away from his perch.

Nobody could figure out how he did it until the owner finally spied on him and discovered that the smart bird would flap his wings violently until the air current wafted the curtain within reach. Then he'd grab hold with his beak and climb right up.

If that isn't thinking out a problem, I don't know what is. But then I'm not a scientist and the dividing line between instinct and reason is often difficult to define.

Pursuing the question further, therefore, I paid a visit to a man who for thirty-five years has probably had closer contact with more different kinds of animals than any individual in the country: Dr. W. Reid Blair, Director of the New York Zoological Park. Aside from several thousand birds and reptiles, the Zoo normally houses from five hundred to six hundred different mammals ranging all the way from the two common house cats who live in the Bird House (and have been taught never to molest the birds!) to such rare

creatures as the okapi and the duck-billed platypus.

"Do animals ever think?" I asked the affable Dr. Blair.

"Yes," he answered, "I firmly believe that they very often do. We have seen evidences of it here, through the years, that are very convincing: we have had scientists here, like Professor Yerkes and Dr. Haggerty and Professor Garner and others who have subjected various animals to elaborate mental tests in which instinct could not seem to play much of a role.

"Such experiments are pretty conclusive. But before we get to them, let me tell you two stories that have become classics in Park lore: one about an orangutan and the other about an elephant.

"Passing through the Primate House one day I noticed that the swing in Dohong's cage was broken. The nut had sheared off the eye bolt, allowing the bar to hang loose at one end; so I instructed the keeper to call the blacksmith in to repair the bolt.

"A few minutes later on my way back through the house I noticed that the orang was swinging merrily on the bar. Realizing that the blacksmith couldn't have gotten there and finished the job so soon, I was puzzled enough to investigate and I waited to see what could be seen.

"The simple explanation is that Dohong had figured out that if he held the bar with a sort of quarter-turn, it would not slip off the eye bolt, so that is the way he would grasp it. However, the bolt fitted so snugly into the hole that it was not easy to force it through. But the ape also figured out that when he moistened the bolt with saliva, the lubrication simplified matters.

"Those two things in themselves show a pretty fine brand of native intelligence, but they are only part of the story. Dohong knew from experience that visitors like a show, and this new situation gave him an idea. Gathering up all the straw in the cage, he made a large, soft bed of it at the proper spot on the floor: then he would climb up, repair the bar and begin to swing back and forth until his activity had attracted a goodly number of amused spectators.

"When the audience was big enough to suit him, Dohong, with the showmanship inherent in the apes, would relax his twist on the bar; it would slip off the bolt, and down he would come with a thump in the pile of prepared straw with every evidence of stunned surprise which made the public deception complete in every respect."

Naturally, as Dr. Blair explained in more formal terms, the act was a wow with the crowd and Dohong would repeat it fifty times a day if there was a "good house" as they say in show business. In fact, he got so much fun out of it that the director decided not to repair the swing—that is, not until the ape presently discovered for himself Archimedes' principle of the lever and began to pry everything loose that was fastened inside the cage!

Pretty keen reasoning, from beginning to end, for nobody showed that orangutan how to hold the bar securely, how to lubricate it, how to kid the public with the fake tumble, or how to pry out the brackets on the wall.

By the same token, nobody taught Gunda, the elephant, how to hoodwink her keeper into giving her unearned tidbits:

she doped it all out herself.

It came about because the keeper thought it would be fun to teach Gunda to take pennies from visitors and put them in a cash box at the upper part of the cage. He rigged up a box with a bell in it which would ring whenever Gunda dropped a coin in—and whenever the bell rang, the elephant got some choice tidbit for a reward.

Gunda learned the trick in less than a day's tutelage, and hundreds if not thousands of children have got a great kick out of seeing the mammoth creature take a penny in its trunk, wave it gracefully aloft and drop it into the cash box. Gunda also learned very quickly, however, that when business was slack, she could slip her trunk quietly into the box, suck out a penny and then drop it in again so the bell rang for the reward.

Discovering this deception eventually, the keeper thwarted it by lining the bottom of the box with staples between which the pennies would fall beyond the suction power of the beast's trunk.

With the philosophic mein which distinguishes all elephants, Gunda accepted this setback with good grace and settled down to a decent, clean life again. Or so they thought for many months until one fine day the bell in the cash box tinkled and the keeper appeared somewhat more promptly than usual, with a favored morsel. To his astonishment, there wasn't hide nor hair of a single visitor in the Elephant

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“That new man is fast—but how thorough, remains to be seen”

Marriages Are Made in Reverse

The worst brutes win devoted slaves while considerate guys have to endure wifely "nerves"

by BASIL MARLOWE

• SATIRE •

I AM scared of him, so I don't dare use his name. He really is tough. The C.I.O. tried to shove him around. He had it coming. A more heartless bully of his employees, a more detestable exploiter of labor, a more never-to-be-adequately-damned head of a business I have never seen. It took him just one session to tell the C.I.O. men where to head in, and there were no pansies in that pack. They tried to take care of him from the outside, but the coppers handled that for him. They ran the C.I.O. out of town. The coppers were more scared of him than they were of any of the C.I.O. shock-troopers. He was just so naturally, diabolically mean that everybody in town yes-sired him in loud voices.

All except one.

That one has him yessing her every time she looks at him. She is his wife.

Before I was sent out to cover the story that was thought to be bubbling up when the C.I.O. announced it was going to make a drive on his plant, I'd heard, even in our big city, about how hard this man was. I expected to have some trouble getting him to talk if I had luck enough to get to him. But he got soft when I gave him a line about American employers looking to him for leadership in the current crisis of labor relations. He told me to come right over to his office.

"I want no interruptions," he told his secretary, as I sat down and took out some copy paper for my notes on the interview.

There wasn't any sparring around by him. He started in: "Long ago I decided..."

Then the telephone rang. He grunted, but picked up the receiver. Then his face puckered up in a stage smile and he forgot me.

"Yes, dear... Why of course, pet... Certainly... yes, dear... you're perfectly right... surely, dear... oh, absolutely."

While that was going on he was nodding enthusiastically in assent.

It wasn't until he had yessed for a couple of minutes that he ventured to interject an independent thought.

"But I have a reporter from out of town in my office on a rather important matter about the plant help." He got that far and she gave him his orders.

"Why, immediately dear! Are you all right, dear? Good-bye, pet, I'll come right home." He hung up the receiver gently and immediately resumed his brusque manner. Springing up and grabbing his hat and coat, he said to me, "Come along and ride out to

my house." Then, slightly condescending, he explained. "My wife's sister has been visiting us and she wants to drive back before it gets dark. I must go home and say 'good-bye' to her."

He'd heard from the boss.

When I got out to his house it all became clear to me. His wife was a size 48-buster, with a jaw like Alcatraz, and built altogether on the order of an old-time country banker's brick four-seater. She was the Law. Around her the downtown toughie virtually crawled on his navel like he was trying to take a trench in broad daylight. In a pinch she could have slugged him unconscious, but he didn't let himself get into any pinches. Once when he didn't jump promptly through the flaming hoop she whined a little bit and he apologized all over the place. When he didn't open the car door for her sister, the wife pouted and he fell all over himself helping sister to a happy landing.

Nothing in the sorry scheme of things entire is more ridiculous than a fat woman whining or pouting, but it seems to be by this essentially comic assumption of martyrdom that fat spouses keep husbands—when they do keep them. That robber baron's wife was simply begging, by all of nature's obvious laws, to be marcelled by a ballbat. After ten minutes around that home only pity for the unfortunate husband could keep a male stranger under the same roof as that bossy slob of a woman. In ten minutes she cutely asked me, "Want a itty bit dwinkie? Newspaper men always are awful, awful bad thirsty mans." From the heart out I said, "I sure as hell do."

I cite that example of a wife because she is typical of the spouses that destiny unites to so many of the hard-boiled public characters, unfortunately not to the murdering class of brutes but to those in the bully category. The sadists and icy-blooded professional murderers almost invariably have the best luck of any men in matrimony. The most successful brutes—that is, those who do not answer in court for their offenses—have in their domestic menages wives who are considerably above the average in looks. These beauteous creatures are adoring bitches whose most prized jewels are the new bridge-work their husbands have bought them in replacing some natural dental equipment slapped out of their faces by their lords and masters.

Homes of the male savages are very pleasant places for the confirmed bachelor to visit. The cooking is excellent. The drinks are served

speedily, frequently and in excellent choice. There is none of that air of tense embarrassment that handicaps an expression of true hospitality in those hypocritical homes when a spoiled wife is apt to vent an annoying bit of temperament. Women, of course, are naturally meaner than men. Their security in a society of alleged civilization is predicated on subjecting a male to wiles instead of permitting a determination of supremacy by an honest show-down of intelligence and physique.

Maintenance of this artificial status inevitably develops what women exhibit as "nerves." Virtually without exception, you will observe that women who have these attacks of "nerves" and pop-off in outbursts of pique and irrational demands are women who are getting far better material and social treatment than they deserve or have any legitimate right to expect. Provided with a beautiful home that is well-staffed by servants, amply supplied with money a husband pours out like a slot machine with the jackpot bars showing, and with a husband so considerate, so humble and generally so frightened that his every word is an amen, a woman might be expected to express satisfaction with her good fortune. But are such expressions forthcoming? Name one! The more the husband gives them, the more exacting the wives become.

Those "nerves" are the silliest of pretenses for keeping husbands in a cowardly bondage. Generally the "nerves" are advertised by the wives as the penalty of a normal biological partnership. There is more than a suspicion that medical specialists in the female trade have petted this tradition of inevitable derangement of female balance because such "nerves" mean that the doctor is certain of a steady income. The services of the specialist visited by the wife whose husband is tenderly and thoroughly considerate and who is insistent that she have the most expensive medical attention, quite consistently are services that will encourage the afflicted poor dear in the continuance of her temperamental

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"or forever after hold your peace!"



The Awakening

Heavenly Enterprise

by ABNER DEAN



Amatory Indigestion



Prophetic Warning



A Meeting of Minds



Adventure Out of Season



"I'm getting married right after work and haven't time to change clothes"

The Sky's the Limit

**You may as well face the fact
that people are going to drop
in, warm and dying for a drink**

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

WHEN summer is "icumen in" the harassed commuter smiles and begins to expand with the thermometer and the growing radish. From the blue cornflower in his buttonhole to the tan on his brow, he advertises to the world that now have passed the days of the city slicker and the reign of the landed gentry has begun. No longer is he forced to stay in town when he is amusement-bent, for now the broad fields smile and the blue sky is the limit. Life rotates around the carefree week end.

The country gentleman begins to know again he has a good thing because so many of his city friends have joined him and are settling on a pied-à-terre. And those who haven't found a flowering rooftop for the summer months are more than willing to drop in for a protracted visit. Whether he likes it or not (and he usually does), the country gentleman finds himself in the role of a perpetual host. Friends seem to spring up as ready and smiling as dandelions after a rain. So—he might as well be prepared.

Most country places have found out, ere this, that the proportions a country party take, necessitate the sky for the covering. And too, there is something exhilarating in the business of eating and drinking in the open, traceable, perhaps, to the racial history of man who once roamed the earth and dined in the pleasantest spot he could find. The most necessary asset for the country host is imagination. The next, according to this correspondent, is a cellar; the third is a fireplace in the open. Around this outside hearth, most of the summer's merriment will center. This fireplace may range all the way from something your son can build, to an expert job that can be constructed by some local workmen. But if you are at all ingenious, can change a tire or weed the garden, you are capable of building a practical outdoor fireplace. You may construct one with a series of bricks on a hollow square, about two feet by eighteen inches high; leave the front open, of course. Or you may bring up some of the larger stones from your field or dividing wall and make a more solid structure. If you cement this, it will last much longer and be much more satisfactory while you are cooking.

The next step is to go to your local blacksmith and have him run up on his forge any of the grills and spits you may need. Or, if more convenient, you can go to one of those supply stores that exist in all cities (ask the chef of a hotel where to find it), and procure a grill that will hold a good steak and be heavy enough to withstand intense heat. You can get a satisfactory grill for two dollars and up. If you go in for some of the fancier culinary tricks, you can also secure some spits. As a matter of fact, nearly any country

house that is of the reconditioned Colonial category will probably have enough things around the cellar or attic to supply all your needs.

The best way of cooking out-of-doors is over charcoal. Nowadays nearly every grocer carries charcoal. It is much easier, gives a more intense heat and does not give off the annoying smoke that comes from a wood fire. First, start a fire with twigs or dry kindling, then put on your charcoal. When you have an even bed of live coals, you are ready to cook. It is advisable to start the fire at least thirty to forty-five minutes before you want to use it, to get the best results.

About now is time to pause and state that the priceless ingredient of an outdoor party has not been mentioned. All such activities invariably call for a great amount of kibitzing and back-seat driving. This may be largely avoided by the preparation of an adequate ice-breaker, in the way of punch or community mint julep.

The community mint julep is a life-saver for country hosts. It avoids the tedious duplication of making separate drinks, possible in its finest flower only on the plantations where the servants are plentiful. It also gives every one an equal start.

The directions are simple but nevertheless, to be good, it should be made with care.

Take your punch bowl and place it on a table under a tree. Next fill it half full of chipped or shaved ice. Now in a separate crock place about fifty fresh mint sprigs. Pour over these a glass of water, a glass full of rum, one-fourth pound of powdered sugar and then macerate the leaves thoroughly. When infused, pour this through a cocktail strainer, over the chipped ice. Do not permit any of the stems or mash to seep through. Next pour on two bottles of best Bourbon. Now place straws around the edge of the bowl, the sort that will last a few moments. Use as many straws as you have guests. At a given signal, tell them to heave to. The results will be surprising and gratifying. A second and third bowl may be readied as necessary, having the ingredients handy.

Impatience, real or of a mock sort, is always one of the factors of an outdoor party. To offset this, have some suitable canapés handy. They should follow the season and if possible, be indigenous to the soil of the

locality. Young scallions are excellent, also radishes out of the garden, left with their tops on. Young carrots, scraped and cut into slivers or the little flowers of cauliflower are also indicated for country canapés. In some sections you may obtain the little red or yellow tomatoes, about the size of a walnut. These are excellent. When used, you should have a dish of mayonnaise and salt on the table, so that the canapés may be dipped at will.

For juvenile parties the national edible, the lowly hot dog, is satisfactory. To get the best results, use a skinless frankfurter. Any hot dog will be improved if you parboil it before roasting, but if it has a skin do not let it burst. Hot dogs may be roasted over the fire on the sharpened end of twigs or all together in the grill.

Next easiest in preparation but away up on the scale of culinary delight, is the spring chicken. Have the butcher halve the chicken. Your first task is to cover it generously with butter and then place it in the grill. Turn at regular intervals, baste with melted butter, toast over the charcoal until brown and serve piping hot. Potatoes roasted in the coals, or potato chips, or potato salad are all excellent to serve with the chicken. (Paper plates are recommended as these may be thrown into the fire after the repast.)

The easiest and most satisfactory outdoor dish I know of, is the salt beef-steak affair. This tasty morsel is the result of the efforts of Tony Balcom, the well-known tin caricaturist, at whose famed Apple Blossom Festivals I have enjoyed it many times. Get from your butcher the best cut of sirloin and have it cut from two and one-half to three inches thick. Cover this with white pepper. Next place the salt bag or any piece of white cloth on the broiling grill. Mix coarse salt with water until it forms a paste.

Cover the steak on all sides to the thickness of an inch with this salt paste. Now cover the top side with another salt bag or cloth. Close the grill, and put over the fire. (The salt is to hold in the juices, it does not salt the meat.) You have to experiment to learn just how long to cook this steak. It depends on the thickness of your steak and the state of your charcoal fire. Usually fifteen to twenty minutes a side is sufficient. When the steak is considered done, open the grill and knock off the



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The Eternal Organizer

The union members carried him from cloud to cloud, and it might have been fun—without the Management

by JOHN HENRY REESE

■ SATIRE ■

PEOPLE used to say that Pitcher's greatest assets were (1) his sincerity, (2) the fact that he could swear in five languages, and (3) the inspiring way he had of shaking his hairy fist at certain critical moments. Pitcher started as a lathe operator, and joined the Machinists' Union. In so doing, he sealed his own fate for all time. He was a natural-born organizer, and before long the International put him on the payroll as such.

He had never read Marx, Engels or even William Jennings Bryan. He simply believed in unions.

For years he had only the vaguest notion of who William Green and John L. Lewis were. Then came the Tampa convention, to which Pitcher went because it was warm in Tampa. Pitcher had never paid much attention to the stratified hierarchy over him, so long as they provided him with credentials and let him go sociably but firmly among the working people from which he sprang. At that convention, Pitcher got the idea that something was wrong. The more he listened the more confused he became, for Pitcher was more of a missionary than a parliamentarian. He sat on no committees and had only the newspapers to keep him informed.

Pitcher was a natural-born rank-and-filer, elevated to an organizer's papers by his sincerity, his languages, and his hairy fist.

Once a big, burly fellow stopped him to borrow a match, and Pitcher said to him, in a troubled voice, "Brother, I don't like the way things are going."

The man didn't either.

The man was John L. Lewis. Shortly after this, Pitcher found himself affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization. He was not sure what it was, but it seemed to have a fight on its hands, and Pitcher was born to fight other people's battles. His old friends in the Machinists exorcised him, with full ritual. Pitcher was cut to the quick. His salary was also stopped. He went to John L. Lewis and insisted that he be given credentials and a job to do.

At that very moment, Lewis was reading a letter from a certain worker in a certain plant in a certain industry. The writer begged for a live-wire organizer, one capable of correcting the God-awfullest industrial situation then extant. It was so bad John L. Lewis, even,



was afraid of it. The writer, by his own admission, was the only man in the plant who believed in unions. Half the employees were related to various officers in the company, and the superintendent's brother was chief of police.

Lewis handed the letter to Pitcher. Pitcher read it, picked up his hat, and took his departure. Lewis, looking after him, smiled grimly.

"Poor fellow!"

Two weeks later, Pitcher sent in 3,851 paid applications, with a request for a charter. He apologized because there were three employees who had refused to make application for membership, but said that two of them might still come around. Before they could get his charter printed, the newly-militant workers had sat down in the plant, been attacked with tear-gas, photographed by Pathe, Paramount and Fox (most of the pictures showed them reaching through the windows to take their lunch pails), and had signed a closed-shop contract. It called for a twenty per cent increase in pay. One of the newsreels, however, disclosed Pitcher standing on a fire hydrant, shaking his hairy fist and swearing at a Hungarian policeman in Hungarian.

Pitcher was a made man. It was that industry's first union.

Lewis called. Pitcher became a trouble-shooter. He carried the load of the rank-and-file, and had a hard time remembering to say "Brother" instead of "Mister" Lewis. He became more sincere, more fluent, and hairier of fist as the time passed. He jumped from oil to autos to ladies' garments to canneries to mines to autos to longshoremen to aircraft to lumber mills, and, fairly often, back to autos.

He never forgave them for calling him a Red.

He never read newspaper accounts about himself. He was always too busy. Whenever things got too tough, there came the plea, "Send Pitcher." Whenever the Committee itself was stumped, somebody was sure to end the discussion with, "I know. Send Pitcher!" He never knew how many applications for membership he had personally indorsed. He had so much to do that he never was able to take pride in that frantic plea, "Pitcher! Send us Pitcher!" It would have done him good to have known that his home-town paper

mentioned that in the coming Congressional race, Pitcher was the man to watch. But he was too busy . . .

II

One night Pitcher went to sleep in Detroit. He awoke in the morning in a strange place. He was so accustomed to that circumstance, however, that until he saw the solicitous angel hovering over him, he did not realize where he was. Then it came over him. He was in Heaven.

Pitcher was dead.

The angel happened to be a girl he had known on earth. She had been a lowly garment-worker until Pitcher and TB interfered. She was no longer lowly, after Pitcher; and no longer a garment-worker after TB. The Old Organizer with the Scythe signed her up.

Pitcher was nonplussed.

"Take it easy," Cecelia (that was the ex-garment-worker's name) said. "The strangeness will soon wear off. You'll get used to it."

"My workers!" Pitcher moaned. "I've got a mass meeting today. I'm supposed to address a crowd of—of—I think they make carburetors or radios. What'll they think of me in these fool wings?"

"They have already been informed of your change of status," Cecelia said gently. "They are all in mourning, and have vowed to carry on more militantly than ever, in your memory. Incidentally, though, it doesn't matter. We don't take much stock in such things here. It won't take you very long to find out how unimportant these earthly crises really are, after all. It's all in getting used to it. And you'll like the wings. They make you more—buoyant."

Pitcher lay back. He looked up at Cecelia.

He remembered her as being a fairly attractive girl; but the TB had kept him at a distance.

"We missed you, Sister," he said sincerely. "The old committee didn't have the spark after you—passed on. But I suppose you're busy here, carrying the torch. You were a good, hard worker."

Cecelia shook her head.

"That sounds funny," she said with a delightful chuckle and an alluring flirt of her wings. "Imagine a union here!"

"What!" Pitcher exclaimed. "Do you mean to say there are no unions here? What kind of a place is this?"

The girl smiled.

"Not one. I haven't attended a meeting, heard a strike-threat, read a leaflet or voted on a contract-clause since I've been here."

"But why? What's come over you?" Pitcher said. "Frankly, I can't believe this of you, Cecelia. You were one of my most militant members. You were on the executive committee! Didn't I sit in on a few red-hot conferences with the employer with you? Didn't you heave a brick through that squad-car's windshield? Why, I thought you were union for life!"

"I was!" Cecelia sighed, with a reminiscent blush and a sudden gleam in her eye, "but not for death. All that ceases, Brother Pitcher, when you enter these gates. It simply becomes nonessential. Like a union of organizers. You know. There simply isn't any demand for organization here. None whatever."

"What," Pitcher begged, "do you do about your grievances?"

"We have none."

"No grievances? Cecelia! I'm sure you must have—. Do you mean to say there is no discrimination, even?"

"Oh, discrimination—."

The angel flushed darkly and shrugged her shoulders. The little wings whipped.

"Of course there are varying gradations—angels, first-class, and angels, second-class. Like seamen, you know. Then there are archangels—sort of straw bosses. And at the top, the saints. And Pitcher, they can't make me believe those promotions are all on the up-and-up! Merit! Bah! Why that old angel—but you wouldn't know her. She comes from Louisville, Nebraska, and she used to know one of the archangels—. But never mind. It doesn't matter."

Pitcher leaped to his feet.

"But it does matter!"

She shook her head.

"Let's get busy," he pleaded. "We'll form a committee. Where can we borrow a mimeograph? Where can we hold a meeting? There ought to be a vacant cloud to be had cheap. Just any place where we could squeeze in the workers—I mean the angels. Where do we go to get a permit for the meeting?"

"Do you suppose?" he went on, a note of hope in his voice, "there is any chance they'll refuse us a permit? They did that in Akron. And did those workers go wild! Can you get a couple more angels to serve on the committee? I'll see that they're protected. If anything happens to them, we'll beef to the labor board—." He stopped suddenly. There was no labor board!

Cecelia shook her head again; but he could see that she was taking fire.

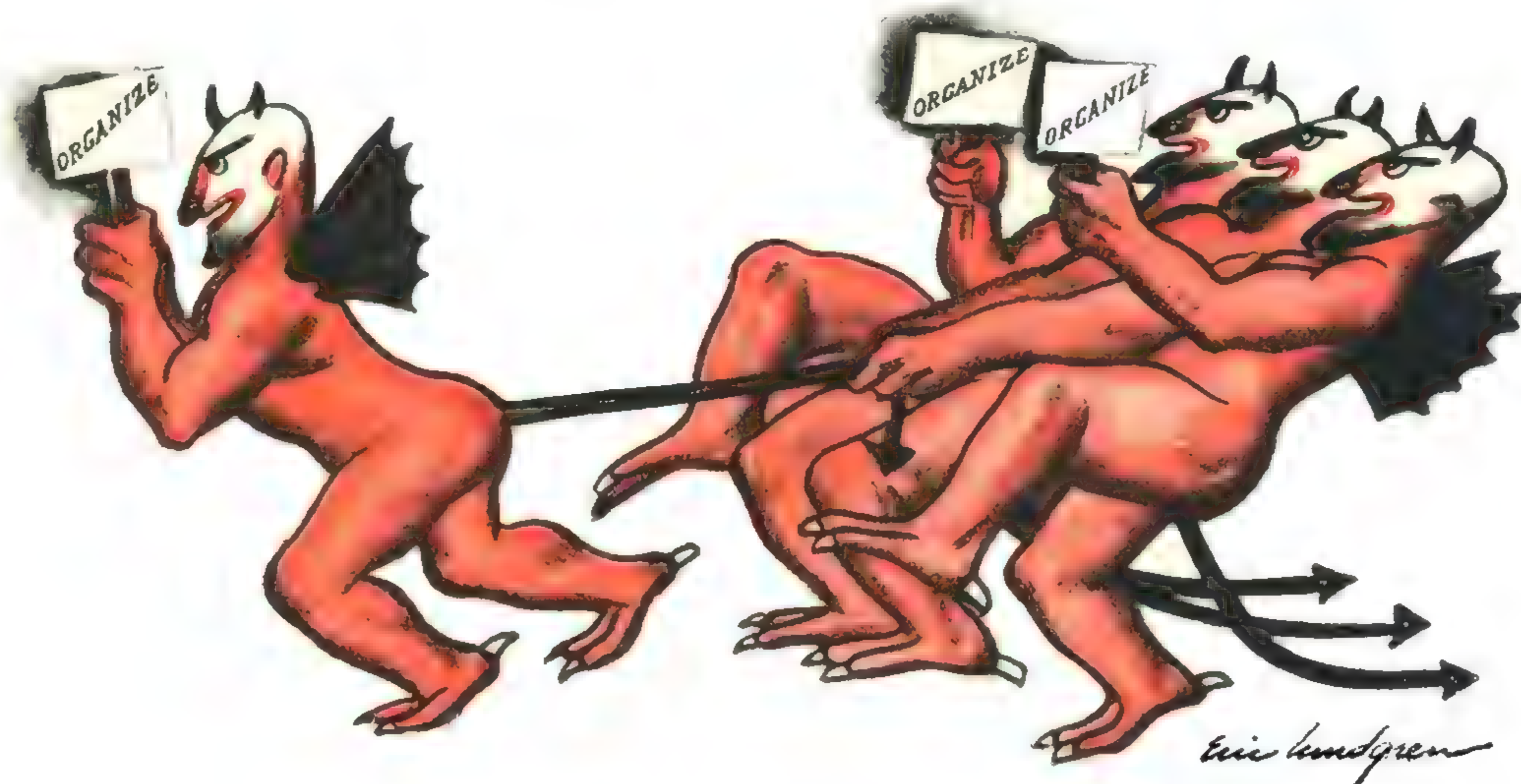
"Now, Brother Pitcher, you must get these ideas out of your head. This is one place you can't organize. There's never been a union here, and as far as I know, you're the first organizer that ever got through the gates."

"Do you mean to say," Pitcher exclaimed joyfully, "that they are sworn to the open shop here? Say! Once in—."

"No, they're not open shop. They're not anything. We just—go along—. And now that you mention it—. Say, I wonder why there aren't any organizers here? Do you suppose they are kept out? I'll bet old What's-her-name—the one I told you about—had a hand in that! She helps make up the promotion lists now, too. I knew there was something fishy! Oh, Pitcher, I'm glad you're here! What we've been going through! Wait—I'll get a couple of angels I know—."

III

Within two weeks—celestial, not earthly, weeks—Pitcher had heaven organized almost one hundred per cent. The only outsiders



were a few of the longer-established saints, a few scabby archangels, and two ordinary angels that had been expelled from the union for espionage, with full ritual. At the first general meeting, Pitcher had some difficulty in controlling a radical element which wanted irresponsibly to call a strike. Pitcher would not have been so much opposed to it had there been any way of striking. But nobody had any duties. Further, Pitcher was afraid that if they called a strike without making an attempt to achieve a peaceable settlement, they might be accused of communism again.

Since there was no parent body to which he could apply for a charter, he formed United Brotherhood of Redeemed Workers, Local No. 1, and let it go at that.

"It seems dreadfully irregular," Cecelia said doubtfully. She had been better informed on some phases of the labor movement than

Pitcher. "We ought to have some affiliation."

"I know. But it's all we can do. There are times," Pitcher said, "when an organizer has to establish a precedent. You're looking well today, Cecelia. More color in your cheeks, more sparkle in your eyes."

"Brother Pitcher," Cecelia said primly, "I must ask you to leave out the personalities. My future is dedicated to the workers—I mean the angels."

Pitcher sighed. He had often noted that astringent tendency in new zealots.

Their Negotiations Committee served notice, and at the expiration of the appointed timelessness, waited on the Management. The Management signed without demurrer. There were no wage, hours, demotion and promotion or union label clauses; but collective bargaining in its purest form was established. The members went wild with elation, and carried Pitcher from cloud to cloud on their shoulders. It was a lot like the Fort Wayne affair. Had it occurred on earth, a celebrative barbecue would have been in order. However, much of the fun went out of it for Pitcher when he saw that the Management, too, was taking part in the celebration as though They had as much fun out of it as anybody.

And Pitcher, in the succeeding events, felt the old, old restlessness gripping him. It was all over, and it had been too easy anyway. Not the usual Pitcher thing, by any means! Cecelia did what she could to comfort him, but Pitcher dropped on the stairs and would not be restored to vivacity.

"Don't take it so badly!" Cecelia coaxed. "After all, you've organized Heaven! You've given collective bargaining the stamp of Divine approval. Why, it will be in the Bible and everything! They're preparing a new Revelation about it. It will be released almost any time. Think of that, Pitcher! I'd think you'd be

the proudest angel in Heaven."

"I suppose I should be," Pitcher said without enthusiasm. "But it's the bunk to be sitting around this way. And I don't care what you say, I don't go for these wings! They get in my way. When I needed them down on earth—as in that riot in 'Frisco—I couldn't have them, and now they're grafted on me whether I like it or not. I wish we'd thought to put that in the contract."

"Cheer up," Cecelia urged, sitting down beside him. "I've been neglecting you, I guess. I'm supposed to take care of you, you know, until you get acclimated. I must have let this organizational drive occupy me too much—. You'll like it here, once the strangeness wears off."

"Not me!" Pitcher said morosely. "I've had an active life, and I can't degenerate into one of these harp-thrumming dilettantes."

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

It follows naturally, a critic
who likes, likewise dislikes an
unlikely likeness of his like

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

THIS week marks another milestone in my life. I have just received from my clipping bureau the sixth thousandth cutting proclaiming that I don't like *anything*. It has been going on for years now. Just how the idea started I do not know, but it enjoys such a fecund vogue that I conclude there must either be a lamentably enormous number of people who don't read what I write or that many who do are sufferers from malignant myopia somewhat complicated with a proclivity for reading upside down.

It is true that, when it comes to plays and players, I sometimes do not like what other critics like. But also sometimes I like what they do not like. When the former happens, the I-don't-like-anything grouse gets going at me in a big way. And when the latter happens, it seems it is just a sign that I am arbitrarily contrary. It is all pretty hard to figure out.

Let's take stock of me this past theatrical season in the matter of new plays. My critical records disclose the following statistics:

I liked *Katie Roche*, which no other critic liked.

I liked *Amphitryon 38*, which only some of the other critics liked.

I liked *I'd Rather Be Right*, which most of the critics didn't overly care for.

I liked *Father Malachy's Miracle*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *Of Mice and Men*, which all except one of the other critics liked.

I liked *Hooray For What!*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *Three Waltzes*, which most of the critics didn't like.

I liked *The Shoemakers' Holiday*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *One Third of a Nation*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *Shadow and Substance*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *On Borrowed Time*, which all the other critics liked.

I liked *Pins and Needles*, which all the other critics liked.

Let's go on to the things I liked in part:

I liked some of *Golden Boy*, which a number of the critics liked in its entirety and some, like myself, only in a measure.

I liked some of the Mercury Theatre's *Julius Caesar*, which many of the critics liked in its entirety.

I liked some of *Time and the Conways*, which all save one of the other critics didn't like at all.

I liked parts of *Our Town*, which many of the other critics liked in toto.



I liked some of *Once Is Enough*, which most of the other critics sniffed at.

I liked some of *Murder in the Cathedral*, which most of the other critics embraced more generally.

I liked some of *Wine of Choice*, which was all that the other critics liked.

I liked three sketches in *Who's Who*, which equaled the record of the other critics.

Let's proceed to the principal players. Like all the critics, I liked the following:

F. J. McCormick, Gertrude Lawrence, Alfred Lunt, Frances Farmer, Morris Carnovsky, George M. Cohan, Ernest Cossart, Al Shean, Ethel Barrymore, Dudley Digges, Wallace Ford, Broderick Crawford, Ina Claire, Ed Wynn, Butterfly McQueen, Leo G. Carroll, Kitty Carlisle, Alan Bunce, Joseph Buloff, Hiram Sherman, Stephen Courtleigh, Jessica Tandy, Arthur Byron, Frederick Leister, Cedric Hardwicke, Julie Haydon, Sara Allgood, Peter Holden, Martha Scott, Frank Craven, Leslie Banks, Jane Wyatt, Sylvia Weld, Rags Raglund, Al Gordon's dogs, and some dozen or so others.

I didn't like the following, whom any number of the other critics also disliked:

Elissa Landi, Vincent Price, Derrick de Marney, Tallulah Bankhead, Guido Nadzo, Conway Tearle, Constance Cummings, Ruth Gordon, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Sybil Thorndike, Will Geer, Mary Morris, Charles Waldron, Glenn Hunter, Laura Hope Crews, Sam Jaffe, Van Heflin, Luella Gear, Katherine Emery, Shepperd Strudwick, Robert Keith, Myron McCormick, Edith Barrett, Nauntun Wayne, Roland Young, Louis Calhern, Nan Sunderland, and a dozen or so others.

As for the plays held over from the previous season:

I liked *You Can't Take It With You*, which

all the other critics liked.

I liked *Yes, My Darling Daughter* ditto.

I liked Maurice Evans' *Richard II*, ditto.

I liked *Having a Wonderful Time*, ditto.

I liked much of *Tobacco Road*, which many of the other critics did not.

I liked some parts of *The Women*, along with other of the critics.

I liked some of *Room Service*, which the other critics liked all of.

Surely, all this, it seems to me, fails to indicate that I do not like anything.

Yet there must be something that has generated so wide a belief that I am inordinately difficult to please. What, we may wonder, is it? It is, I imagine, this: Whereas the critics on the daily newspapers and some of the periodicals are in the habit of reviewing a play in terms of the immediate theatrical moment, that is, in terms of today, it is my habit to review it rather in combined terms of yesterday, today and, more especially, tomorrow. What I try to do is to estimate it according to the best past standards in its particular category and further to estimate its possible residuum of quality after its momentary effect, sometimes so easy and dubious, has passed off. In other words, to consider it after the boozy effect of the drink on the house has gone and, upon regaining equilibrium, to speculate just what was in the Mickey Finn.

Any such critical procedure naturally arouses the distrust and disdain of many fowl. Inasmuch as most of them view the theatre merely as a casual diversion and have no more interest in its artistic position, health, growth and pride than they have in the food with which they stuff their bellies or the liquor with which they try to forget and apologize for it, they resent any critic who has such an interest, just as they resent any interference with any other stupidity which adds to their personal complacency. If they see a second-rate play that entertains them, they do not wish a critic to tell them that if it had been a first-rate one it would have entertained them doubly. And if, because of their admiration for the second-rate, they do not know a fine play when they see one and are told that it nevertheless is a fine play, they are naturally insulted. The dislike of critics is thus based upon the aggrieved if unperceived inferiority of the people who read them. Tell the profoundest musical ignoramus that he knows nothing about music, and, though he appreciates that you are right, he will nevertheless abominate you for derogating him. Tell someone who had a

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ANN SHERIDAN
Hurrell Photograph



PATRICIA WILDER
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

**Wanted: a new plot formula that
will keep our hero and heroine
out of the bedroom for six reels**

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

LENIN IN OCTOBER: Honored Artist of the Republic Schukin portrays Lenin with a warmth, humor, and beauty only equaled by Paul Muni as Pasteur. The first part of the film, especially, breaks away from the Hollywood-of-Moscow formula evidenced in such dull propaganda films as *The Ski Battalion*. There are scenes in which Schukin so completely recreates the Lenin personality that one believes these bits must be cut-in from newsreels. This is the kind of film America might make about Lincoln.

TEST PILOT: Opens with vibrating silver and black close-up of a take-off, and continues to unveil the most pictorially and dramatically perfect series of flight episodes so far produced. The montage of the cross-country flight, the power-dive test, and the Cleveland race are memorable. Still, I suppose, they'll be considered things of minor daring alongside the fact that Clark Gable is shown crying.

GO ALONG TO SEE

BATTLE OF BROADWAY: Legionnaire humor rendered with zest by Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen. Riotous finale in which the dizzy lovers are married in a madhouse by a judge in a sweatbox.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE: Cooper spans Colbert. They both work hard at it.

DIVORCE OF LADY X: Sly dirt from the British. Surprising, what they know about sex. Laurence Olivier, handsome as a young divorce lawyer, makes his big bid for female fan following with a stirring speech about women being parasites who "spend half their time wondering which part of their bodies to paint next."

STOLEN HEAVEN: A gang of jewel thieves, seeking a hideout, blunder onto the woodland cottage of a retired piano-virtuoso. Influenced by the girl, he dreams of resuming his career: Plot is almost as good a music-frame as *100 Men And A Girl*. Well played.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

COLLEGE SWING: Compilation of specialty acts; Burns and Allen slightly below par.

HER JUNGLE LOVE: Technicolor makes Dorothy Lamour even more succulent.

LONE WOLF IN PARIS: Elegant jewel thief (Francis Lederer) brings the crown jewels back to the princess, foils putsch.

TIP OFF GIRL: The girl has almost nothing to do with this cops-and-robbers item about big trucks full of contraband goods. Exciting chases.

WASTE

THE RAT: More smoothie jewel thief.

SLEEPING APART TOGETHER

Or, She Always Sleeps in His Clothes

1. There is a Heavy London Fog. Innocent Merle is at a costume ball. Wearing an identical costume, is a Lady With A Past—four husbands and three incidents. Merle can't go home in the fog, so she cutely invades the suite of a famous divorce lawyer (young, too). She sleeps in his bed (but mind you there are two rooms so nothing happens between them). She gets home to doting granpa the next morning, wearing the stranger's cutely too-big pajamas under her opera wrap. (*Divorce of Lady X*.)

What's New About This Picture: It's in Technicolor, giving you the exciting purple stripes on the pajamas, for the first time in movies.

2. She is married to Gary but does not sleep with him because she thinks he thinks she married him for his money instead of to sleep with him. When Gary goes off on an overnight business trip, she goes driving with an amorous bank clerk, and leaves her handbag in the car. In the midst of night he invades her bedroom (to return the handbag). She lays him out on the couch and Gary discovers him with his pants off. But nothing happened between them. (*Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*.)

What's New About This Picture: He is not discovered wearing her pajamas.

3. He is a forced-down aviator, and Dorothy is Miss Tarzan. They sleep on the same bed of straw, in her cave, but (a) he is too weak from his wounds to do anything, (b) a monkey sleeps between them, (c) she is not a Nordic type. When his Nordic type fiancée and her father's yacht rescue the aviator, Miss Tarzan comes aboard. She insists that he continue to share her bunk, though he is now well enough to do anything, and the monk has been left ashore. His fiancée walks in on them. (*Her Jungle Love*.)

What's New About This Picture: Tarzan Dorothy Lamour sleeps in a one-piece tiger suit.

4. Kay is married to Pat but does not sleep with him because she has his job and her own apartment. She takes a customer into her bedroom to show him an advertising layout, and Pat walks in on them having cocktails in her bed. But nothing happened between them because a party was going on in the next room. (*Women Are Like That*.)

What's New About This Picture: The

Title. Not to be double-billed with *Brides Are Like That*.

5. She is a showgirl, and he is a steel magnate who has come to town to prevent her from marrying his son. She gives him an old-fashioned and goes into the next room to dress, shutting the door. Her boy friend, in the same hotel, phones her room; the steel magnate answers the phone. The boy friend bounces upstairs to find the source of the male voice. She hides the steel magnate in her closet, but her pet poodle trots up to her boy-friend, with the magnate's derby in his teeth. (*Battle of Broadway*.)

What's New About This Picture: The magnate emerges from the closet wearing the showgirl's slip.

6. Edward Everett is an eccentric woman-hater who is being put up in his nephew's fraternity house. The idea is for big-mouth Martha to climb into his room and compromise him but he gets scared of a room with a porch, and trades chambers with his nephew. (Who is in love with the college prexie's daughter.) Big-bust Martha, unaware of the switch, climbs into the frat house and falls on the boy in bed. (Not to be confused with the one where there's a man in a sorority house.)

The boy's true love discovers him rolling on the bed with Martha. But nothing happens between them, as he is only trying to kick her out of bed. (*College Swing*.)

What's New About This Picture: Edward Everett wears a Chinese kimono.

7. Carole is a movie star and Fernand is an impoverished Marquis. He kisses her in a Paris taxi, and she leaves her cloak in the cab. He comes to her London house to return the cloak, and stays for the night. The town gossips find him in her bedroom in the morning, but nothing has happened

between them. He is just the new cook, serving Carole her breakfast. (*Fools for Scandal*.)

What's New About This Picture: Fernand Gravet without pants wears an oriental rug.

8. She is a princess, fleeing assassination. She takes refuge in a grand hotel, and is discovered hiding in the hero's wardrobe trunk. But nothing happens between them because (a) it is a single-compartment trunk and (b) she has a pistol. (*The Lone Wolf in Paris*.)

What's New About This Picture: They sleep together in an airplane, but with their clothes on.

9. She is a princess, fleeing assassination.

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Roulades and Cadenzas

**Vocal racketeers plant false hopes
in their students one day, rob the
gulls of their confidence the next**

by CARLETON SMITH

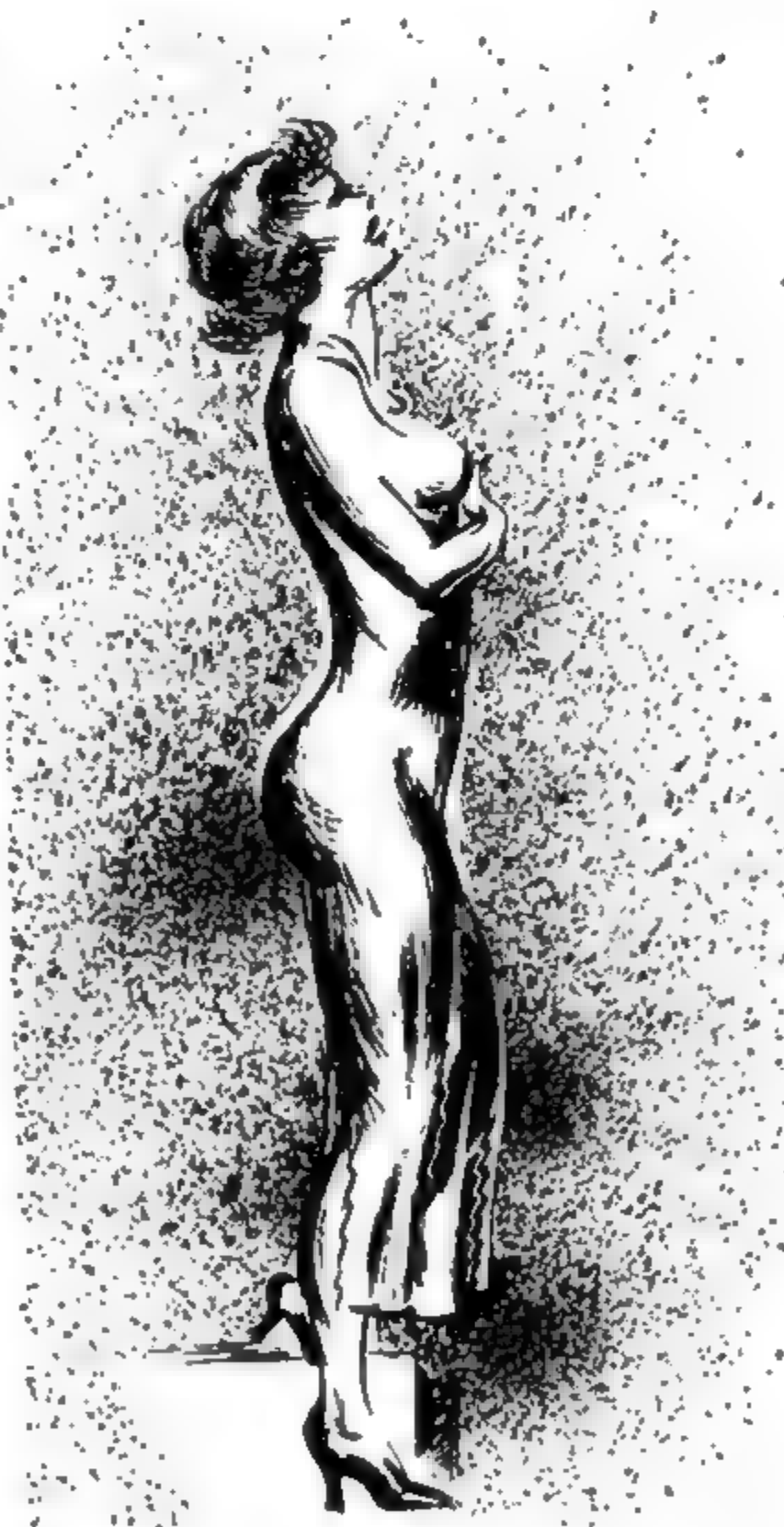
• MUSIC •

SINGING teachers are the procurers of the music business. They lure in Simple Simons from Iowa and Brooklyn and convince them that Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera are waiting. They solicit dizzy-eared yowlers, and shake them down to their last penny. They accost wide-eyed damsels who give up their souls and their bodies to Art.

These hard-livered panderers have a year 'round job. Neither wind, weather nor the law stops them. Even beggars must have a license; not so, singing teachers. Anyone who can thump an out-of-tune piano with one finger may hang out his shingle and divulge, at so much per revelation, the mysteries of "How to Sing." It requires no previous experience or background.

Trade journals are filled with these vocal savants' photographs. Illustrious names testify that they can "finish voices." Their studios contain a rogues' gallery of famous singers' pictures, glowingly inscribed "To my one and only teacher." Many of the mugs smiling down over the piano wouldn't recognize the much-lauded teacher if they met her. She got their photos over cocktails or through a mutual friend. Some singers sell their endorsements of voice teachers, with exclusive advertising "rights." One grand old lady replied, when I inquired why she allowed a certain ventriloquist to advertise himself as her teacher: "Oh, you know, he said such nice things about my singing!"

Newspapers are full of misleading advertisements of fashionable charlatans, purporting to teach "singing in all its branches." In the *New York Times*, a leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company whose name hasn't been on the program in a major role in my lifetime, offers "Facilitation to serious students." The teacher of the *Voice of Snow White* boasts her accomplishment. You are invited to "accelerate your reflexes," "learn the Art of Rhythmic Breathing direct from India." You are offered "Appearances while Learning, Plus Debuts before Interested Producers, stage and microphone technique thrown in." Singers are trained and managed on a "percentage basis." Studios are labeled *Paradiso* and *Paramount*—with an eye to the films—and you can, if you wish, study with



the distinguished Signor Stinco of La Scala, who carried a spear on the occasion of his debut there thirty-three years ago come Michaelmas.

Vocal dons are more blatant than the quacks who offer nostrums that cure anything from syphilis to sneezing. They prey on a guy's inherent belief that he can sing, and their intake is greater than "Lucky" Luciano's. Estimates give the number of embryo moaners in Chicago, for example, as over 100,000. The city directory in Milano lists 2,167 so-called *maestri di canto* and Americans are still their most gullible clients.

In Europe, their "front" consists of laurel wreaths and marble busts instead of chromium and slick secretaries. The most famous vocal "doctor" in Paris has his studio in a cellar, and pupils learn to yodel while standing on the bare earth. A stuffy room on the fifth floor rear is more usual. It helps the breath, you know. Ante-chambers are everywhere the same, resembling exactly a dentist's waiting room: inside, agonized howls; and outside, fidgety patients uneasily disregarding each other.

Another thing is universal: the ignorance of singing teachers. Essentially, Herr Belly-rumble, Mlle Viola d'Amour, Signora Trilando, and Dr. Choking-Fitts are in the same class. They have no standards, no scruples. They practice sorcery, mesmerize, magnetize, wave wands, rub lamps, cast spells, call up spirits, and wake the dead. But of acoustics, anatomy, physiology or music, they know nothing.

Watch them making faces in the mirror. Study their chatter about "misplacing" voices, listen to their pseudo-scientific lingo, and you'll know they are all tetched in the head. To prove it, try these in your bathtub any morning:

Sing like a bird. It's as natural as swallowing. Put the tone half in your nose, half in your chest. Feel it vibrate in your big toe. Drop your palate, flatten your tongue. Don't breathe below the heart. Sing as you speak.

Arouse depths of breath-energy "layer by layer" from your feet to the crown of your head, so no muscle strains nor gives way, no nerve is too stimulated or too dormant, no organ is too active nor too passive.

All the bones of the body, from head to toes, make the sounding board of the voice. Perfect relaxation of all the muscles permits vibration like that of the body and legs of a piano. (Try this on your piano. Mine won't relax.)

After an ordinary respiration, close your lips, stop your nostrils, and begin to vocalize. You will find that the mouth, with distended cheeks, holds sufficient breath to continue a substantial tone for half a minute. (Personally, I've tried this twenty-five times and can't make a sound. Let me know how you make out.)

Without a doubt, the goofiest literature in print is that on vocal wisdom. Singing teachers are geniuses with bunkum. No barker or bond salesman can beat them.

The understanding with which they envelop a new pupil melts the heart. The fledgling (he is a fledgling at this moment, no matter how many roles he has mastered) is certain to tremble at those first chords, sounding oppressively as if the fate of civilization were at stake. Being in The Presence, surrounded by the ghosts of the departed disciples, he finds it impossible to get out the first shriek. But after three or four ah-hah-ah-hah-ah-hahs, when the maestro has come 'round the piano, cast an eye down his gullet, and nodded approvingly, he feels better. "Just as I thought," he hears with reverence. "First-class material, my boy, but *with whom* have you been studying? Scandalous! Scandalous! When I've had you a year, you'll be singing like Caruso." (No mention is made that Caruso died from bursting a blood vessel.)



The reassuring technique of a certain expensive New York vocal coach includes greeting you with a stop watch and saying, "Take a deep breath now!" At the end of which you hear, "Quite good! Quite good, you know! You do 47 seconds and Tibbett holds only 64!"

Every teacher knows that his pupils want to sing first and learn how afterward. He can be sure that if he makes it simple, they will think he isn't worth his fee. Therefore, he devises a mysterious method and patents it as his own. By his own admission,

it is the secret of perfect voice production which makes him the envy of all the humbugs who annually ruin thousands of promising voices.

Whether it involves placing the voice in the nose or behind the belly-button, you can be sure that it is the "true" Italian *bel canto* method, handed down from Porpora and blessed by the Pope. And you can further depend on it that every truly great (i.e.

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“Gosh, lady, but you startled me—for a moment I thought you were Marlene Dietrich”



"Scram! We ain't interested in no class struggle!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Our reviewer inches his painful way through books of Americanism ballyhoo, that we may be spared

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

• BOOKS •

THE Fourth of July lays the heavy patriotic duty on your servant of bashing two different varieties of Americanismic ballyhoo. Two books, bad in two different ways. Why review them, then? Because scores of books like these come out every year, making bold claims on the jacket and in the forepiece, carrying a brave and meaty table of contents, only to leave you more confused than ever at the end. They are a type, and, first wrapping myself in the folds of Old Glory, I warn you against them.

Here, in a red, white and blue jacket, is *America's Purpose* (Declaration Press, \$3.00), in which author A. J. Snyder's stated assumption is that American principles are laws of nature, "built into the very structure of man"—which is also what fascists claim for their principles. He says that these principles of democracy and equality were written for the first time into human law by the Declaration of Independence. But since the D. of I. has no standing as law, what does that mean?

Well, let's get on, since Charles Beard thinks this man has something on the ball. Mr. Snyder believes that political and social democracy have been attained by a nice, progressive evolution, and what we need now is a bold advance toward economic democracy.

Just what is economic democracy, Mr. Snyder? Well, er—uh—It finally appears that it isn't communism, because communism is too materialistic. It's too materialistic because Karl Marx was a "hungry man forced by necessity to see everything in life from an economic slant." Mr. Snyder apparently forgot that a few paragraphs back he warned: "To understand Marxian philosophy requires a knowledge of its source." So its source is an empty stomach! Sorry, too naïve.

Trouble is, Author Snyder is a lawyer, which is to say, a man of words rather than of thought. And the words aren't very eloquent words, except where he borrows from the Revolutionary Fathers. The five hundred or so quotations from Jefferson, Franklin, Tom Paine, Abe Lincoln, make up about all the book has that is worth eyestrain. And you can get those elsewhere, if you must read them.

Let's talk sense. Who will be able to understand this whirlpool we're churning in by referring to a piece of paper that once floated on the surface, before it was sucked in? What is settled by recalling that Jefferson wrote on March

12, 1799: "The spirit of 1776 is not dead. It has only been slumbering"? Well, it still isn't dead, and it's still slumbering. This book won't wake it up, even if it does have a fancy jacket in the style of Van Loon's art book, which unfolds to reveal Jefferson's original draft for the D. of I. Show that to Rand, or Girdler, or Hague, and see what it gets you.

One thing Jefferson didn't foresee, and the author fails to record, is that on this Fourth of July as on many others, in this and that part of the country, "Reds" will be pinched for attempting to read the Declaration in Bughouse Square or from the courthouse steps.

After our lawyer has called the roll of great men and brave language for 357 pages, then, eighteen pages from the end, he gets down to what should be done. We the People should take over the utilities, the natural monopolies, and run them for the common good. A thing called "Society" can then turn its attention to other industries; maybe it should take over munitions.

But just when, with two down in the ninth, our agitator seems to have abandoned pep talk and come to the program, we get the old stall. "How much further our solution would require the taking over of industries would be a matter for society to decide, as each necessity arose." Dear old Society, it is there to get the buck passed to it whenever we run out of answers.

That's one book you can skip, and another is *The Next Century is America's* by C. D. Murphy and H. V. Prochnow (Greenberg, \$2.50), unless you are interested in what the *SatEvePost-Nation's Business* philosophy sees in the future. It belongs with the billboards that hammer home to the simple citizen the slogan, "What helps industry helps you." Even more than Snyder's this book is a patch work of quotes, long ones—drawn from Lippmann, *Fortune* magazine, *Collier's*, Henry Ford. B. C. Forbes furnished the title.

Just what that title means is one of those mysteries. Does the next century belong to the ten million unemployed or to the one out of three kids who suffer from malnutrition in this rich, businesslike country? In the authors' trial balance of the U. S., neither of these items is listed on the debit side.

No, gentlemen, this is not the steely level gaze at our common problems that we ought to have from hard, realistic business men. You are kidding us with this publicity-agents', personnel-administrators' Pollyanna stuff. Or isn't it kidding to say: "Nothing could be more un-American—more dangerous to de-

mocracy—than government-levied, politically-peddled relief"?

How else levy, how else peddle? Can the community chests you praise handle it, or the millionaire incorporated philanthropies you are proud of? It isn't government rescue work for the drowning that is dangerous or un-American, but the inability of business to run itself by means of all the available man-power. Is it on the square to list, as an American asset: "The world's greatest market—a reflection of the steady increase in the employees' share of the national income"? Would an auditor, a certified public accountant, sign that? If the employees' share in the national income had not got a wallop below the belt, this country would not now be sprawling on the canvas with Referee Roosevelt hovering over it with the smelling salts.

Interesting is the way our authors write off this human liability: "Naturally it has not been possible to build and maintain a nation without a marginal population, in the face of a steady stream of immigrants marginal in various respects." That puts the ten million on relief, plus dependents, in the human dregs class. A neat write-off, that.

This book-wrestler is proud of being an American, and for a couple of reasons that maybe Messrs. Prochnow and Murphy would echo. DuBrioul, the French diemaker who toured the U. S. working in factories, and wrote a swell book (*Robots or Men?*) about his experiences, told of the shock of pleasure he had when

he saw a foreman line up at the bubbly with the ordinary workers. That is a democratic thing. They do things otherwise in Europe. The express company general agent whose private secretary I was just before the war, used to go down to the freight depot at the end of the office day, hang up his expensive broadcloth coat on a hook next to Mike's and Tim's dungaree jackets, roll up his silk shirt-sleeves and put in an hour pushing trucks and billing packages; he was everywhere, like a good officer.

That kind of democracy of work is what built up this country, and because America's business men were like that, the workers are loyal to them even when, as sometimes happens, they are sold down the river.

Well, I have faith in the building up of my

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"Father's Day greetings, sir—collect!"

The Careless Hunter

The law of the woods was that the weak must die and LaFleche regarded Martin as a weakling

by HOMER JAMES

• FICTION •

ARMAND LAFLECHE was the kind of man who could whistle happily while engaged in the kind of task he now had his head bent over. It was a curious thing for a veteran guide to be engaged in doing, so that to one watching LaFleche as he worked, the nature of the task would have served as the measure of LaFleche's hate for George Martin.

There was no one near the camp in the little clearing, however, and LaFleche worked without haste, carefully. He could not have told you very clearly why he hated George Martin, although that hate moved in LaFleche as his blood did. Martin was rich; LaFleche was not. Martin was arrogant and LaFleche, a Latin, resented arrogance. Martin was a drunk, and helpless in the woods; LaFleche did not like the idea of having to make his living working for a man he himself was so much superior to. The law of the woods was that the weak died and in the many years LaFleche had worked as Martin's guide, he had often thought that it would be no more than appropriate that Martin should die . . .

The previous year, when Martin had come up for his month of hunting, he had hired the Indian, Joe Kingfisher, as a guide, having become tired of LaFleche's sullenness. LaFleche had brooded over this for a year. Being Martin's guide meant that in addition to your regular pay, you received a fat tip, whatever whiskey was left from the case Martin insisted on bringing along, and, if Martin had had bad luck with one of his fine guns, he might give you that also.

This year, Joe Kingfisher had been out with another hunter when Martin came up and so Martin had hired LaFleche again and had not bothered to hide his dissatisfaction with having to again use him as a guide. So, gradually and without any shock to any sensibilities he may have had, LaFleche had decided to kill the other man. He was engaged in that process now although Martin was not in sight.

Martin, like many city hunters, was careless. His guns were always loaded in camp; in the field his safety was never on. It was this carelessness that LaFleche planned to take advantage of. Today, when Martin had said that he thought he would hunt alone, LaFleche had let him go, a thing no good guide should ever do with his charge in a strange country.

He had given Martin almost an hour, then begun to work. Martin had his .30-.30 with him and was after deer. He would not get a deer, LaFleche knew. Martin would return



DRAWING BY GEORGE GROSZ

for lunch and after lunch, they would try for partridge with the shotguns. Martin fancied himself as a wing-shot and LaFleche knew it would be easy to talk him into going after birds that afternoon. Meanwhile, LaFleche worked on Martin's shotgun.

It was a good gun; a .16-gauge, double-barreled, single trigger affair with an ejector. It was worth a little over a hundred dollars and LaFleche did not like to destroy it, but he knew he would get the rest of Martin's property, or most of it. The right barrel of the gun was partly choked, the left barrel had a full choke. Invariably, Martin had the single trigger set so that the right barrel would be discharged first.

It was on the right barrel that LaFleche was working after having first removed the shells. With his knife, LaFleche had cut a plug of soft wood about three inches long and now he whittled it carefully until, by exerting a fair amount of pressure upon it, he could slip it into the right barrel of George Martin's shotgun. LaFleche then dirtied the end of the plug so that its whiteness would not reveal it and, having done this, he pushed it well into the barrel and out of sight. He then slowly let a few drops of water fall upon the plug to make it swell and fit more tightly into the barrel.

It was, LaFleche conceded when he had finished, a fool-proof job. He would load it now, just as it had been, and place it on the rubber sheet in the cabin where Martin had left it when the previous day's rain had halted their bird hunting. When Martin re-

turned, LaFleche would suggest they go after partridge. When the first bird was flushed, Martin would pull the trigger and the right barrel, which LaFleche had converted into a virtual bomb, would explode in Martin's face, killing him instantly.

It would appear to be an accident, of course. LaFleche would tell the police that he and Martin had been hunting in different parts of the woods and that he had come upon Martin lying dead on the ground. Probably, LaFleche would tell them, Martin, known for his carelessness, had let the muzzle of his gun rest on the ground and a plug of earth had slipped up it without Martin's knowing it. Meanwhile, LaFleche would have the liquor, the several hundred dollars Martin carried, and perhaps one or two of the guns, since no one but LaFleche knew how much equipment Martin had brought.

It was perfect, foolproof, LaFleche knew. To make it more so, he would propose a drink when Martin came back and would get Martin a little drunk before going out. That, too, would make it all the more plausible to the police. Rather pleased with himself, LaFleche broke the gun and inserted the two shells again. So absorbed had he been in his work that he had not noticed the silent figure that had approached the clearing where he was working and which had been watching him for some time. Now, though, as he finished loading the gun and snapped it shut, he saw the shadow across the clearing and looked up, an animal snarl on his lips. Joe Kingfisher stood about ten yards away and from the look on the Indian's face, LaFleche knew he had seen too much.

"What you been doing, LaFleche, huh? That's Mr. Martin's gun."

"What the hell do you care what I been doing?" LaFleche said. "What you doing around my camp?"

"I come to say thanks to Mr. Martin for the knife he sent me from the city. I think there something else to tell him, too." Joe Kingfisher began to raise his rifle, but LaFleche, with the shotgun in his lap, was much quicker than the Indian. "You'll never live to tell him!" LaFleche yelled in a blind fury. He raised the shotgun to his shoulder, took quick aim at Joe Kingfisher's head, for the shotgun could kill a man at that distance, and pulled the trigger. The right barrel, which Armand LaFleche had plugged so carefully that it was virtually a bomb, exploded in Armand LaFleche's face, leaving Joe Kingfisher looking in amazement and horror at the almost headless body on the ground. ##

Facts About Grizzlies

They're usually harmless enough but when they're wounded, or protecting their young, you can expect trouble

by JACK TOOKER

• SPORTS •

ABOUT 1898, when I was a boy, I saw the result of a fight between a huge grizzly and a very large African lion. It was in the city of San Francisco, California. The animals occupied adjoining cages with great iron bars separating them. The lion appeared to maintain a hearty dislike for the bear and often tried to get through the bars to him. No one seemed aware of how it happened, but when there were few people about these animals got together. The cage was commodious. There was plenty of room for action. It was a fearful combat, but because of its intensity it did not last long. Red hot irons were poked through the bars and the fire hose applied, but all efforts failed to stop the fight. The lion, cat-like, attempted to jump upon the grizzly's back, but as he would spring at the bear, Bruin would catch him in mid-air and with a mighty blow hurl him against the iron bars of the cage. These blows could be heard a great distance and each time they landed, bones were broken. Then the lion rushed in under the bear's guard and they clinched. Had the fight continued thus, the bear would have lost and perhaps he realized this, for he broke the lion's hold and shoved him back, tearing his own flesh to shreds as he did so. He did not again permit the lion to clinch, but held him off and gave him a boxing lesson, breaking practically every bone in his body. In tenacity they were well matched, for even after the lion was beaten to a pulp and almost dead he tried repeatedly to crawl to the bear. Those who saw the fight claimed that the blows were too fast for the human eye. One can imagine the power behind those swings, when it is known that grown bulls have been felled and their skulls crushed in from the paw of a grizzly.

The grizzly bear has often been grossly misrepresented. He is bad enough, we would say, under certain circumstances, without making his reputation worse. He will not, as a rule, attack a person unprovoked. If one gets too near the female's young cubs, or comes upon the animal suddenly, or injures the beast, then he can expect trouble, for the grizzly is very dangerous under such conditions.

At one time grizzly bears were quite plentiful all over the western mountainous portion of the American continent, but they have been exterminated in many of the states that were formerly their natural haunts. There are a few in Old Mexico, along the Continental Divide, a very

few in Arizona, and more in northwestern United States on account of the protection afforded them by the Yellowstone National Park.

The bear's vitality, strength, and agility are incredible in an animal of his ponderous proportions. He can go a hundred yards after being shot through the heart and then live to kill ten men if these men are in his path.

Just a few years past a large grizzly roamed the range of the Bar Cross cow outfit. We called him Big Foot. He lived a charmed life, it seemed, for we were never able to catch him. About the same time each year he would show up with a new lady bear.

They would meet and hunt together, but he was never allowed to accompany her to the den where the cubs were. The males have a habit of killing the very young male cubs.

Now, in this vicinity, if natural food were scarce they would kill stock, and as a result the mother bear was usually killed by hunters. It was never known that old Big Foot killed stock, but he did accompany the female that did the killing and no doubt he ate many a good meal of beef. After the spring killing the bears would separate and old Big Foot would then roam the mountain range alone. We seldom saw him, his tracks were often found, yet never but once could we lay any stock-killing to him; and we admired him for that one kill.

The outfit had a large Durham bull that was boss of the range. He was one of the most perfectly built animals I have ever seen. His horns tapered to a fine point and were perfectly shaped for fighting. He not only whipped all the bulls on the range, but he killed several. Tom Wagoner, who was foreman of the outfit, concluded that the animal must be reformed. I was to witness the reformation and was to assist if necessary. On the

day set for dehorning the bull, he could not be found in his usual haunts, nor could we hear his challenge from afar. We decided to make a systematic search for him and I was assigned to the canyon below the old J. D. ranch house. I had gone perhaps two miles when I came to a small marshy meadow with a spring in the upper end. There lay the bull, dead. His neck and one shoulder were broken. The left side was caved in and his heart was torn out and with other flesh lay just outside the carcass. I stepped back and viewed the animal and to myself said, "You met your match at last." The little flat was covered with blood and the tracks of the heavy animals were plain to be seen. Every movement could be traced. The bull had been feeding near the water when Big Foot came down to drink and no doubt to bathe also, when he met the bull. He had made a semi-circle, trying to go around the bull and thereby avoid trouble. But the bull had charged him. The fight had been waged all over the little meadow. The bull had been hit three and

possibly four times by that wicked grizzly's paw. The bear also was not uninjured. The bull had him on his horns several times and had gored him, as I thought at the time, fatally. I rode up the canyon and reported

my find and the boys were happy, believing that they were rid of both pests. The bear had left a plain blood trail and we followed. We found where he had sat down and plugged up the wounds with grass and oak leaves. He led us into the very roughest country to be found and in a short time he stopped bleeding and we lost the track. Two weeks later I found his fresh tracks at this same spring.

After hunting grizzlies for years and nearly losing my life on several occasions, I laid down the following rules:

Never hunt grizzlies with a rifle smaller than the 30.06 U. S. Government.

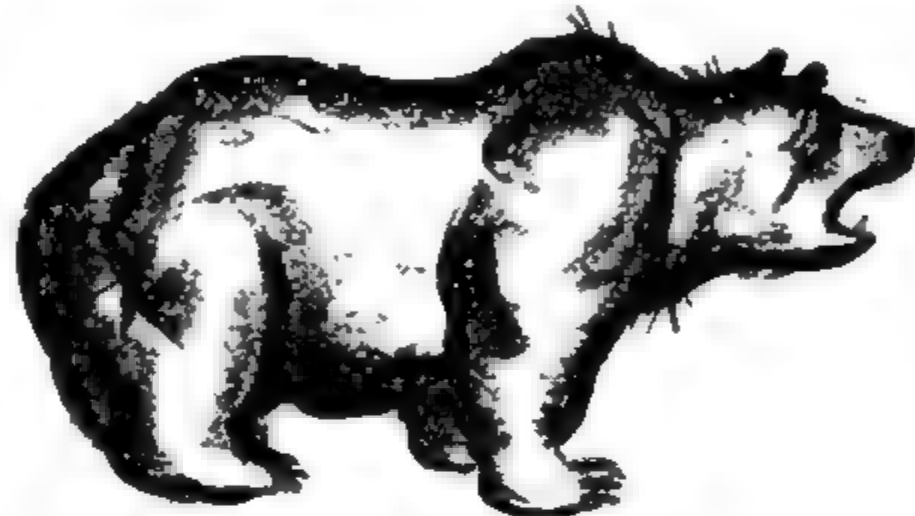
Never shoot one that is less than a hundred yards away, for unless it is a brain or spinal shot, which is not likely, he will live long enough to get to you, regardless of the caliber of your gun and the number of times he is hit.

Never shoot a grizzly that is above you. If he can locate you he will live long enough to reach you, even if he has to roll most of the way.

Never discard your gun and trust to your legs.

A grizzly can greatly outrun a man or horse for a short distance. After

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"Some people would steal anything!"



"This is Harvey's den"

A Moratorium on Brains

Would it help the depression if we blocked the nuts asking for patents on labor-saving jiggers?

by FRANK LANE BRUNTON
• ARTICLE •

THERE'S nothing more to invent. Everything that can be invented has been invented!"

The chief clerk of the United States patent office had reached the point where he was pretty bitter about it all. He had issued patents on a lot of fantastic, screwy schemes. Everything conceivable had been patented; the well of ideas had run dry.

So he threw his quill pen on the floor, kicked his stool into the corner and resigned his job. Then he took himself to the nearest capital grog shop and sipped his drink while watching the unwieldy wagons and carriages lumber through the Washington mud that passed for streets. That was in 1848. Unfortunately history does not record his name or whether he invented a new method of elbow-bending.

But eighty-seven years later in the town of Holdenville, Oklahoma, Mrs. Dorothy LeSueur was stuck with a problem and a bunch of baby's diapers.

Mrs. LeSueur's sister had a blessed event, but instead of the one child anticipated by fond parents and loving aunt, twins arrived. This complicated and added to the problem of providing clean diapers, those indispensable garments in which all candidates for President first appear in public. Mrs. LeSueur sat herself down to think.

The result of her thoughts was patent number 2,049,913, a diaper consisting of a permanent washable band and a disposable pad which the chief clerk of the United States patent office couldn't have known about when he made his bitter statement that the screwballs (inventors) had thought of everything.

There have been a lot of patents between 1848 and Mrs. LeSueur's diaper (1935) and a lot more since then. The patent office was founded in 1836 and in one hundred years more than 2,100,000 patents have been issued to the nation's assorted inventors.

The patent office was set up by Congress with the idea of giving better protection to basement and workshop "nuts." (Right here it should be explained that the inventors don't resent that term in the least. Or the great majority of them don't. They are artists, creators, geniuses, one might say, with not much ability along business lines. We'll discuss that point in a moment.)

But the wheel has come nearly a full turn. There is now before the Congress a bill, not to protect the inventor, but to put the lid on



the inventor's activities, for a while at least.

Gravely concerned about the nation's unemployment problem, Hatton Sumners of Texas, chairman of the House of Representative's Judiciary Committee, arose in the chamber recently and offered a measure (H. R. 8508) "To suspend the issuance of patents for the invention of labor-saving machines, and for other purposes."

Mr. Sumners, who had been proposed for the Supreme Court position to which Stanley Reed later was named, declared that continued invention of labor-saving devices was throwing thousands of people out of work. Until there was some sort of balance between these devices and employment, Mr. Sumners believed the time had come to call a halt on the activities of the "nuts."

Having made his speech and introduced his bill, Mr. Sumners sat down to applause. There was some discussion.

Congressman Church, member of the patents committee, thought the gentleman from Texas was going at the matter from the wrong end. Congressman Case of South Dakota thought perhaps the bill would prevent creation of inventions that actually would produce more jobs.

Representative Colden of California thought abuses of the patent system might be corrected by throwing open patents to all manufacturers willing to pay a royalty on them. That, he suggested, would prevent one firm, or group of firms, from obtaining a monopoly and thus keep prices up.

Seismographic devices do not record that Thomas A. Edison turned slowly over in his grave at this kind of heresy from an American Congressman! Perhaps he whirled quickly.

Hatton's bill was just another headache to

the inventor, that serious and amiable gentleman who is always catching hell from the wife for mussing up her sink with stinking chemicals or disturbing the order of her basement by using it to build a new type of apparatus for decanting champagne or a new potato masher. It was just an additional problem to baffle men (and women) who want to be let alone so they can perfect their latest idea and sell it for a million dollars (so the manufacturers claim).

The seismograph would have recorded a disturbance and a big one, had it been tuned to the mind of Albert G. Burns, president of the National Inventors Congress, Incorporated. A

heavy-set, good-natured man, who lectures before Rotary Clubs when he can take the time off from aiding befuddled inventors, Mr. Burns runs an organization that should have been formed fifty years ago.

What he thinks of the Hatton plan to solve depressions is printable but emphatic.

"After a hundred years of fighting to get adequate protection for inventors, Congress now comes forth with a plan to put a moratorium on brains!

"Do they think they can legislate the human mind into inaction?"

It can readily be seen why Mr. Burns, himself an inventor, gets so worked up when it is noted that for the last seven years he has been devoting all his time, without salary, to helping fellow inventors out of difficulties.

As managing director of the California State Industries League, Mr. Burns was minding his own business and boosting the sale of California products, such as oranges and lemons, when a group of bewildered west coast inventors descended on him.

The inventors were drawn together mostly to let down their hair for a good cry on each other's shoulders. They could invent, but that was the end of their ability. They weren't salesmen. They couldn't sell their products. They weren't businessmen. They couldn't interest capital in investing in their brain children. They knew nothing about advertising and nobody had ever heard of them. They had built a better mousetrap but the world wasn't beating any path to their door. In fact, grass was growing over the sidewalk.

Would Mr. Burns help them give an exhibition of their products? He would. They promised money, but when the time came to

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Emil Ganso: Handy Artist

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allowed to work at, and make a satisfactory livelihood into the bargain.

Young Emil was working hard and getting nowhere. A crash with a lighted lamp into an open door almost turned out to be a lucky break for it landed him in a hospital ward, right next to the cot of a German who had been to America and who knew the ropes. On this "American's" advice young Ganso set a new course. Upon being discharged from the hospital he borrowed enough to shake Halberstadt. He arrived in Bremen with eight marks and got himself a job as dishwasher on the *S. S. Crown Prince Wilhelm*. His plan was to save enough out of his pay to make a stake for America but at the end of his fourth or fifth trans-Atlantic trip he had accumulated twenty-one pfennigs, or seven cents. With this hoard he left ship at Hoboken, a deserter, and began the tough job of starting a new life in a new land. A stranger on the streetcar who observed Ganso grimly contemplating his meager coppers gave him a quarter. To this he added half a dollar by collecting a cash premium on several dollars' worth of goods bought at one of those shops the owners of which collect the price of the purchase from the ship employing the buyer. The shop owner couldn't know Ganso wasn't going back to his boat. The year was 1912 and Emil Ganso was seventeen.

His first job in America was in Tenaflly, New Jersey. The pay was five dollars a week and board. He was a good deal of a journeyman drifter. He worked in bakeries in Scranton, Akron, Cincinnati, Red Bank, but principally in New York. Baking was night work then, lasting from twelve to fourteen hours and sixteen hours on Saturday night, when the employer, by way of extra recompense, passed around a beer and a lunch per baker. The men were perfectly pleased, Ganso recalls, and adds grimly, "Those were what they used to call the good old days."

All this time Ganso wasn't forgetting that he was an artist in the disguise of a baker. He baked at night, during the day he visited the National Academy. Before entering the Academy class he would try to jab himself into wakefulness by drinking a Coca-Cola or two, but his eyes would close and his head would droop. Today he laughs about it. "Just imagine me falling asleep with a nice nude model right in front of me." Life makes the strangest connections and relationships, but the eight-hour day for bakers made a vast difference in the human and artistic development of one Emil Ganso. And before bakers in New York and vicinity won the eight-hour day America had to declare war on the country that had been Ganso's fatherland.

About 1915-16 Ganso teamed up with an old German artist,

since deceased. Together they took up their quarters in a bare room in an empty house on 14th Street. The house having been abandoned, there was no one to come around to ask for the rent. They lived on thirty cents a week, paying four cents for a quart of milk and twenty-five cents for twenty-five eggs. Ganso brought back bagfuls of bread, cakes and rolls from the bakeries at which he asked for work and was given food instead. Then he found work in an out-of-town bakery and upon his return to New York he and a new buddy, Jan Matulka, a painter of Bohemian ancestry, made their home at 900 Sixth Avenue. The life of Emil Ganso loses its juice and flavor without due consideration of the larks and adventures of 900 Sixth Avenue and from that address come most of the stories that make Ganso rock with laughter.

Their rent was eighteen dollars a month—when they could pay it. The first week the "manicuring parlor" on the floor below was raided and the girls taken off in a patrol wagon. Ganso and Matulka agreed that it would be a grand idea to pretend indignation to the landlord in the hope of getting a reduction in rent. Matulka put on a show of offended virtue but was thrown out of the renting office for his trouble. When they couldn't pay the rent they were dispossessed and moved up to the roof which they made habitable by stretching a carpet between two skylights. As soon as Ganso was working again they moved down from the roof. No one bothered to superintend their room-to-roof and roof-to-room changes except that whenever they waited for a dispossession notice they had to pay two dollars. Jobs came and went. One day's work meant a week's food; if there was a second day's work that day's pay was set aside for the rent. When there was a little money ahead, they would stock up with quantities of bacon, spaghetti, potato and tomato juice and cook enough out of the stock for each day's nourishment. In the same building lived a sculptor who prepared a pailful of soup or stew at the beginning of each week and lived on it until the beginning of the next. You didn't have to go to Paris for *la vie Bohème*. When jobs were plentiful, there was money enough with which to hire models for Sunday painting and even for sketching on afternoons and evenings of other days. Life was becoming a little easier and more cheerful. The eight-hour day for bakers meant that more workmen had to be hired. War profits meant higher wages.

One hot July day Matulka and Ganso were sketching on an empty lot from which the Highbridge was faintly visible. They were pretending it was winter and there was snow in their sketches. An officious policeman arrested them because of their German accent,

but they were released after a night in the lockup on the sufficient evidence of their sketches. Aside from this incident, the war was no inconvenience to Ganso. He was painting and drawing all the time. He learned, not from the academies, but by doing, by experimenting, by observing. When he could count on his bakery wages, he hired two models for every Sunday. One called at nine in the morning and left at one, the other at two, leaving at five, when it was fairly dark. He put up a canvas big enough to cover the door. On this canvas he worked from nine until one, while the first model was posing. After one he began washing the canvas clean, preparing it for the second model. At five he washed it clean for the following Sunday. That oblong of canvas served him for two or three years, the last picture he painted on it being a kind of Zuloaga-Sorolla piece of romantic portraiture.

When Ganso came to New York, after working around in New Jersey bake shops, he asked a policeman where he could find a museum. The policeman told him to go to 23rd Street—there was some kind of museum there. There was; it was the Eden Museum of waxworks. Ganso tells that story because it expresses for him the vast difference between yesterday and today. There was at the time no gallery that would show a young man's work—certainly none influenced by Cézanne or Lautrec. Durand-Ruel was the most modern gallery in town. Stieglitz was a voice crying in the wilderness, only a few heard. The no-jury Independents didn't start until about 1919. Two years later Ganso crashed the Independents.

He took a double bed sheet, at least ten feet square, prepared it so that it could be painted upon, stretched it, and after painting on it three nudes, life-size, very frank and quite Cézannish, he put a frame around it. It was a windy day in April when he packed it up and prepared to deliver it in person. The wind ripped the paper off and almost lifted Ganso and his bed sheet off the street. The nudes were peeking through and attracting quite a Fifth Avenue audience, but luckily, a friend came along and helped Ganso complete the delivery. The Independents were then exhibiting at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The nudes had been on view four days when Ganso was summoned to an extraordinary session of the directors of the Society of Independent Artists. He remembers that Sloan, Baylinson and Pach were among those present. He was faced with this alternative: to withdraw his picture or to see the whole show closed down. It appears that guests of the Waldorf, wandering through the gallery, had been shocked by the realistic manner in which the artist had painted the female form divine

and had complained to the management, the management to the police. Ganso withdrew the picture, substituting in its place three landscapes. He says he was a damn fool then; that if the issue were to come up today he would fight it out. The painted bed-sheet has since been stolen, sold by the thief and tracked down to its habitat, but Ganso is afraid that if he asks for it, it will be given to him.

The pressure was relaxing on Ganso. He was earning real money at baking—one hundred forty dollars a week as foreman at one of the city's largest baking plants and with time and a half, so to speak, for leisure and for art. Four summers he spent in New Hampshire painting and sketching, two of them on a farm and two in a ghost village, from which the train picked him up toward fall when he turned up the metal flag at what once had been a depot. By 1922 he had saved up enough out of baking to travel through Europe for eight months, show himself to his people at Halberstadt and make the most of his American dollars and cents during the period of inflation. His meals cost an average of two million marks, or eighteen cents. He bought paint tubes at two and three cents apiece and stocked up for a year. He filled several trunks with art books and fine editions acquired at various cities. He took walking tours and painted and sketched. At Halberstadt he helped a little toward relieving the family distress and learned of a brother who had made a fortune selling horses to the German army during the war and of another, a prisoner of war, who had walked back from the interior of Russia and had arrived at Halberstadt with feet so bloody that his mother had had to slit off his boots with a kitchen knife. Emil surprised Halberstadt with evidence that he was steady and reliable and not the wild good-for-nothing they had expected him to become.

All this time Ganso wasn't just painting and drawing. He was learning about processes. The way in which he became an etcher is typical of the thoroughness which he brought to the craft of art. Out in the hallway at 900 Sixth Avenue a young artist had left a wooden etching press. Ganso saw it and coveted it. That was something he could use. At first he hid it under a sink in the hall, disguising as well as he could its real nature, then smuggled it into his room but he wasn't too sure of being unchallenged in its possession until the owner had left for California.

He bought copper plates and printer's ink. He cut an impression into the plate all right but the ink made a mess of the paper, which stuck to the etched plate. He had to learn that it was engraver's ink he required. He walked over to the New York

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“Happy Father’s Day, darling—a brand new hand tooled Venetian leather checkbook!”

Emil Ganso: Handy Artist

Continued from pages 59-100

Public Library and borrowed several standard books on etching. They taught him what he had to do. His first successful etching was a self-portrait, which is our chief evidence that Emil Ganso was an older-looking man in the early 1920's than he is today. The more he worked that wooden press the more did improvements in it suggest themselves. In the first place, etching presses cost too much; poor artists couldn't afford to buy the typical press then on the market. With the help of a German mechanic living in the same building, Gorr by name, Ganso designed the first cheap etching press built in the United States. In fact, they worked together on designs for the three etching presses that today bear the name of Gorr. Fellow artists Ernest Fiene, Eugene Fitsch and Jerome Myers went out and collected twenty-five subscriptions to enable Gorr to build the wooden model from which the factory could make the metal castings, with which in turn Gorr made the presses, one for each of the twelve subscribing artists.

The conquest of lithography came a little later. George Bellows inadvertently helped. When Ganso heard that Bellows' lithographic press had been given to the Art Students' League, Ganso rushed up to the League to see what he could learn about lithography.

Few artists in New York at that time knew beans about taking impressions from the lithographic stone. They usually drew three impressions, which were called ironically Morning, Noon and Night, the third being so dark it could hardly be made out. Again Ganso went to the public library and borrowed books, German texts on lithography this time. After he had digested what was in them, he was able to take from ten to fifteen impressions from a stone. His own first lithograph, he reports with a burst of reminiscent laughter, was of a quite obscene nude, no longer on the market. He was already engraving woodblocks and he has since become one of the first artists to make color lithographs and impressions from color stencils. There are few artists who command so many mediums as does Ganso. And there is only one, namely Ganso, who is so expert a printer from the woodblock, the stone and the copper plate. Also, he prepares his own grounds (on the copper) and manufactures his own etching inks. He has found an easier way of doing color lithography and has devised a method of doing offset soft ground etching.

In 1927 Jules Pascin, one of the greatest artists of modern times and a glutton for life, came to stay with Ganso at 900 Sixth Avenue and they had great times, drawing and painting from the same mod-

els, most of them unprofessionals, broad-minded schoolteachers with whom Pascin was acquainted. Ganso recalls Pascin drinking his way through ten gallons of Prohibition wine in four days and of how he set himself to guard the liquor supply from the too convivial genius. Those were hilarious nights and days, the memory of which, however, is touched with sadness for Pascin subsequently cut short his life by his own hand. There was one session of gambling which Ganso particularly remembers.

Kai Klitgaard won several Pascin drawings but before Pascin was through with him he had won from Klitgaard his stove, his uniform as captain in the merchant marine and his license, which Pascin (after substituting his own name) boastfully displayed to a sailor friend in Marseilles as proof that he, too, could run boats. Pascin was obviously the stronger personality (were other proofs lacking) for this was the period in which Ganso was painting, drawing and etching in the Pascin manner.

Early in 1928 Ganso went to Europe for a year. In Paris that summer he made thirty etchings and also painted hard. He visited Germany again and spent some time in Norway and Sweden. In Marseilles "Pop" Hart was an almost constant companion. In

1933 he went abroad again, this time with the help of the Guggenheim Foundation. He spent a little time at the Graphic Academy, checking up on lithography, and revisited Paris, which was much sadder because it was full of German émigrés.

By 1926 he had become a summer resident at Woodstock, in which he found such other poker enthusiasts as Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Arnold Blanch and Eugene Speicher. He stays in Woodstock until about the first of December, taking part in the fall hunting. He declares himself one of the best shots in Ulster County, far better than Arnold Blanch, with whom he threatens to shoot it out any time.

He likes to bowl in winter. He enjoys reading and used to hear a lot of music at Carnegie Hall when he had no more than a quarter to slip into the doorman's palm. He is an expert cameraman and drove a car in this country long, long before he had the price of one. But more than all these, he is a husband and father and dotes on the little girl whose portrait is reproduced.

Emil Ganso may be taken as the archetype of the honest workman in art. He suffers from no painful refinement of the sensibilities, but he does his job right. He has no apologies to make for his work and no regrets for his life. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

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successful) singer who ever breathed, in some Providential way or another, came to know of it.

It may mean pulling down the voice box (or Adam's-apple) with the fingers, to make the pipe longer, the tone deeper. It may involve screwing up your nose to color the tone . . . making a megaphone of your lips . . . putting a spoon on your tongue . . . a toothpick upright in your mouth . . . a quarter between your toes.

The "true" method includes, at various times, bawling like a hog-caller . . . snoring gently . . . spitting four tones and smiling "Ha!" . . . singing with your spinal cord, your sinuses, your subconscious or your kneecaps in vibration. Sometimes your head will be bobbed up and down and you will be told, "You see! Just like a bird!" You will be asked to "Neigh! Neigh!" like a horse on fire. You may be told to place your voice behind your kneecaps and shout. Anything to be different.

Some teachers demand a goat bleat, a nasal oboe sound, a gurgle like a stuck pig's. Others want everything to float, including your false teeth and spare rib. They tell you to "breathe in" the tone as though it were water and you were submerged in a pool.

Most difficult of all is the projection of a tone so that it will be heard over an orchestra. For this, these mentors have reserved their

dirtiest trick. When you least expect it, they steal up and butt you in the rear. Now and then they sock you on the back of the neck, usually knocking you and the tone completely out. Some prefer a dignified "goosing," to scare the tone out.

A most burning question is whether teacher and pupil should be of the same sex. Though the male larynx and resonance cavities do not differ from the female's, except that they are larger, it has been contended in Anglo-Saxon countries that women teachers are better for women, and men for men. The Latins hold differently. They have long advertised: "Take up Singing! It's a thrilling adventure!" And in this particular, they satisfy.

Appurtenances of the modern studio include ghoulish charts of your insides, recording apparatus and an autolaryngoscope to show your throat and make you wish you'd never started singing, a skeleton to demonstrate how to relax your jaw. That's very important. "With death the jaw drops, and the last exhalation is 'Ah!'" a famous specialist said. "Therefore, 'Ah' is not metaphysical, like other vowels, but physical. It is nature revealing itself. So you should drop your jaw as in death, and sing 'Ah!'"

And as if all this were not enough, the more expensive and

temperamental pedants throw vases, opera scores, metronomes . . . bang on the piano until the strings break . . . and snort like hell. Since their time is money, this all happens in double-quick order, and the pupil is usually stunned and flabbergasted. He slinks out of the studio in such a fog, he doesn't remember what's happened. One day he has it. The next day he hasn't.

That's precisely what the maestro wants. To keep his pupils, he must alternately plant false hopes and then rob the poor dope of his confidence. One moment he flatters, "My! What an improvement!" The next, he snarls, "If that's a tone, a belch is lyrical!"

Two types of these mountebanks deserve special mention: the ex-diva and the "mike" expert. The first, who has lost her voice and is no longer able to navigate on the opera stage, retires to cash in on her publicity. With precisely the same authority as an ex-prize fighter practicing medicine, she spends her last days demonstrating: "I used to do it this way! Battistini did it so . . ." She may have been able to get by, but she hasn't a notion how she did it.

Only the professor of microphone technique turns out more freaks. The No. 1 Voice Eliminator, he devitalizes voices while you wait. Ignorant, avaricious, advertising his "connections" in an in-

dustry where constipated singers earn thousands, he exploits get-rich-quick ambitions. One such gangster, who advises pupils never to listen—"that's for the public, not the performer"—gives five-minute tabloid lessons. The hopefuls whisper three notes down and three notes up—"Mo-mo-mo! Mo-mo-mo." "That's fine! Wonderful! Now—your piece! Quick! All ready now! Relax and support!"

The piece is played through at breakneck speed, to finish it in lesson-time. "Five dollars, please." The next victim is ushered in.

This racket is splattered all over America. Accompanists of famous singers, Caruso's doctor, Jean de Reszke's valet, Scotti's barber—all are now scientific experts in voice culture, busily growing corns on the vocal cords of young bel-lowers. One preaches the "covered" tone and achieves this by having nit-wits blow open an umbrella and get under it. A second makes them attack a high tone by lifting the piano. A third has them climb a ladder while singing the scale—one step for every tone. They're good if they don't fall off the top. A fourth puts a contraption in the mouth to hold down the back of the tongue . . . and a doctor administers morphine after every lesson. The deaf are leading the dumb.

And all this—that the 1939 minstrel may put over his lay. #



"I'm sorry, dear—I didn't have time to get you anything for Father's Day"

Esquire MONTHLY CARTOON GAG-LINE CONTEST

\$1,000.00

in cash prizes for the best
gag-lines submitted

On the opposite page appears one of ESQUIRE'S famous full color cartoons by E. Simms Campbell. It is just the same as any other of the cartoons that appear in ESQUIRE each month—with this important difference—there is no gag-line, "title," caption, or humorous phrase beneath it. That's where you come in—you supply the missing gag-line. Every month ESQUIRE will pay \$1,000.00 in 24 different cash prizes

for the best gag-lines submitted. It would be fun making up gags for these cartoons even without the cash prizes—but here's your chance to have fun and get paid for it. Read the conditions below—then study the cartoon at the right and go right to it. It's as simple as that—there are absolutely no strings of any kind to the contest—and you have as good a chance as anyone to win the \$500.00 first prize for July.

CONDITIONS

1. ESQUIRE invites you to submit a title or gag-line for the picture cartoon at the right. \$1,000.00 in cash prizes will be paid for the best suggestions submitted in accordance with these conditions. First prize, \$500.00; second prize, \$250.00; third prize, \$100.00; fourth prize, \$50.00, and 20 prizes of \$5.00 each.
2. This offer is open to everyone, except employees of ESQUIRE-CORONET, INC. and their families. It does not matter where you live.
3. Suggestions may be submitted on coupons published for convenience or on a facsimile. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they wish, but each entry must be entered on a separate coupon, or a facsimile thereof. Name and address of contestant must appear on each entry.
4. Suggestions must not exceed 15 words.
5. Originality of thought, uniqueness, aptness, cleverness of idea, and clearness of expression will count.
6. The Judges will be a Committee appointed by the publishers of ESQUIRE. Entrants agree to accept the judges' decision as final.
7. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entries and ideas submitted in this contest become the property of ESQUIRE and may be used in whole or in part by the publishers as they see fit, without consideration.
9. Contestants need not purchase ESQUIRE to compete. It may be examined at the Publication office or Public Libraries free of charge.
10. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.
11. All entries for July must be received by midnight, July 15, 1938, and addressed to "Gag-lines," ESQUIRE, Post Office Box No. 5, Chicago, Illinois.

**HERE'S HOW
EASY IT IS**

FIRST PRIZE \$500.00

THIRD PRIZE \$100.00

SECOND PRIZE \$250.00

FOURTH PRIZE \$50.00

AND 20 PRIZES OF \$5.00 EACH



S U P P L Y T H E M I S S I N G W O R D I N G F O R T H I S C A R T O O N

O F F I C I A L E N T R Y B L A N K

This is my suggestion for a gag-line or title for the July cartoon reproduced above

1. _____

MY NAME IS _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY-STATE _____



*“Of course I remember the last time you stopped me—but this time I think
I’ll just take the ticket”*

Animals Do Think

Continued from page 78

House! But the bell had rung.

Gunda, her trunk extended beseechingly, stood there as the personification of four tons of sweet innocence. But the keeper knew there was larceny in the house and he decided to watch whenever the circumstances permitted.

What he discovered, after weeks of surveillance, was that Gunda was gypping him as neatly and as legally as any corporation lawyer could have contrived. On Sundays, when the crowds were large and pennies frequent, Gunda would not put every one in the cash box—she'd hold out every third or fourth one and bunk it up on the ledge above her head. Then, on pay days and rainy days when business was slow, she'd dip into the sock, as it were, for pennies which rang the bell and brought the reward!

Pretty shrewd, all right. And after you've searched the jungle life of the elephant for any precedent which might explain it on the theory of instinct, you've got to admit that it was pure reasoning.

The more you wander about the zoo and talk to the men who work there, the more impressed you are by their tales of the things these animals do on their own initiative. On a cool night, for example, all the elephants will close their own doors when herded into the pens for the night—when the weather is warm, they leave them open.

That might be imitation, to be sure, but it seems like more than that. So does the story about the chimpanzee and the dingo dog who were convalescing in the zoo hospital at the same time. One thing the chimp learned from observation was that when the dingo was exercised, a keeper took his chain and walked him. So a dozen times a day the chimp would unhook the chain and take the dingo for a stroll.

One thing nobody taught him, however, was that the dingo loathed music. And one of his favorite amusements was to sit the poor dingo on top of a toy piano some keeper had brought in, banging out a discordant jangle on the keys while the wild dog howled an accompaniment with the fervid agony of a lost soul.

Everybody in the zoo, of course, has some story about Buddy, the most accomplished chimp now residing there, but I think the most illuminating insight into the ape's intelligence is provided by the circus incident. Some scientists took Buddy to the circus four or five years ago when the Ubangi women with the "soup plate lips" were first exhibited in this country. Of all the interesting things he saw there, these freak women apparently made the greatest impression on the ape's mind. For, to this day, if you go up to his cage and ask, "What kind of women did you see at the circus?" he will thrust out his lower lip to its most generous extremity.

Even in the handling of sick or injured animals there are many

occasions when the patients display an intelligent comprehension of the situation which would do credit to a human. One time they had a llama with an abscess on the gum which had to be lanced. They had such a battle giving the suffering beast an anesthetic for the job that, a week later, they approached the task of cleaning and dressing the wound with great forebodings. To their amazement, the beast stood motionless and let the doctor repack the dressing without any restraint.

On another occasion a tiger with a splinter of beef bone wedged between her teeth went into a rampage of panic and pain. A dozen men prodded her into a "squeeze cage," threw a rope around her neck and pulled her head up so the doctor could examine her mouth. While he got out the forceps, the 450 pound beast fought with the fury of her kind against this rude restraint. But the instant the instrument touched the offending chip of bone, she realized they were trying to help her and she stood stock still until it was removed.

In her own way, Janet, the gorilla, demonstrated her reasoning powers to the hospital attendants while she was there by a cute little trick of holding out her arms imploringly to any attendant who chanced to pass her "bed." Whenever any of them would pause for the invited cuddle, Janet would dismiss the sentimentality with a quick caress—then turn the man around firmly and give him a lusty shove toward the feeding room.

Certainly the obvious intent is well-known to every nurse and orderly who ever worked in a human hospital!

Naturally, the apes are particularly impressive, especially in the things they can be taught. One can go through a bunch of keys and select the proper one to unlock a certain door; all of them can eat with knives and forks as well as any eight-year old child—and better than some I've seen!

One chimp was taught to sew; Ellen could dress and undress herself in feminine clothes; Buddy can spit with deadly aim, give the well-known "Bronx cheer," flip a stone with his thumb and middle finger with perfect accuracy—and can whistle, which is a rare accomplishment even for an ape. Some time ago one keeper taught him how to salute the flag and then, for the amusement of the visitors, hung a little flag in his cage. No matter how many hundred times a day Buddy would pass that flag, he'd wheel, stand erect and salute with the solemnity of a congressman. It went over big until some army officer took exception to this degradation of the national colors!

All these things, to be sure, are just the whims and fancies of the men who work around the apes and they are cited merely to show how adept the animals are at learn-

ing, not for any scientific weight such an accomplishment as, say, a "Bronx cheer" may carry. In the serious field of experimentation, Professor Garner once tested one of the chimps with differently shaped blocks and found that very quickly the ape would give him, on request, the ball, the cube, the diamond, the triangle, or anything else specified from the assortment.

In the Yerkes and Haggerty experiments mentioned earlier by Dr. Blair, more complicated problems were given which called for definite reasoning powers. In one, for example, a banana was placed outside the cage and beyond the animal's reach. Inside the cage and unknown to the ape, two sticks were hidden in different places under the straw and the beast was left to his own devices.

At first the chimp would try to reach the fruit with his arms, but he would soon give that up as futile. His next step invariably was to look for a straw long and firm enough to reach the objective, and then that would be discarded. Eventually, in his search for a tool, he would come across the hidden sticks.

Either one alone would not suffice for the task, but when joined together they would do the trick. No ape tested ever failed to join the sticks in fairly short order.

Another test was to hang a banana from the ceiling and leave a few boxes of various sizes in different parts of the cage. Left to his own devices, the chimpanzee or the orangutan will very quickly begin experimenting with the piling of the boxes and in a short time will succeed in stacking them in proper relation to size so that he can safely climb up to the fruit. Of course, if the experimenter shows him how to do it first, the ape will grasp the idea in a flash.

Still another experiment with an orangutan involved a secreted stick with a hook on one end and a banana thrust so far into a hollow iron pipe lashed to the cage bars that the beast couldn't reach it with his fingers. The search for some implement eventually disclosed the hooked stick hidden in the straw.

And after several futile attempts to get the large end into the pipe, the orang finally caught on to the idea, turned the stick around, and speared the banana as intended.

The first time the ape was confronted with this entirely strange problem he solved it in twenty minutes.

After that he would get the banana out in about as many seconds until he ultimately discovered an even better way to do it than the experimenter had figured on. That came about when he accidentally pushed the banana out of the opposite end of the pipe in one test. From that time on he would merely thrust the stick into the tube, give it a wallop with his paw, and shoot the fruit out like a

bullet without any of the trouble of fishing for it!

All of this is constructive thinking: the ability to meet an entirely alien situation and reason out a solution. Mimicry, memory or instinctive skills have no bearing in tests that are conceived purposely to avoid those factors, and in such problems the apes excel.

That is not to imply, however, that the apes are the only smart animals in the zoo. Where, for instance, is the ape who could be taught the difficult balancing feats the seals master so readily—or the prosaic tasks the working elephant learns to do in such an amazingly short time?

That, naturally, leads to the question, which are the most intelligent animals and how do they rate. So for the sake of limiting them to the headlines, I asked Dr. Blair for his list of the "ten best brains" in the animal kingdom.

For obvious reasons already set forth, Dr. Blair heads that list with the chimpanzee whose brilliant but impetuous mind is somewhat childlike. The chimp is likely to learn a lesson in a flash of perception. But if the solution to a problem isn't forthcoming quickly, he is quite apt to drop it impatiently for something more amusing.

Rating No. 2 on the list, the orangutan, a very close second, is more mature and deliberate in his reasoning and more persistent.

No. 3 is the elephant which, as Dr. Blair emphasizes, is the largest and most difficult to capture of all wild animals yet is the most philosophic and adaptable of any. Fresh from the jungle wilderness, an adult Indian elephant can be taught in thirty days to respond to sixteen different tasks on command.

When you realize that the schooling of most other animals which doesn't begin very early in life invariably proves a long, tedious task, the contrast gives an eloquent insight into the mental alertness of the elephant.

No. 4 is the gorilla who, in common with the other great apes, displays an almost human faculty for grasping an idea quickly. "Perhaps when we know him better," says Dr. Blair, "he will rate higher in the scale."

No. 5 is the domestic dog whose achievements invariably require far more patience and "doggedness" in training than do those of his animal betters. Furthermore, the dog holds a great advantage over his wild contemporaries because of his centuries of association with man's culture.

The beaver, that phenomenal engineering genius of the woods, rates sixth on the list, one step ahead of the domestic horse who shares the dog's advantage of contact with man.

No. 8 is the sea lion; avid imitator; juggler par excellence and extremely adept at learning a wide range of tasks quickly. The best showman in the zoo, the sea lion

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Animals Do Think

Continued from pages 78-107

performs for rewards in the form of fish tidbits.

In contrast, the bear, rating No. 9, is the zoo's outstanding clown who will perform tirelessly for nothing more than the applause of his public. This in itself may indicate a slight mental deficiency but we didn't go into that phase.

Tenth on the list, to the disgust of a good many feline lovers, is the domestic cat. But Dr. Blair hastens to explain, perhaps to retain the votes of that constituency, that the house cat is usually underrated by casual observers because, being self-sufficient, independent and intensely proud, the feline will not tolerate very many tricks which a good many vapid people think are cute for animals to know. "The cat," says Dr. Blair, "is complete master of himself and in that very quality displays an intellectual integrity which commands respect."

Certainly it is true that no self-respecting cat will put up with the abuse from man which almost any dog will suffer with that dumb quality we are prone to misname "loyalty." Yet when you begin to base comparative ratings on solitary traits or abilities, you are straying away from the main issue which is the ability to reason.

Every keeper in every zoo has some favorite animal who is the smartest of them all. Indeed, nearly every home which harbors a dog has the smartest dog in the neighborhood—except mine, perhaps, where we have a bull terrier who can't be taught anything! Since his early puppyhood various members of the family have tried to sell him on the stock idea of "shaking hands" when he is asked for his paw.

And now, after twenty-two months, you can't coax, cajole or browbeat him into doing it

simply because he has no taste for tricks of that sort.

However, if you come home some evening and find a sofa pillow strewn all over the house—and you let loose a mighty bellow of wrath and scurry for the whip—what does our stupid "Wiggles" do? Why, he sits up on his hind legs and offers you his paw just as nicely as any trained circus dog who ever lived!

Is he so dumb, after all? Indeed not. He has reasoned out after months of observing the family's earnest efforts at training that this "give-me-your-paw" business is the one thing they want him to do most. And although he objects to that sort of exhibitionism as a general practice, he knows darned well what we want—and he is smart enough to save it for the critical emergencies, which are many.

That is certainly rudimentary reasoning and that is the sort of

thing you've got to look for when you begin to make comparative ratings of animal mentalities.

As Dr. Blair puts it, "when you talk about animal intelligence, you must define exactly what you mean."

An ordinary mule, for example, is not generally considered very bright, yet he has brains enough to refuse food when he is hot and tired—he is smart enough to slow down physically in hot weather—he has sense enough to stop eating when he's had enough, no matter how much food may be left.

"You can call that thinking or you can call it instinct, whichever you prefer. But the fact remains that the entire medical profession benefits because so few human beings have as much native intelligence as the mule in these respects. And humans are supposed to think!"

The Apotheosis of Mrs. Morton

Continued from page 57

down the nave of a cathedral, she returned into the hall and ascended the stairs. Her confidence was now complete. The shadows of the candlelight no longer had power over her. The lonely house held no terror for her. She was bearing, like a proud and humble priestess, the sacred symbol which Mrs. Morton had loved so much. There was no death: the house was alive with angelic presences. She could feel them in the air; there was a sweetness, there was a beneficence. God was good.

She entered the death chamber without fear. She put down her candle and turned to the bed. With a touch of a mother caressing her sleeping child, she straightened the left arm, and then gently placed the amethyst cross of General Hernando Gonzales on the Señora's breast.

Making the sacred sign on her own breast, she took up her candle and walked down the stairs.

In the patio she called out: "Chango! Chango!"

She waited a moment. There was no reply. Then she could hear, from the direction of the adobe hut, the sound of his snores. "Why should I awaken him?" she thought. "The good fellow is asleep. It will be soon enough for him to know about this when the morning comes. There is nothing that we can do tonight."

She re-entered the house, climbed the stairs, and extinguished all the candles in Mrs. Morton's room except two, one on either side of the bed. Then with one more glance at the composed form and colorless face, she made the sign of the cross and stole out into the hall with her candle, and seated herself on the top step of the stairway to keep her vigil. The house was perfectly silent, but with a holy silence. Clara knew that some silences can be horrible with a sense of impending evil and

the threat of mysterious terrors. Did she not know! But this was a different silence: this was peaceful and good. This was the silence of sleep, or of a summer afternoon. Nothing could harm the kind Señora more: her departed soul was in the hands of a just, loving and merciful God, who would surely receive her tenderly and lead her with His Own Hand into the glories of the Life Everlasting and the Company of the Saints and of the Holy Virgin and of the Blessed Savior.

Her vigil that night was not an ordeal, but an exaltation for her. Her melancholy and generous spirit soared on wings of darkness into regions of ineffable light.

When morning came, she was exhausted by the stress of her emotions; but she was happy. She resumed her accustomed duties, and prepared Chango's breakfast and her own.

Then, leaving Chango on guard at the foot of the stairs, she carefully arranged her best silk rebozo over her head, so that its fringes hung down evenly on her breast, and set out along the cobbled street that led to the center of the village. Her habitual dignity of carriage made her an impressive figure as she walked along. She wept all the way—not that her grief was now so uncontrollable, but because this was the customary thing to do when one was bereaved. It was the polite way of giving notice to the world that one had suffered the loss of some beloved person. Numerous women, observing her passing in this state of mourning, came out from the open doors of their houses and expressed their appreciation of the occasion in voluble outpourings of sympathy and pious lamentations. Mrs. Morton was well-known to everyone, and many of these people was genuinely grieved by the news of her death. Clara's slow

progress down the street took on the likeness of a public ceremonial.

She made her way to the little shop of Pablo Arce, the village apothecary. He was an obliging man, who could read and write, and his aid was always in demand on those rare occasions when one of the villagers needed the services of the learned. Today his expressions of sympathy were profuse and sincere; and he was more than glad to have his assistance called for on this notable occasion. Swelling with pride and importance, he wrote down for Clara the brief telegram she wished to send to Mexico City, informing Mrs. Morton's daughter that her mother's soul had been taken away by the Blessed God. The courteous apothecary then got out an old railway timetable, and ascertained that the daughter could take the night train from Mexico City to Guadalajara, and come the remaining forty miles by bus, and arrive here tomorrow at noon. Then Clara's responsibilities would be at an end.

As she walked homeward, halted occasionally by additional sympathetic mourners, she kept hoping that the daughter would have Mrs. Morton buried here, here in the Chapala where she had lived so long and which she had loved so much. She felt almost sure that the daughter would see the propriety of such a course. Then Clara could go often and put flowers on the grave, and make sure that the little plot of ground was kept orderly and decent, as was befitting to the gracious soul of the departed.

When Clara had returned and dismissed Chango from his vigil, he stole out of the gate and shambled down toward the village. Nobody bothered to commiserate with him: the official words of sympathy had already been spoken to Clara. Chango was going on a very special errand that ad-

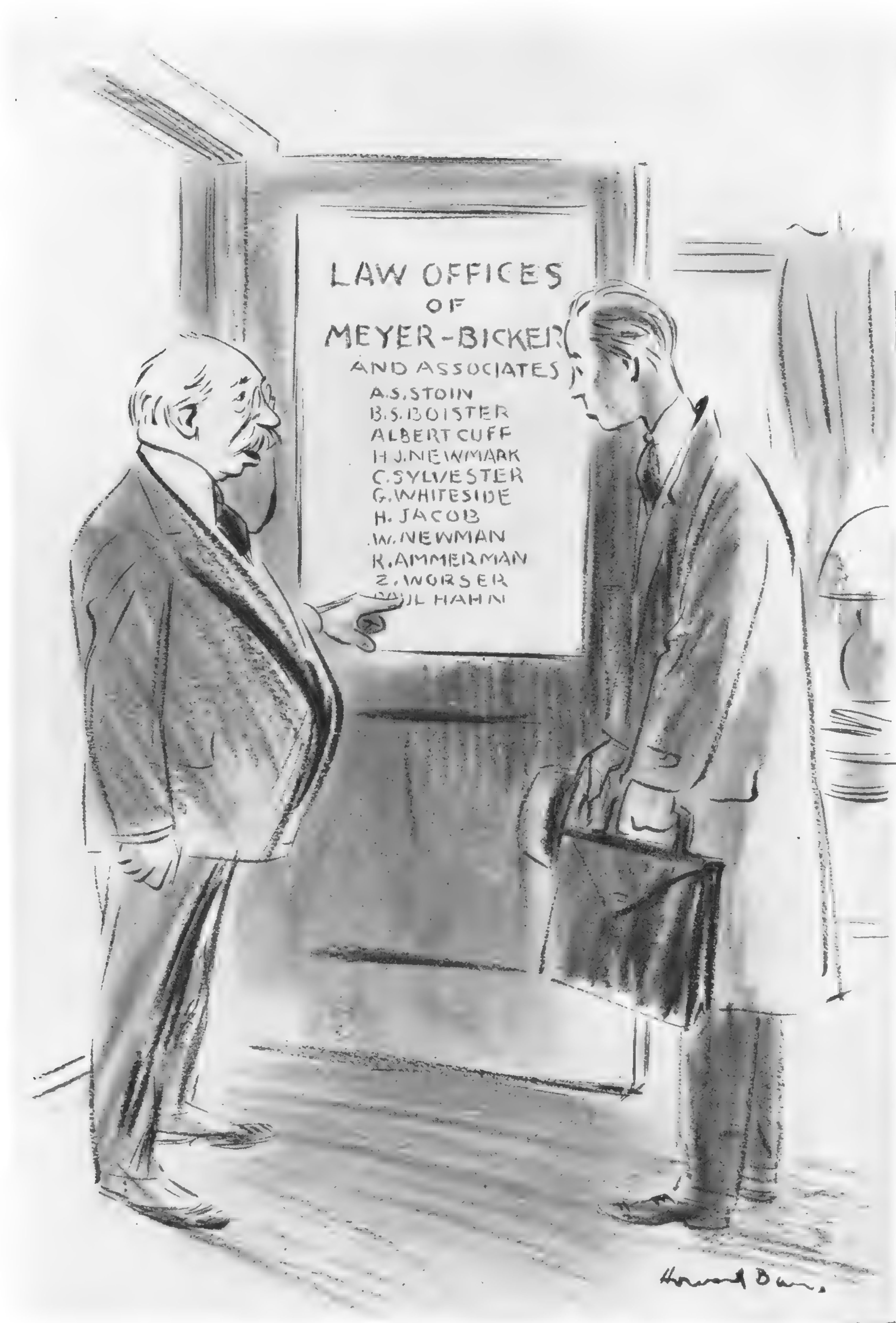
mitted of no delay. He had in his pocket a silver peso which, with unusual self-restraint, he had for some weeks been hoarding in a crack in the wall of his adobe hut. He had intended to employ it advantageously in some particularly notable drunk on a Saint's Day. But now that project would have to be abandoned; he was on his way to give the peso to the priest, to have prayers said for the soul of the good Señora.

That afternoon the wind subsided. The furious waves ceased, that had been hurling themselves against the lower edge of the garden and dashing their spray halfway up to the house. An oily swell moved up and down on the face of the waters, bearing up and down in monotonous rhythm the acres of floating lyrios which the wind had carried from the east end of the lake, to drift here like islands of greenery.

Chango, barefooted and dirty, plodded mechanically up and down the garden paths with his two buckets suspended in the age-old fashion from a pole that lay across his shoulders. He was watering the garden, dipping up water from the lake and carrying it to where it was needed on the terraces above. This was his incessant task during most of the year. Each small flower bed required several buckets of water daily, and the great mango tree where the marble bench stood could drink up water like a thirsty horse. Chango's bare feet plodded up and down the slope, soundless as a ghost that would perhaps haunt this garden forever, as the ghosts of the Aztec dead haunted the hills of Jocotepec.

Late in the afternoon, the grey clouds parted in the west, and the sun streamed out in brilliant shafts like the spokes of a wheel. The lake-spray that still hung in the air caught the light and made each ray separately visible. The far-off

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“Old Hahn here is getting pretty feeble—why don’t you come back in a couple of weeks?”



“Joe’ll be down in a minute—he just went up to shave!”

The Apotheosis of Mrs. Morton

Continued from pages 57-108

mountains across the lake were blue, hazily outlined, unreal as clouds.

Chango paused, set down his buckets, and watched. Then, very rapidly, the whole west opened its bosom of flame in an explosion of blinding light. Infinite spaces of gold and blue appeared beyond the portals of the clouds. Minute wisps of cloud soared there, like

golden swallows. Earth seemed hardly to exist, under the glory of the aerial fire.

It lasted only a moment. Then the clouds closed their gates. The lake darkened; the mountains became invisible.

"That was the Señora going to Heaven," Chango said humbly, and knelt down to cross himself in the presence of the Miracle.

"Probably there were really two Blessed Virgins, and now they will meet each other, and smile lovingly at each other, and become One. That is probably the Mystery that troubled me last night."

The thought consoled him deeply. He had now a double protectress in Heaven; for he was sure that the Señora-Virgin would not forget him, and that she would al-

ways look after him carefully.

He put aside his buckets, and shuffled up the path to his lodging-hut. There in the candlelight he ate his supper of tortillas and pork and chile, and blew out his candle, and went contentedly to sleep. Night descended upon Chapala—upon the just and the unjust, upon the waking and the sleeping, upon the living and the dead. ##

Facts About Grizzlies

Continued from page 96

you have wounded a grizzly your rifle is your best and only friend. Stay with it and keep pumping the lead into him. I have done just that, when it seemed that bullets would not stop him. I was not missing; every shot went true. When it was all over my clothes were soaked with perspiration; but I am still here. There is just one chance if your gun fails, and you are alone—climb a tree. If the tree is a small one the bear will try to shake you out; but a grizzly won't climb.

It is much safer to have an experienced hunting companion when out for grizzly bears. After that first shot so many things can happen. Nervousness will often cause a man to jam his gun; in such case, this difficulty will probably be the last thing remembered.

I have hunted and trapped them with success and found by experience that the best method is still hunting. I had at one time thirty-six dogs; yet they could not hold a large grizzly. He would stop and fight them, each time killing one or more, and before I could get in gunshot, the bear would be gone.

Grizzlies inhabit country so rough that dogs often cannot follow them. Therefore, the best plan is to go quietly into their country and if you know grizzlies, you will find them.

The grizzly bear hibernates later than the black bear, usually going high up on the side of a mountain. If no suitable place can be found, he will dig a shallow cave-like hole under the roots of a large spruce or fir tree, and there go to sleep. Late in November or early December the heavy snows cover him, but the warmth from his body keeps an air hole thawed out for ventilation.

His winter sleeping quarters or den can easily be located on a cold morning by the steam or vapor given off from his body, coming in contact with the cold outside air.

The cubs are born during hibernation and are the smallest of all animals at birth in comparison to their size when grown. They are hairless, about the size of rats at birth, and range from one to three in number. But they grow very rapidly and are fully furred and about the size of a Water Spaniel dog when they emerge in March or April.

They do not suck their paws

as is often claimed. I have killed several during hibernation. They were very fat and their stomachs contained nothing except a few oak leaves. They are still fat when they come out in the spring, but lose weight fast for a short period when they commence to range about in search of food. While nursing her cubs, the female usually sits with her back to a stump, tree, or large rock, and holds them in her arms, much the same as a human mother.

All grizzlies are not stock killers, as is generally supposed, or for that matter carnivorous. They are natural vegetarians, their diet being about the same as that of the wild hog, except that they have much cleaner eating habits than this animal.

Grizzlies will not kill and eat snakes, as hogs do. They are very fond of skunk cabbage, young tender shoots of grass, roots, and many kinds of weeds, insects and grubs. They love to upturn rotted logs and tear them apart in their search for wood grubs and ants. They will turn over very large boulders with apparent ease, looking for small rodents and bugs. Around the middle of October the grizzly begins feeding on acorns. These are not always to be found in quantity the same place each year. Where acorns are discovered to be plentiful, there also will the grizzly be, putting on his winter fat.

When a mother grizzly comes out in the spring with her babies and finds none or an insufficiency of her natural food, she will kill stock to feed her cubs. In every case where it has been my duty to investigate the cause of grizzly-killed stock, I have found that it was the mother bear doing the killing because there was a shortage of her natural food. Many, many times both the grizzly and black bear are blamed for stock killing, when as a matter of fact, they are innocent.

Often that champion of all killers, the lion, did the killing and the bear happened along and walked around inspecting the kill, sometimes making a meal of it. He has tramped out all lion tracks, leaving nothing but bear tracks in sight. An inexperienced man will invariably blame the bear.

If the bear eats meat at all, he likes it slightly tainted. He is very fond of fish and is a great angler. I was fly-fishing on Trout Creek in

the White Mountains of Arizona. It's a very beautiful stream and very crooked. I was fishing upstream when I noticed that the water had become slightly muddy. Then it cleared again. I thought perhaps a bear was taking a bath up the current, or a bunch of deer or cattle had crossed the stream. Then I heard a splash. I slipped quietly up to the bend and peeped around.

There, not fifty yards from me, stood a large female grizzly more than waist-deep in a pool. Her arms hung at her sides, paws well under water. Her head was rolling from side to side very slowly, and her beady eyes were peering deep into the water. Then like a flash a huge hairy arm moved, and out went a nice trout on the bank, where it lay flopping wildly.

Then I saw the cubs for the first time. They pounced upon the fish and were fighting over it, when the other arm moved and out came another fish. They each had a fish and the quarrel ceased. How long this had been going on I do not know, but it continued until I saw each cub eat several trout. Then I observed with interest that they were no longer eating, but merely quarreling and fighting. The mother bear walked out and I thought the fishing was over. But I was mistaken. She cuffed both their ears soundly, for which they squealed and ran off a short distance.

The old grizzly slipped quietly back into the pool and stood in the same position. The cubs began to play about the bank, but did not again offer to go near the fish. It was some little time before the trout began to swim around the bear's hairy body, which they no doubt thought was a mossy log; but after a while the show was on again and I watched those arms, or tried to see the movement of them; however, they were too quick for my eyes. I would hear the arm come out of the water, see the fish flopping on the bank, and observe the huge arm as she quietly placed it back in the water at her side. But it seemed that I could not see either the fish or the arm as it left the water. She must have thrown out ten or a dozen fish; then she waded out and ate them. After the meal she sauntered ponderously upstream and out of sight, the cubs following. After giving them plenty

of time, I fished the same pool but failed to get a strike or see a fish.

I have often been asked if it were not possible that the grizzly, the black, the brown, and cinnamon bears crossed. No, they do not.

The three above-named bears all belong to the black bear family, and all three colors may be found in one and the same family. They are all bears, true, but the grizzly is an entirely different species. Even his tracks found in the snow, soft ground, or dust, are different.

The grizzly makes a track like a flat-footed man, with no break in it, while all bears not of the grizzly family have a break or crack in the bottom of the foot, which is plainly shown in the bear's track. The grizzly is of decidedly different temperament and is built along different lines. His nose is short, he is wide between the eyes and extremely wide between the ears; while the black bear's head is long and slender. The grizzly has a hump of muscle and hair on the shoulders. His color varies from a dark lemon brown to silver grey, which accounts for the name of Silver Tip, often given him. The grizzly cannot be successfully tamed; he is always dangerous.

The common black bear is more afraid of the grizzly than any other animals, or of man. Several years ago I was in Yellowstone National Park and one evening walked out to see the bears feed on the dump.

All the different colors of the common bear were represented, male and female, grown bears, and cubs. A dozen or fifteen of them all seemed to be having a good time picking up scraps and rattling the cans about, when suddenly an old she-bear raised up and tested the air with her nose; then she snorted violently. All the other bears went through practically the same motions, and then left suddenly. They had not seemed afraid of me and I was at a loss to know what it was all about, when from over the hill in the opposite direction taken by the bears, there came a small grizzly, a yearling perhaps, not over two years old at the most. Now, the first bears had not seen him at all, but the odor of grizzly had been enough. All American animals live in deadly fear of the grizzly bear. ##

A Little Bit of Butter

Continued from page 51

"I know it's true."
 "But we may use beef fat."
 "Where do you get beef fat?"
 "We don't. We use oil. That's what I am trying to explain."
 "What kind of oil?"
 "I don't know the brand."
 "Olive oil?"
 "I don't know if it is real olive oil or substitute. It's just plain oil."
 "What kind?"
 "I don't know."
 "You don't know?"
 "It's the kind that comes in the bottle..."
 "What name is on the bottle?"
 "The brand I don't know. It comes from the Schwartz grocery shop. The kind they sell everywhere."
 "And you don't know the name?"
 "No. I don't."
 "Why?"
 "Why I don't know the name? I don't know the name because... What difference does it make anyway? I don't know. I don't know. Because I don't remember. I came home only yesterday and in college I did not go into the kitchen and here... What difference does it make anyway... Here Dora..."
 "You are sure it is not melted butter in the bottle, even though the label reads oil?"
 "Dora would know. Really I believe it quite impossible for the bottle would have to be kept warm and it stands on the shelf."
 "What shelf?"
 "The shelf in the kitchen. But really I do not know exactly, because I was away in college. Three years and a half. And only at vacation time..."
 "How much butter do you use?"
 "Only what they put on the plate in the college lunch room."
 "I mean here in Heimlich."
 "Only yesterday..."
 "Yes, I heard that before. But yesterday—how much butter?"
 "Nothing. Hardly anything."
 "How much?"
 "Really, not anything at all."
 "None at all!"
 "No. A little piece. A little tiny bit. Dora put it on the table. Ask her."
 "I am asking you."
 "I tell you the truth. A little piece of butter. Not more. A little piece. Just what is allowed everyone."
 "You are lying!"
 "No, it's the truth. Dora will say it is the truth. She knows."
 "You are lying!"
 "Send for Dora, she will hear me out."
 "You are lying!"
 "A little piece of butter. So big only. It's the truth."
 "What truth!"
 "What I say is true. I would swear it under oath."
 "What oath!"
 "In court before a judge."
 "You think you will get a sharp Jew lawyer to wiggle you out. Not so fast young lady."
 "I am telling you the truth."

She sank exhausted into a chair. A few minutes later two military officers came into the room and the questioning began again.
 "What oil?"
 "From the bottle. I don't know the brand. I came home only yesterday."
 "Are you certain it was oil?"
 "Yes, I am."
 In this way the ordeal continued throughout the entire afternoon. But in the end they were still not satisfied and it was ordered that she be held over for investigation. Two soldiers came to escort her to the lock-up.
 When they left the building she stood on the steps and rubbed her eyes. She breathed rapidly as though she could not get enough air into her lungs. The soldiers waited patiently and watched her bosom rise and fall. The air was warm and the soft light of the setting sun gave their faces an orange glow. Soon they walked on. She was between them and every now and then the eyes of the soldiers examined her closely. She had come without a hat and her black hair caught a glint of the setting sun.
 "I should like my father notified."
 They looked at her full eyes, which seemed ready to burst into tears, and one replied: "He will notify himself."
 "How do you mean?"
 "Well, when you don't come home then he'll know, won't he?"
 The soldier spoke these words very softly and almost tenderly.
 "Yes, I guess so."
 "Everything is simple, Miss."
 The soldiers glanced at each other. They knew what the glance meant.
 "Where are you taking me?"
 "Just over to the place. The same place everyone must go."
 Although nobody will admit it, the place turned out to be an abandoned tool shed which was used during the construction of the new barracks. It was a fair distance away and there was a padlock on the door but it was only a cheap padlock that almost any key would fit.
 Exactly what happened is, of course, not known. But it seems the soldiers changed the date on the paper and delivered her some days later to the matron in charge of the women's side of the prison. Very often people are delivered to her quite exhausted and hysterical. You know how things are. Seeing her condition she bundled

her up and sent her on to the next town where they have a clinic attached to the prison. It looked as though she needed medical attention and the matron did the only sensible thing. This must have been a little over two weeks ago. During these last two weeks there is nobody who is able to tell where she has been. It's a mystery.

Her father was frantic. He visited the officials and ran here and there. Then he got hold of an attorney and they left for Berlin. In Berlin he went from one office to another and in the end nothing came of it, though everyone assured him that it would all come out all right.

He brought some documents with him from Berlin and presented these to the town officials. They also assured him that everything would come out all right.

Dora was a good soul. She went almost every day to the station and showed her credentials and cried out loudly: "Only the regulation amount. A little bit of butter." She did this so many times, until she was thrown out. Then she appealed to the neighbors but they only shrugged.

During the three weeks that passed the weather was just perfect. If you have never spent spring in Heimlich you would not know how perfect weather can be. Plants and flowers seem to grow right before your eyes. And there is a smell of soft earth mingled with the aromatic turpentine of fresh paint. In the spring of the year everyone in Heimlich paints over his garden benches, and boxes, and the rose trellises and sometimes the front door and back porch. They just finished painting the long white picket fence of the beer garden and the archway over the entrance. The spring sun is warm and brilliant, and everything dries without delay.

And so the fresh paint, the budding flowers, the delicious smells, the warm sunshine, all together it makes spring and people leave off their old musty coats and step out for a fresh breath in the open.

And on top of it all, after the Bock beer comes the new May wine and you sit out in the tavern garden and listen to the music. Well, that is how it is to be civilized!

She must have walked a long distance. Her clothes were torn, they hung in shreds; she had no stockings at all and her face was bruised and scratched. The buttons were off her waist and the rags were pinned with several

large safety pins—the brass kind that soldiers carry in their kits.

No one seemed to see her come down the road or through the gate. She passed between the tables of the beer garden and searched the faces as though she were looking for someone eagerly. Her mouth was partly open, one side of her lip was swollen, several strands of her hair hung down in front and her eyes had a strange and wild piercing look. They seemed to glance forward and sidewise, both at once. The forward glance was vague and distant while the side glance was filled with terror. You could not look at those eyes and not realize that something beyond words had occurred, something unmentionable. Three weeks, only three short weeks and this! It seemed hardly possible.

Well, what did she want? She was looking for someone. Her voice was quiet but due to the swollen lip, a little inarticulate. Her laugh—yes, she laughed—was high, nervous and shrill.

Pausing before some kindly people at one of the tables, she said: "Oh yes, everything is all right now. They let me go home. But I have forgotten the house. And I want so much to go home."

The barman sent the boy running down the street to bring her father.

At another table she stared blankly before her and said: "Everything is so familiar here and so friendly, I am sure that soon I will be able to find the house. They said I could go home. And butter? Oh, no, it is a bad thing to use butter. Very wrong. Please, I beg of you, don't touch any butter. They told me how wrong it was."

Suddenly the vacant expression of her face changed and she burst into a rippling laugh. "Ha, ha! I hate butter. I am glad I hate it. Ha, ha! I am so happy and I love to be happy. I love... love, love, love..." As she repeated the word her face grew serious and in another moment it was grim. Her eyes seemed fixed on some horrible invisible spot. Hoarsely she cried: "Love! Love!" And then she clutched at her breasts and began to laugh. And through the ripples of this convulsive overflow you could hear: "Butter! Ha-a, ha! Only a little bit of butter. Ha-a-a-ha!"

Soon her father stood under the arched entrance of the beer garden. He heard the laughter of her voice but he could not bring himself to move a step nearer. There before him, at last, was his little daughter, the joy of his heart. And all because of... "Millie, Millie," he whispered.

"Ha, ha. A little bit of butter!" She laughed again. And then, with a sudden determined force, she clenched her teeth and with trembling emotion called: "The dirty Jews—I hate them!"

Some of the people smiled at

Continued at top of page 114





“Some things we just bought, darling—we want to look our loveliest for you on Father’s Day”

A Little Bit of Butter

Continued from pages 51-112

this last remark. One or two even laughed out loud for it sounded so funny coming from her.

But Hugo, the clarinet player, leaned forward and called out: "Shame on you! Shame to laugh at that."

A soldier sitting close to the band stand put down his glass with a bang and cried back: "What's wrong with you, you old souse. She's cuckoo, no!"

"Cuckoo. Cuckoo. The whole world is cuckoo." He stuck out his under lip and wet the reed of his clarinet and blew into it as loud as he could. His beery notes were loud and almost sour.

The girl, in the meantime, had walked along the path toward the gate. She paused now and then and spoke to an empty table and to the flowers in the border. She called the flowers by their correct

names only she added a "Mister" to each. "Mister Geranium, I am looking for my home. They said I may go home."

Soon she stood before her father. For a moment her teeth closed and the muscles of her face drew taut just as they had a minute before when she exclaimed, "The dirty Jews." But slowly the tension relaxed, very slowly, and her mouth broke into a smile. She stretched

out her arms. "Oh, there is my home. I knew I would find you. Oh! I am so happy... So very happy."

He wrapped his coat about her and she was singing as they walked down the road.

But this year spring was really wonderful. You never saw such perfect weather as we had here in Heimlich during the past three weeks. ‡

Black Mountain Music

Continued from page 65

"Say, I'm worried."

Thinking at last the calm, unruffled surface of the lean, lanky rookie might be giving way to pressure on the eve of tomorrow's big test, the scribe eagerly asked: "What's that, Cliff?"

When the reply came the reporter almost swooned.

"What's the difference between an air mail stamp and a special delivery stamp?" Cliff naïvely asked.

The baseball writer gulped and wondered if this was a gag.

"I been carrying a letter in my pocket for two days," innocently explained Melton, "trying to decide what kind of stamp to put on it, air mail or special delivery."

"Cliff, I'll tell you the best thing to do," said the newspaperman, "put a three cent stamp on that letter and drop it in the mailbox right now. That'll solve your problem."

Melton mailed his letter with a three-cent stamp and the worried look left his brow. He was all set to stop the Cubs and did. The box score of the next day recorded that Melton baffled the Cubs with his left-handed wizardry, allowing only six hits.

How can such a babe-in-the-woods make good in baseball? Don't ask me, but the great Carl Hubbell would trade one of his best curves for the mental complexes of "Mickey Mouse" Melton.

"Lots of folks," says King Carl, "think I don't worry when I get out on that hill. But I do. I've been around long enough to know the difference between one run and one ball game. But Melton, darned if he does. Every day's the same. So's every ball game. As they say: 'He don't know nothing but just keeps rolling along.' I wish I were more like him. I'd do better and last longer in this show."

King Carl, one of Melton's greatest admirers, realizes this season may see his abdication as king of the Giant pitching staff in favor of the slim-jim from the Black Mountain country. Last season, Hub won only two games more than "Mickey Mouse" and lost one less. But what's more important is that Melton's earned run average was second best in the league—2.61 as against Hubbell's 3.19.

There's an axiom in big league baseball that the second year is the hardest. Almost all the great

stars, notably pitchers, find the first season soft, the second misery. Cy Blanton, ace of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is one of the proofs. Cy won eighteen games his first year with the Pirates and was the flop of '36, losing almost as many games as he won in 1935. Complexes got him but not the kind of complexes owned by Melton. Cy worried and fell. Nothing worries Melton. His pitches are fast and tantalizing. In his veins runs the ice water that ran in those of Mathewson, Alexander and Walter Johnson. He proved that in his first world series chance. Anyway, Cliff never was much good in arithmetic so the second-year jinx won't mean a lot. Maybe he can't count to two.

The day before the world series opened I asked Hubbell how he sized up the battle with the Yankees. Hub pointed to Melton warming up and said:

"It all depends on that bean pole over there. If he don't realize he's pitching against the Yankees in a world series with plenty in balance our chances will be good."

Only one freshman pitcher has won a world series game since 1909 when Babe Adams, Pittsburgh Pirates' rookie, beat the Detroit Tigers. Since the "Beautiful Babe" only Paul Dean, Cardinal rookie of 1934, has triumphed in world series competition. But do you think Melton was bothered about facing one of the most devastating batting arrays in baseball history—the Yankees' murderers' row? I doubt if he even knew what it was all about.

Melton didn't beat the Yanks but he proved his gameness under fire and left no doubt he could stand on the firing line and pitch against baseball's deadliest hitters without losing his nerve. The Yanks knocked him out of the box in the second game, but he came back with a superb performance in a relief role the next day.

After the Yanks had knocked him out Melton's comment was: "They got the jump on me. That's all."

Because of Melton's previous affiliations with the Yanks, several New York newspapers attempted to build up a "feud" between the sail-eared pitcher and his former club. When asked about the feud, Melton expressed surprise and blandly he asked:

"What's a feud?"

The boys explained.

"Oh, no, I ain't feuding with those guys," said Cliff. "I'm just pitching against them."

Fans who sat in box seats near the Yankees' dugout know Melton was the target of one of the most vicious tongue lashings any rookie ever had to take in a world series.

Tony Lazzeri started it when he piled through the Giants' dugout and said in his weird attempt at southern drawl:

"Mickey Mouse, yo' all gonna pitch for the rebels today?"

They never let up on him, but when the world series was over every lasting Yankee had to admit Melton could take it.

Since Jack Ogden slipped the two extra hundred-dollar bills in his pay envelope for massaging his knuckles on the schnozzola of his taunters, Melton hasn't found anything to cause him serious anxiety. Come fair weather or foul, rain or shine, facing the Cubs or the Yankees, the Giants' bean pole from out of the Black Mountain country goes along his serene way, blissfully ignorant of all life's major problems.

Never will I forget that February day Melton stood on the docks of Havana with confusion reigning all about him. On foreign soil for the first time in his life, a rookie up on trial with the Giants, Melton acted like a veteran who knew all the answers and was intimately acquainted with ocean travel and all the problems of disembarkation.

"An awful mess, isn't it, Cliff?" a newspaperman said to Melton as he pointed down to the Cubans attempting to get the baggage unsnarled and delivered.

"I don't know, they'll get it all done in time and everybody's luggage will show up sometime somewhere. I ain't worried."

Guns always have intrigued Melton more than mousetraps or mountain music. His idea of a perfect day is to get his dog and his gun and go off to the hills for a day of shooting. Since a lad, Melton has prided himself on his marksmanship and ability to handle a rifle.

Other players on the Giants recognize him as one of the deadliest shots with a gun in their ranks. And his reputation set off the classic wise crack of the 1937 baseball season.

On a long train hop westward

second baseman Burgess Whitehead and pitcher Hal Schumacher, trying to while away the dull hours, became involved in a learned discussion involving the question:

"Does a bullet fired straight into the air, go up or come down faster?"

Whitehead and Schumacher are both scholarly ball players. Whitehead, a graduate of the U. of North Carolina, wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and Schumacher is a graduate of St. Lawrence University. They had discussed the question from all angles, drawing charts and trying to prove by physics, the law of gravity and trigonometry their different contentions when along strolled Melton, the simple soul.

They put their problem to Melton, knowing his reputation with firearms.

Without a moment's hesitation and with a dead serious pan, Melton replied:

"The bullet don't come down a-tall."

"What do you mean, don't come down?" asked Whitehead in astonishment. "What happens to it then?"

Whitehead thought he had stumped Melton but clever Cliff calmly answered:

"It melts up there."

Then he explained how he had shot into the air hundreds of times experimenting to find the answer to the very same question they were arguing about and he had never yet seen or heard of the bullets come back to earth.

"You're just lucky, that's all," opined Schumacher.

From now on Whitehead and Schumacher leave Melton strictly alone when they want an answer to one of their learned problems.

That is, firearm and trigonometry problems. When he comes to chucking that apple, "Mickey Mouse" solves many a Giant problem.

"What do I think of the National League pennant race?" asked Broadway Jack Doyle, the betting commissioner. "It's a tough one, but tell you what. Keep your eye on Melton. If he stays hot, just don't pay any attention to the Gas House Gang from St. Looney or those Chicago Cubs. I wish someone had told me to punch someone on the nose when I tried to play ball." ‡



FACTS.. FIGURES.. FITNESS..

ARE HER
BUSINESS!

BUSINESS GIRL—1938 MODEL—Office manager Olive Tucker keeps disarmingly calm despite nerve-nagging phones, buzzers, interviews. "If anyone needs healthy nerves, I do," Miss Tucker smiles, adding: "That's one reason why I smoke Camels. They

never get my nerves upset." Later—much later—Miss Tucker skips to the roof-top gym for a quick work-out. Next—shower—rub—a Camel—and she's up and off again! Tired? Miss Tucker's answer: "Camels give my energy a refreshing 'lift.'"

Cigarettes may *look* alike—but what an appealing difference there is in Camels!

As a smoker, you'll be interested to read what Miss Tucker, successful young office manager, said to Miss MacGregor about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes (at right).

WELKER COCHRAN, who has won many billiard championships, says: "Camels give me *real* pleasure. Under the strain of a match, Camels never make me feel jittery or unsure of my 'touch.' The saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel,' expresses just the way I feel too!"



"Olive, do you always serve Camels because you feel that there's a big difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"



OLD MAN BUSINESS licked for another day, Miss Tucker entertains graciously—and *thoughtfully*! There are lots of Camels around her living room. Miss Tucker says: "Camels are the favorite with my guests and are delightful for topping off a meal. During and after dining, I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.' Camels set me right!"

"I'm very glad you've brought that question up, Helen. I've tried as many kinds of cigarettes as most people, I guess, and I'm amazed at how *different* Camels are. Camels are extra-mild—they never bother my throat. And Camels taste good, yet never leave that 'cigaretty' after-taste. In so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic

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PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER **"CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"**

"You bet Camel is our choice of cigarettes," say these tobacco planters—and they *know* tobacco because they *grow* it!



Mr. George Crumbaugh, well-known planter, had his best tobacco crop last year. He says: "The Camel people bought the choice lots—paid more than I ever got before. Naturally, Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Fact is, most planters favor Camels."



"I know the kinds of tobacco in various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, 19 years a tobacco grower. "Camel got my choice grades last year—and many years back," he adds. "I know Camels are made from **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS.**"



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine says, his tobacco brought highest prices. "Camel took my best lots," he says. "Other planters also got top prices from Camel for extra-choice grades. Naturally, I'm partial to Camels. Most growers here are too."

America's **FOUR**

NOWHERE in the world are there finer whiskies than the four shown here.

They are as unmistakably American as choice native grains can make them. Like the proud clipper ship, they symbolize American resourcefulness and achievement.

The names they bear are old and respected. The fame they've won dates back to years that are now but memories.

All are straight whiskey, slowly, patiently ripened under U. S. Government supervision. Then bottled in bond at full 100 proof.

Each is distinguished by an individual merit that has won and held a loyal following—a merit proudly maintained throughout the years.

There is no need to look beyond this foursome for quality to suit any taste, and at today's modest prices, no reason to purchase rye or bourbon of lesser excellence.

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Bottled in Bond

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AND THE EMBLEM OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

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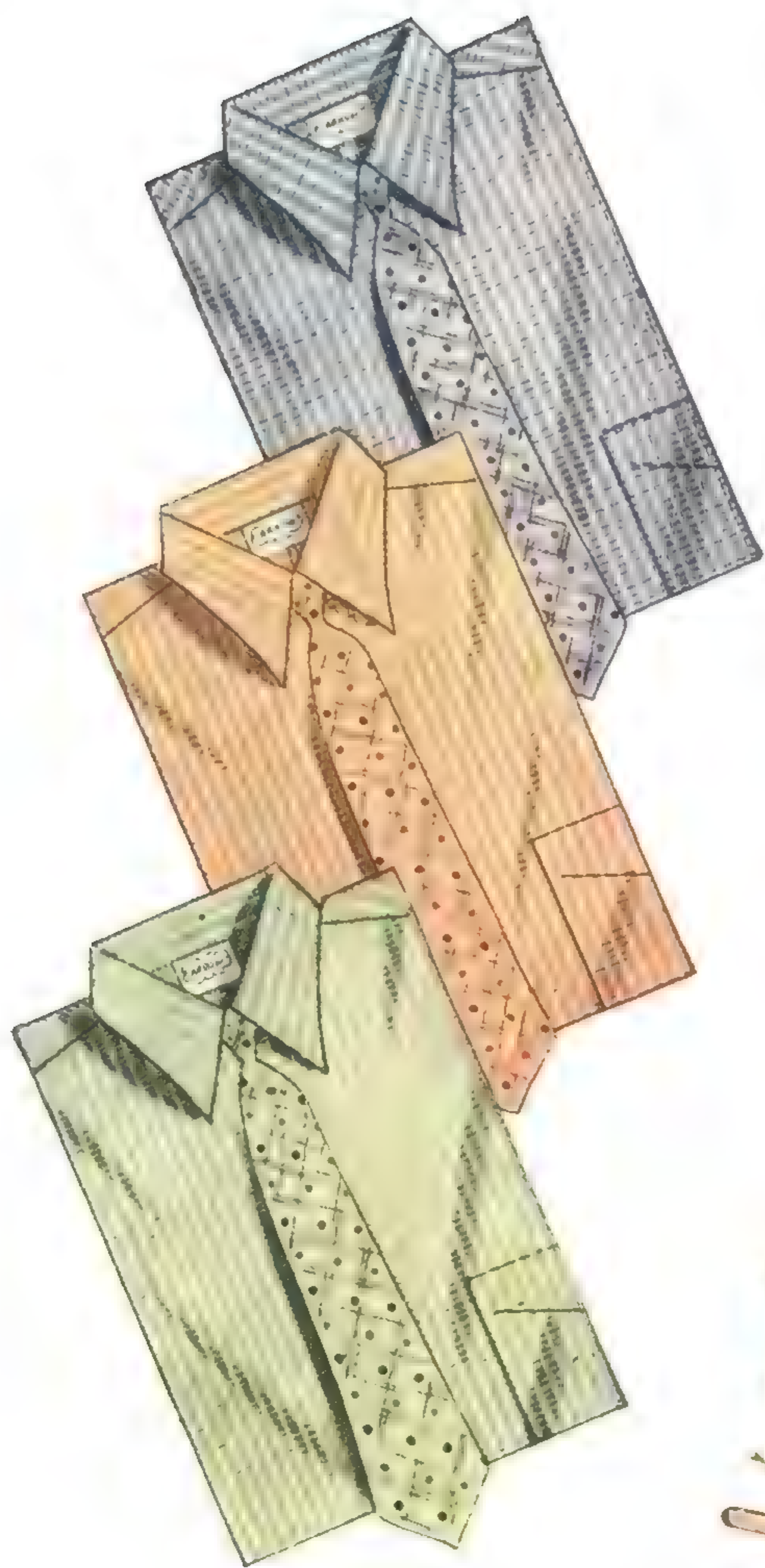


OLD OVERHOLT — 128 years famous for its rich, robust rye taste



OLD TAYLOR — marked with the signature of a man who made whiskey history

Summer's coolest proposition: *Arrow Tropical Shirts*. Tiny openings let in the breezes! New stripes or plain white. Also a sport model with long or short sleeves, white only. Sanforized. \$2.50. *Tweed Spot Ties* in colors to blend with the shirts, \$1.50.



Your Tropical turn-out isn't quite complete without Arrow's Tropical Handkerchief. This mesh handkerchief re-echoes the pattern and colors of the shirt. 50¢.



The center seam is Peck's Bad Boy, as far as shorts are concerned. But Arrow's shorts don't have this seam! So they never chafe, never hike up. In cool Tropical cloth, \$1. Undershirts, 50¢ up.

Gotta Dad? Father's Day is Sunday, June 19th.



If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.



Cool, porous oxford cloth is a fine fabric for hot days. And of all oxford shirts, Arrow Gordon is the U.S. Favorite. For Gordon (being Sanforized) avoids that common oxford evil, shrinkage. Plain or button down collar. \$2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

An End to Benevolence

Continued from page 39

to have, and the populace would be just as welcome an acquisition as the territory. We'd have some really splendid statesmen to help us run things, not to speak of a dandy collection of hockey players. In fact it's high time our professional hockey teams stopped recruiting Canadians. If we annexed Canada, we could claim the players as Americans. I'm thinking up arguments every minute.

Besides, it would be a rather nice war. Since both opponents speak the same language, propaganda would be much simplified. The pamphlets dropped by our planes on Canadian troops would be printed in English, thereby saving our government the necessity of hiring professional translators. Radio propaganda would be likewise simplified, and my idea would be to put it on the big networks, most of which cover Canada pretty thoroughly right now. This would be mixed with entertainment, coming on for, say, five minutes in the middle of the Charlie McCarthy hour.

Of course England might object to all this, but we'd stand a fair chance to get some of Canada before the British fleet got here. But even if it did lead to a war with England, this would still be in accordance with my general policy. England and the United States have been mighty close to each other in the last few decades, and, accordingly, an Anglo-American war would rank right up with an American-Canadian war for good sportsmanship and fine feeling on both sides. England too has quite an unemployment problem, so the war would undoubtedly benefit her too.

Of course it might turn out that England won instead of us, but that really wouldn't make so much difference. It would still give our manufacturers an expanded market free of tariff barriers. And once the two countries were under the same government some arrangement should be possible whereby America sent fewer Hollywood movies to England in return for England's promise to

restrict lecturers visiting these shores.

Finally the problem arises of what we should do if we find that we want to grab territory that is held by people we *don't* like. Should we go to war in such a case? Thinking it over, I've decided that we should. I think we'd wait a while after our British conflict, but, say, in another twenty years when business began to dull off a bit, I'd be for it.

And here, of course, we'd have to reverse our policy of fighting an enjoyable war. Our slogan would still be "Grab Whatever It Is," and we still wouldn't be fighting for any moral cause. But the problem of how to handle a recalcitrant population would arise. My solution is that instead of trying to assimilate a hostile population, we should decimate it. I used to read in the history books how populations were decimated in the old days, and the idea always fascinated me. Populations have taken some pretty bad beatings in recent times, but I don't think

nine people out of ten have been done away with since the Black Plague way back in the 14th century. After all, with all our gases and bacteria we're a pretty hopeless lot if we can't out-depopulate a medieval plague. By decimating a given population it is much easier to keep track of the residue than by cutting it into ninths or elevenths. To figure how many are left after the slaughter, all you have to do is lop off a cipher. I always hated to work in fractions.

All right, then, let's forget peace treaties, multi-power pacts, boycotts, the rights of small nations, non-aggression agreements, disarmament conferences, rules of civilized warfare, neutrality acts and all the other bewildering factors and problems which combine to plague the American people, and form a Society For The Avowed Purpose of Grabbing Somebody Else's Country. It will take our minds off a lot of things, and it might even be a great deal of fun. ‡

Marriages Are Made in Reverse

Continued from page 80

sprees. On the other hand, the most tranquil wives are those whose husbands do not give a damn about their wives' nerves, consequently the wives don't seem to have "nerves" except at the rarest and most pardonable intervals.

There is the case of the X family, whose home I have visited often. Occasionally I have entered that home to deposit the limp form of Mr. X who has relaxed himself in the perfectly innocent manner within the rights of a free-born citizen of a democracy. There are no hysterics on the part of Mrs. X, and no embarrassment. The kids are all in bed, and that is where we put Mr. X after his wife has poured a load of neutralizer into him to make his emergence from the fog less painful during the morning after.

Mr. X once was assigned to cover a triple electrocution. It was his first assignment to the business side of the green door and although Mr. X was no stranger to violently unpleasant incidents in newspaper work, this one started to work on him early. He was impressed by fellow workers who had covered electrocutions that the smell of burning flesh at a barbecue was enough to disturb the strongest stomach, so the stench of a three burner job in the poorly ventilated death chamber probably would be unbearable.

By the time of the executions Mr. X was in worse condition to walk to a chair than were the condemned men. After the barbecues he telephoned an incoherent story that the desk whipped into a classic. Then Mr. X disappeared. He was discovered three mornings after the execution story, asleep on the floor of the photographic

department dark room. Mrs. X had been calling with increasing frequency the second and third days. The woman was getting somewhat apprehensive. Her husband staying away one night was nothing, but the longer he stayed away and the more chance spoiled wives had to work on her, the more she started to develop "nerves."

Photographers awakened Mr. X. He was a bleary mess, unshaven, dirty and disheveled. When the boys had him shaken into sensibility they asked him to telephone his wife. I recall distinctly that the three fellows who urged Mr. X to telephone his home were married men who were constantly in hock to the loan companies. Their wives couldn't live on what these men made—so the wives said, and demonstrated. Instead of being decently appreciative for what their husbands were able to do for them, these three jolly wives kept their husbands in constant distress and never telephoned the office unless it was to report trouble at home or to command or complain. Having been completely dominated by their own females, these three photographers naturally thought that Mr. X, their co-worker, was also an hymeneal menial.

One of the boys got the X home on the telephone and shoved the instrument into the hands of Mr. X.

In a ghostly and unrecognizable voice, Mr. X began with:

"Hello, Mrs. X. Your husband is dead."

That abrupt greeting somewhat disconcerted Mrs. X. She shrieked, then hysterically asked:

"Who is this speaking? Where?"

Calmly, but in the same hollow voice, Mr. X replied:

"This is your husband speaking, Madame, from a slab in the morgue."

Then Mr. X gently put down the telephone and sighed. I picked up the receiver, expecting to get shipping instructions about the remains and an earful of abuse intended for Mr. X, but instead, I heard:

"Oh, honey. I'm so glad to hear from you. I was kind of worried. I'll have some thick soup tonight. It'll be good for your stomach."

I understand that in his neighborhood Mr. X is not considered a model husband, and that the good wives of the immediate vicinity are unduly energetic in expressing their pity to Mrs. X, employing the feline technique that is second nature to women who are notoriously unable to attend to their own affairs. Certainly Mr. X is not a good husband according to the standards set by bad wives; women whose lack of physical or mental allure necessitate their persistent and positive exercise of a spiritual matriarchy over their husbands. But Mr. X is a good husband, according to the rational standards Mrs. X has subconsciously established.

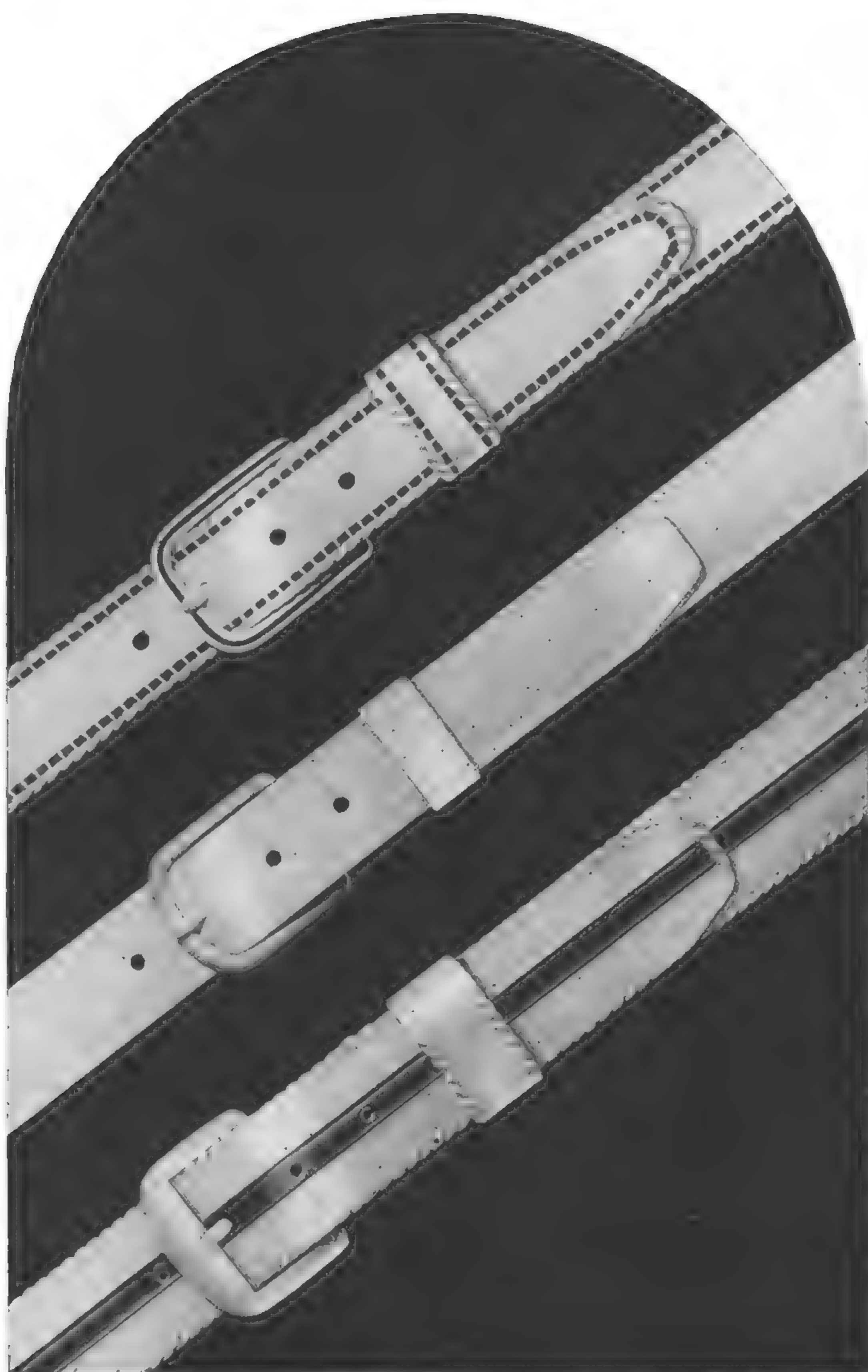
Some years ago it ceased to be regarded as chivalrously necessary for a husband to step into a duel when he learned that other husbands had referred to his wife as a liar, a nuisance, a menace to the good order of the community or a general pain in the region of the coccyx.

So often has matrimony impressed upon husbands that such statements are not *per se* slanderous, but merely statements of fact, that the truth about wives' dispositions no longer is a *casus belli* except among those of lower intelligence.

The definite decline of judgment on wives as a reason for husbands engaging in brawls should be alarming to married women inasmuch as it may be an indication that husbands are discovering that wives are nothing to argue about. It may jolt many a wife into realization that matrimony as a means to economic and social sovereignty over the male is in a dangerously weakening status, when the wife is reminded that the Federal inquiry on marriage and divorce was discontinued in 1933 for reasons of governmental economy. Anything that induces governmental economy is exceedingly serious. Latest available figures on marriages and divorces in the United States are those for 1933-35. They are estimates by S. A. Stouffer and Lyle M. Spencer in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, November, 1936, and were further published by the U. S. Bureau of the Census. It may be interesting to note that the general increase in divorces per 1,000 population which is recorded from 1889 through 1935, spurts in the years of business improvement. This can be accounted for by husbands thinking in those better years that they can afford alimony.

Although national statistics are not available, it is the belief of reporters who cover divorce courts in the metropolitan cities that there is a sharp drop in the number of cases wherein a wife names one of a bevy of correspondents. Up to about five years ago it saddened soft-hearted newspapermen who covered divorce courts to see how many times husbands shook loose of one wife only to jump into the matrimonial trap of some other woman who also was no bargain,

Continued on page 120



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Marriages Are Made in Reverse

Continued from pages 80-119

but whose demerits were only in contrast with those of the first spouse.

Drunkenness, desertion, brutality and incompatibility now are far ahead of adultery in the ranking of numbers of divorce cases in the leading American cities. Married men are getting so terrified by additional prospects of marriage that they are reluctant to expose themselves to the sirens who are seeking to hook men. Adultery to men is as innocent as the shopping instinct in woman which accounts for a lot of wasted time, getting something on a charge account and then returning it for credit.

Jealousy, in its sexual aspect, is becoming extinct in civilized communities. Recently I was in the office of a gentleman who had been keeping company with a lady for several years. The lady telephoned a tearful farewell and advised her former sweetheart that she was taking up with a new boy friend. At the conclusion of the wired adieu the gentleman gently replaced the receiver.

He turned to me and said, very sadly:

"I loved that girl. I still do. She is the sweetest thing in the world. And now some romancing bastard has moved in and she is leaving me."

He sighed deeply and wiped a tear from his eye. Mournfully he looked out a window by his desk. Suddenly he swung around in his chair, cheerful again.

"But, it'll all work out for the best," he decided. "She'll come back to me when her feet get sore!"

Such resignation to the vagaries of the female are common to intelligent men. This philosophical attitude toward love could only be acquired by men educated to the truth that love is no asset to a man who desires to enjoy his constitutional rights, against which matrimony is in drastic opposition.

No profound sociological studies have been made concerning the manner in which the law of compensation works out in matrimony. The best husbands get the worst wives, and vice versa. That is so plainly the case that authorities have not found it necessary to make case studies and reports. Select a husband who is diligent, regular in his habits, thoughtful about his wife, thrifty, calm and with a sound sense of humor. Then meet his wife. You know what she is like. She will sit around on her plump behind the greater part of the time, except when she has a social engagement or feels like spending money. She is so touchy and positive in her statements that she is in a constant debate with those who venture the slightest disagreement. She is as quick on the bellyache as she is slow to demonstrate a sporting consideration for the wage slave she is holding in the very mysterious bondage of wedlock.

To be perfectly fair about the matter it must be said that the rat husbands get the choice wives. That doesn't apply altogether to the mobster type of male, although these hoodlums quickly react to the influence of intelligent society by taking unto themselves de luxe dolls who manage to withstand rather severe pummeling of body and soul without entertaining mistaken notions that they have been foully treated by fate. Again the law of compensation becomes obvious for these molls lack in brains what they have in beauty, docility, and nice household manners around the clock.

The wife of the successful man is not the successful wife or companion that the hoodlum's moll is for the reason that the successful man's wife tries to use a brain in matrimony where a brain is the least thing required. As a matter of blunt fact, if brains were used more there would be less matrimony and wedding licenses would be issued mainly as sentimental gestures of the nature of valentines, and issued and given to the eldest child of the union upon the child's attainment of its majority.

Use of the brain by a wife of a personable, considerate fellow is a selfish use whereby the wife extends her dominance and protection and ultimately breaks the free spirit of the spouse who was lured into a declaration of serious intent when he was too young to know what he was doing.

Those three fat volumes of Westermarck's *History of Matrimony* bring out the point that matrimony was founded on property rights, not on love or for any reason having to do with procreation or the care of children. Originally matrimony was intended to keep off poachers when papa had to stray away in hunt of grub or tribal enemies. He didn't want any handsome tribesman hanging back to ease the pain the wife—or wives—might feel in the absence of the husband. In modern society the element of property rights continues to be paramount in matrimony but the head stockholder has become the wife. The wife says so. It is a most unusual husband in the upper middle classes that is supposed to represent the best in society who dares to deny that his wife doesn't own him. He won't offer that denial directly to his wife or he is in for more hell than a hundred cantos of Dante.

There is one bright spot in the present intelligent attitude toward matrimony and that is the discontinuance of the sacrilegious rap that has been associated with the so-called sacred institution. It used to be that marriages are made in heaven. Look around you, and see if they aren't made in reverse. Heaven has enough troubles without angels teaming up as man and wife and without standing sponsor for the unheavenly jams matrimony has brought to this green footstool. ##

Jackass Trouble

Continued from page 63

was concerned, but Gussie was no quitter. She crawled out on the windlass and reached down to tap him on the head with one of the Countess De Paree pumps. Deke evaded her and complained that she was getting in his light. Gussie said if it was too dark to see, why didn't he come up and talk? Deke's reply was an exasperated grunt.

So Gussie began to drop rocks on him, little ones at first, then bigger and bigger ones. Finally she picked up a seven-pounder, and Deke came up.

"Well, whatdya want to talk about?" he demanded, cradling his goldpan under his arm. "Let's get it over with."

"Oh, nothing much," Gussie admitted, and drew some designs in the dust with the toe of her shoe.

While Deke was losing the opening round to Gussie, Pete had gone back to his casting, in the desperate hope that John Henry still retained some shreds of appetite.

Giving it up as a bad job, he was just preparing to move on, when he observed a flash in the deeper water above him. Peering into the swirling current he caught a glimpse of John Henry resting casually on the bottom, from which position he made an occasional sally to right or left. It was apparent that, far from having lost his appetite, John Henry had merely tired of knickknacks and was searching for solid food.

Now some people think it isn't right to fish with worms. They say it isn't sportsmanlike. They say it isn't any fun. Some of them even call it "nigger fishing." But Pete was no bigot. "What the Hell," he always said, "when a fish is hunting for beefsteak and potatoes, where is the sense to flogging the crick with a bundle of feathers?" So he put on a snell hook and climbed out to look for a worm.

Finding one under a log he impaled it on his hook and made his way cautiously along the bank to the spot where he had seen John Henry last.

Casting into the current at the upper end of the pool, he sank to one knee and watched fixedly the movements of his line. He was still squatting there motionless when Deke and Gussie came up the trail behind him.

Deke paused.

"Say Pete," he said hopefully, "you ain't doing nothing—how's to take Gussie up to my cabin and make her a sandwich? She says she's hungry."

Pete turned on him a glare so filled with bitter animosity that Deke's glance fell before it, and shrugging disgustedly, Deke continued up the path with Gussie

trudging along behind him. He set his goldpan on the bench outside the door and went in. Gussie followed and the door closed behind them.

Pete returned his attention to the worm, which had paid no dividends meanwhile. He cast a second time and watched it come bumbling down along the bottom, a liverish white speck in the murky water. Then it seemed to pause unaccountably, after which it began to move upstream in a most erratic fashion. Pete was rigid.

"Give him time to turn with it!" he told himself tensely.

But when he pulled up, the worm was gone.

"Oh Golly!" he said weakly. "Oh Golly!"

Crawling back from the stream he began to search frantically under rocks and logs for another sacrifice. Finding a worm at last he cast once more into the fast water at the upper end of the pool.

"Come on John Henry!" he prayed fervently. "Third time's a charm!"

Then the cabin door opened and Deke came tiptoeing out. Shutting the door carefully behind him he started down the trail toward his shaft. But before he had gone ten feet the door was snatched open and Gussie came tearing out.

"Aw-w-w Deke," she said reproachfully, "come on back! I wasn't asleep—I just had my eyes shut."

"Nothing doing!" Deke said firmly. "I fried you an egg and you never et it. Now I ain't got no more time to fool." He turned once more toward his shaft.

Unfortunately he had forgotten his goldpan and was forced to return for it. Gussie, quick to appreciate an advantage, snatched up

the pan and began to tantalize him with it.

"Hey, watch it!"—this from Deke as Gussie executed a perilous turn. "You'll spill that gravel out!"

"You damned fools!" Pete yelled from the creek bank.

"Will you cut out that racket?" Surprisingly then, Gussie began to lose her temper. She turned so savagely that Deke stopped in his tracks.

"Quit yelling at me!" she screeched. "I'm tired of being yelled at! 'Gussie this!' and 'Gussie that!' 'Gussie you'll spill the gravel out!' Serve you right if I *did* spill it out," and doubling her tongue between her teeth in a gesture of sudden determination, she swished the gravel out over the creek and fired the pan in after it.

"HEY-Y-Y!" Pete and Deke bawled in anguish, but the damage was by that time complete.

Continued at top of page 122



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Jackass Trouble

Continued from pages 63-121

The pan had sunk without a trace in several feet of water, and a small tidal wave marked the path of John Henry's departure for points downstream.

Meanwhile Gussie—still unappeased—proceeded to get very mad indeed.

"You big boobs!" she said, stamping her foot, "Ain't there anybody in this gulch can think of anything but sixty-penny nails and sluice boxes and fishing for minnows? Well yuh big fatheads, there's a whole crickfull of gravel and minnows! Jump in after 'em and I hope you both drown!"

Saying which she turned on her heel and pranced off up the trail, leaving Pete and Deke with their lungs full of air and no place to put it.

"Godsake!" Deke said, when he could talk. "What's *she* got to get so mad about?"

"Godsake!" Pete echoed. "She comes down here and raises Hell with everything, then *she* gets mad!"

* * *

Gussie sighed, and regarded the stack of supper dishes with an expression of resigned martyrdom.

Gussie's husband sensed her travail, and was inclined to be generous about it.

He was feeling unusually generous that night anyhow, having just eaten one of the best meals which Gussie had fed him in a long while.

"Aw leave 'em go, Honey," he said. "We'll drive in to a movie and you can do 'em in the morning."

Gussie canceled the dishes with a glance and came around the table to perch affectionately on her husband's lap.

"Let's not go to a movie either," she said, very wearily indeed. "I'm too tired." #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 86

wonderful time at *Abie's Irish Rose*—and there were a hundred thousand such someones—that to any instructed taste it was a slice of Brie, and he will put you down as either a deplorable dumbhead or a very offensive person.

I do not, of course, mean to posture any such vainglory as to insist that my own judgment of plays is always right, and the one and only true judgment. Far from it. But, whatever its demerits and weaknesses—and I have made sufficient mistakes in my time—it is at least a judgment that tries humbly to base itself upon the firmest and highest of standards. It never considers box-office success or failure; it never gives a hang for "names"; it never gently lets anything down in the interests of good manners; it doesn't distinguish between personal friends and enemies; it is never influenced by outside considerations of any kind; and it says its say without polite and brummish circumlocution. If you think this is brag, you are mistaken. It is just one rooster's stubborn way of pursuing, for good or ill, the job he thirty-odd years ago chose for himself. And I may whisper confidentially that it is pretty sagacious.

The easiest thing in the world is to write the truth as you see it. It is also the most profitable. For people, however much they may resent you for pricking their pretensions, can't resist reading you. If you need proof, look at the letters sent in by readers of this particular magazine. Nine-tenths of them are from folk who hotly denounce me for disagreeing with their own opinions and who urge the editor to consign me to the doghouse as quickly as possible. As the indignant letters continue to pour in month after month and year after year, however, it becomes plain that the indignantos go right on reading me in spite of themselves. And what is the re-

sult? The result is that if the editor foolishly cashiered me and took on in my stead some critic whose opinions coincided with those held by all the readers of the magazine, it wouldn't be long before those readers would get so blamed tired wasting time reading what they already believed that they'd complain twenty times louder than they presently do. And what is the further result? The further result is that the editor, being like all the other editors I write for, a sapient bird, not only has to raise my wages every other month in order not to lose my precious services but every now and then, when he gets worried, has to bribe me into not deserting him with cuff links, gold watches, cases of Rhine wine, and love letters.

I have a general feeling that what most of the kickers object to in me is not that I don't like anything but that I often don't happen to like the things they like, and vice versa. If I were to like every single play produced during a season and my clients were to think they were one and all pretty terrible, you would hear a tenfold greater objection to me than you presently do. There is no disrelish so acute as that for a person, whether professional critic or layman, who enthusiastically admires something that you yourself have no use for. Experience has taught me that, if nothing else. Let me like greatly a play that no one else likes and even my critical associates are not backward in slyly nominating me a combination of nitwit and lausbub on the one hand and a mélange of chronic dissentient, cavilling protestant and noncompliant horse's tail on the other.

It is, of course, the popular defect of my critical code that it prevents me from liking many plays that certain other less rigorously self-disciplined critics per-

mit themselves to like. It may be too bad, but it can't be helped. For a critic of any probity at all can no more change his basic personal critical attitude than he can change the color of his eyes or the length of his innominate bone. So, God help me, I suppose there is nothing left for me to do but to resign myself for the rest of my life to go on reading my readers' same old pot-shots, same old yawps and same old bellyachings.

By way of not too greatly discouraging and hindering the afore-said dear readers, however, here is some more fuel for them:

I don't like the Federal Theatre Project. In all its considerable period of existence, it has done little but diligently waste the enormous amount of money that has been placed at its disposal by a prodigal government. All save two or three of its countless production efforts have been artistically disastrous. Its *Living Newspaper* idea has some dramatic value; its revival of *Dr. Faustus* was good enough; and its production of the melodrama *Haiti* was a fairish attempt. But beyond these, with the possible exception of the freakish Negro *Macbeth*, nothing that it has done has been worth a critical nickel. It is manned by third-raters; it is rich flesh for a variety of leeches; and it is in general a disgrace to any true conception of a reputable theatre. The government should promptly abandon the whole silly scheme and spend the money on something practically worthwhile, like still more battleships, penny automats for the indigent (with free caviar), or fresh paint and reupholstered chairs for the road commercial theatres.

I don't like the gang of theatre deserters who went to Hollywood when the theatre needed them and who, now that Hollywood no longer has much use for them, are sneaking back with their corrupted competences and trying again to worm their way into a theatre that neither needs nor wants them. They smell of the dramatic sewer they have been living in.

I don't like the noticeably increasing tendency of a number of our better critics to succumb to dramatic sentimentality. In the past season we have seen these critics offer themselves as throwbacks to the local criticism of twenty and thirty years ago, when shrewd mush was regularly confused with honorable drama. The play, *Our Town*, is a case in point. It is not mush by any means; it has certain points, as I have hereinbefore noted, to commend it to any taste; but it also has its liberal share of that saxophonic sentimentality that is blood-sister to sentimentality. And it is unquestionably these saxophonics in its composition that have moved some of

the critics wistfully to exchange their brains for their hearts and, like emotional blind men, to feel pure gold where there is only gilt. The play isn't at bottom bogusly sentimental? Imagine an American small town—and the play makes a great point of arguing the general in terms of the particular—that is completely and wholly free from narrowness, meanness, bigotry, intolerance, petty gossip, and sin! Such is the town Thornton Wilder presents to his audience and critics. Such is the Wilder symbol of rural America. Pardon me for laughing.

I don't like the recent tendency of a number of our actors and actresses to horn in on public affairs and other matters dissociated from the theatre. They usually make fools of themselves when they do and pitifully betray the infantile cast of their minds. Some of them aren't any too good at their own jobs of acting and might better devote the time they are wasting on alien concerns to improving themselves in their craft.

I don't like actors who, after a play has been running for some time, go in for kidding during a performance and who privately pleasure themselves trying to break up the other actors on the stage. They insult the audience that has paid to see them; they insult their dramatist; and they insult the management that has hired them. They also imperil the play. As I write, one of the finest plays on the New York stage and one of the season's biggest successes is in danger of having the bottom knocked from under it by this business of actor kidding. The effect of the play was ruined by it at least two points on the night I went back for a second look. I wonder what attitude the Actors' Equity Association would take if the producer were properly to go

around and complain of certain of its members' capers. Having an injudicious contempt for producers, it would probably kick him out and promptly pass a new by-law stipulating that actors refuse to work for any producer who found fault with them

after the first-night performance. I don't like the kind of stage direction which, in the case of plays containing youngsters, causes one of the adult characters to bestow a pat upon the latters' backsides every time they make an exit.

I don't like the foolish program dodge, in the instance of plays containing dogs, parrots, donkeys or other animals and birds, which lists them in the cast under such names as Reginald, Hugo, Gustav or Admiral Dewey and in the opposite column identifies them by the pronoun, Himself.

I don't, in conclusion, especially like this article. ##



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**REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

Complete Success of Albert Tappet

Continued from page 69

trans-Atlantic flight to convey the compliments of the Italian Empire. One-Eye Connelly crashed the gate. J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men picked up Public Enemies Numbers four and five on the forty-yard-line.

As the minute hand of the huge electric clock on the score board approached within seconds of eight o'clock, a solemn hush fell over the one hundred forty thousand. Amid muted strains from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Graham MacNamee stepped to the microphone and spoke in awed and dulcet tones.

"Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, the makers of Chooley Choo Chew-ing Gum bring to you the miracle singer of the age, Albert Tappet."

There was a thunderous ovation. When it had at last been halted by the red neon signs that flashed SILENCE from all points in the stadium, he continued.

"For his program tonight Mr. Tappet has consented to exert his full powers for the first time. In his own inimitable and incomparable way, he will reproduce for you the voice of every famous singer in the world, man, woman, and child!"

Bedlam broke loose.

The signs flashed SILENCE.

And Tappet sang.

One after another, in quick succession, he duplicated the voices of famed grand opera stars: Lauritz Melchior, Helen Jepson, Ezio Pinza, Kirsten Flagstad. Then he switched to the headliners of radio, and the unmistakable voices of Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, Deanna Durbin, and Kate Smith filled the air. His repertoire was unlimited. Every singer from Grace Moore to Mary Small, from Kenny Baker to Richard Bonelli, from Paul Robeson to Cab Calloway was included.

It was just too too.

At ten minutes of nine, as

Graham MacNamee was expounding the merits of Chooley Choo, there was a commotion in the President's box, located twenty yards from the broadcasting stage. All eyes swung in that direction and focused on a man who wore a sparkling white, gold-braided uniform.

That individual, in a burst of enthusiasm, leaped over the railing of the box, raced to the tiny stage, and vaulted upon it.

It was General Balbo.

Tears were streaming from his eyes. He embraced the great Tappet, and kissed him loudly on both cheeks.

"Ah, Signor Tappet," he cried, "Italy salutes you! The world salutes you! I salute you! Have the goodness to grant one ever so little favor, I beg of you! Sing for me, and for Il Duce, who is listening in by short wave, in the voice of our sainted Enrico Caruso!"

His words and his infectuous fervor carried through the loud speaker system to the one hundred forty thousand and jerked them to their feet. "Caruso! Caruso!" they yelled. "Sing like Caruso!"

The great Tappet smiled modestly, lifted his hand, and the tumult was instantly hushed.

Tappet spoke.

"Okay," he said.

Pandemonium again, stopped again by Tappet's hand.

"I hope I can do it," he continued. "But there is a difference. I have, of course, heard the great Caruso's voice only on phonograph records."

Then he closed his eyes tightly, and whispered to himself, "I am Caruso. I am Caruso! I am Caruso!"

There was a horrified gasp from one hundred forty thousand throats as Albert Tappet suddenly crumpled and fell forward on the platform. By the time MacNamee had reached him he was dead. ‡

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 93

country, but not by this inaccurate blueprint. The authors have done a good job of listing all the things that remain to be done—the houses that remain to be built, the bathtubs and refrigerators and radios yet uninstalled in millions of homes, and so forth. They call that chapter "A Breathtaking View Ahead." What would take our breath away is some kind of program from business men and industrialists which would make it possible to enlist the whole population, not forgetting the marginal dregs, in making that America come true.

For instance, every American city is obsolete, dirty, smelly, noisy, screechy, crowded—an overgrown hell except for a strip or two around the parks and where the big incomes live. Chicago, Detroit, Wilmington, McKeesport, Newport News, Akron, and so on—no sane man would ever have

planned such monstrosities. They just grew up ugly and misshapen without anybody's noticing. The city a bunch of engineers could put up for easy, healthy, zestful living would look like no city you or I or Messrs. Murphy and Prochnow have seen. We have the engineers (some "marginal") and the engineering schools rarin' to turn out more at the signal, and we have the materials. We have everything—except what?

There's a book in that.

George Seldes has written a book (*You Can't Do That*) which is full of Americanisms that Messrs. Snyder, Murphy, and Prochnow have ignored. This fifty-cent Modern Age book contains two dollars' worth of stories about the plain and fancy ways in which our "inalienable" rights are violated. This would be 255 pages of comedy, high and low, if it were about a past civilization, some other Dark

Ages than this one, so that you could read about it from the outside. But it's pretty grim stuff, and no policeman, Elk, Legionnaire, Daughter of Revolution, or member of a chamber of commerce should miss it. The book will not be on sale or in the library when the American Hitler takes over, so read it now.

I'm just reminded that on page 204 of *The Next Century is America's* it says that "liberty means that everyone in the United States—the poor and the rich—has a right to be treated equally." This is a very nice meaning, and Seldes' book shows what has happened to it. Tell it to Make Mills, the "industrial squad" veteran, or Cop Mooney, hero of the South Chicago massacre. I plop down on Chicago because our two authors are Chicagoans, and there's nothing like a homely illustration.

Often in that fair city the police raise hell with the poor when they catch them off base, and sometimes when they are camped right on the bag, and Messrs. Murphy and Prochnow can get an earful any Tuesday noon when the local civil liberties boys meet at the Hotel Chicagoan to talk over what is happening to those libertarian rights. But a couple of years ago when a wealthy Chicago business man was nabbed for embezzling insurance funds, a judge made a special trip to his house to sign the bail bond, which was nice and neighborly of His Honor, but hardly the treatment handed out to the rank and file citizen.

* * *

So much for the Fourth of July, and now let us look at the rash of volumes that has broken out in the foreign affairs field. The journalists are still rushing into print, with new varieties of the species telling their all. A couple of newspaper gals are among them. Irene Kuhn's *Assigned to Adventure* (Lippincott, \$3.00) is a feminine Farsonette, and Mary Knight's *On My Own* (Macmillan, \$3.00) manages to be gossipy, adventurous, and Dale Carnegie-ish at the same time. No Vinny Sheeans, these ladies—and their example will, alas, be followed by other journalistic troupers, of whom there are still a fearful number whose manuscripts have not yet reached a publisher's office.

A development not altogether unforeseen is that the desk men are beginning to tell their side. Heretofore the legmen have had it all their way, but now comes Eugene Young, for an awful lot of years cable editor of the *New York Times*, with *Looking Behind the Censorships* (Lippincott, \$3.00). Mr. Young gives the effect of being pro-British in an odd way, like a man who admits his girl is a bum but he can't help loving her. What a lot of us have been assuming is

British muddleheadedness in foreign policy, he sees as astuteness. And he attempts to prove that Mussolini is not Mug Number One, but only a front for the king and the army.

The book is readable and full of information. It would have been more so if the author hadn't (for understandable reasons) felt obliged to exclude special information that came to him in his executive job. It would be interesting to get the inside of our leading newspaper's foreign policy. What is the story of Carney vs. Matthews in Spain, of Cortesi in Italy, of the struggle between the anti-Soviet Strunsky and the pro-Soviet Duranty? (Young is revealed as an adherent of the Strunsky faction.)

The book is a monument to the wealth of world intrigue since Manchuria in 1931. The facts and the interpretations of this period are so stupendous, so crazy, so multitudinous and ominous, that they are creating a whole new literature, the literature of rehash. A

hundred writers have pawed over these facts, added, subtracted, reinterpreted, speculated, and the whole business has become a sort of International Hot Stove League: "They needed a good left-hander." "They shouldn't have put Eden in to pinch hit, not in that ball park." "The umpire stank."

The trouble with Mr. Young and most of these authors is that they write so entirely from the plane on which the events occur.

Few of them have the mental quality of writing from above or outside the events, and of seeing completely around what has happened.

The radio journalist has also added his mite: César Saerchinger, who was for seven years CBS's European man, and pioneer of transmission and interpretation of news across the Atlantic. In *Hello America!* (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.50) Saerchinger, who led the Pope, Hitler, Mussolini, Selassie, Trotsky, Shaw, Gandhi, and other world figures to the mike, recounts scores of interesting and significant experiences and contributes some new material on the working of radio abroad.

* * *

In the fiction department Phyllis Bottome has a novel of Nazi Germany (*The Mortal Storm*, Little, Brown, \$2.50) which has quality. But such a story has two strikes on it at the outset, because it is difficult for a tale of a madhouse to beat a case-study of life in a madhouse, and the result is that this novel is a little like a child's drawing of reality. From the moment the characters are introduced it is guessable what will happen; and the noble, long-winded speeches the people unwind in their mortal-storm moments be-

Continued at top of page 126



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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 93-125

come wearing. La Bottome is no ordinary writer, but this is not her best.

Anyone who read *America the Menace* which poet-novelist-surgeon Georges Duhamel tossed off after a brief stay in the U. S. would know what to expect from the man when he got around to doing one of those "epic" stories of a society and a generation. *The Pasquier Chronicles* (Holt, \$3.50) is the competent self-exposure of still another intellectual tossing about rudderless on a sea that won't calm down.

The most sensible passage in the book occurs on the last page (848): "We are intellectuals, which means that we are obstreperous and difficult. This failure of ours doesn't prove anything for other more normal men." This last sentence practically means that the book is not worth reading, except for those interested in the self-diagnosis of lost morale. Seasick navigator Duhamel will go down with his ship rather than signal for a rudder. His 848 pages consist of anti-machine age propaganda plus anti-smug middle-class propaganda in story form by an intellectual whose pain at living in a cockeyed society got in the way of under-

standing the causes of the mess.

It makes you sad that Duhamel couldn't take a page out of the book of one of our own sensitive plants, Henry Adams, who converted his ivory tower into a laboratory and an observation post. Nineteenth-century Adams realized that instead of being fitted for a twentieth century world he had been given an eighteenth century education. As soon as he realized it he set out to make up for the paternal blunder. Adams wanted to put himself on the "lines of force" of his age, but Duhamel (like Santayana?) is pathetically nonplussed because those lines of force fail to coincide with the lines of his precious soul. Too bad.

Vilhelm Moberg's *Memory of Youth* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50) hardly proves him to be in the tradition of Hamsun and Thomas Hardy, as advertised, although his style has simplicity, directness, and force. Knut Toring, nauseated by the cheap manuscripts he is forced to wade through as reader in a Stockholm publishing house, longs for the scenes of his childhood and youth. Compared to the dull routine of his middle-class city life, its noise, foul air, confinement, the memories of his youth

on his father's farm are memories of paradise. As Moberg himself was a farmer who became a journalist and author, it is a safe bet that there is a lot of Vilhelm in Knut.

* * *

When I was spending the summer of 1936 in Moscow trying to find out what made Soviet journalism tick, I didn't realize that Eileen Bigland was there, prying into everything and getting a big kick out of it. This humorous and spirited woman has done a humorous and spirited book about her Russian adventure, *Laughing Odyssey* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a sympathetic job in which the genuine temper of the Soviet people is caught—a rare achievement.

Another book that takes the curse off routine is *Punch-man* A. P. Herbert's *Sip! Swallow!* (Doubleday Doran, \$2.00). Here's a man who, to use his own expression, sees the bread behind the crust. A siege at the dentist's, a visit to the oculist, a bout with the sillier proverbs, an examination of the custom of taking one's hat off in elevators—everything is an excuse to Herbert for the indulgence of a happy fancy and a pretty wit.

There should be more room here, because plenty of books are worth more than a mention. A minor *tour de force* is *First Class Passenger* (Knopf, \$3.00), a gathering together of passengers' accounts of their voyages from the earliest times. Jonah, it seems, was the first paying passenger who left a log of his trip. Said trip was not his adventure in the whale, by the way.

Not only the guy bit by the naturalist bug, and not only the fisherman, but anybody, could get stirred up by Brian Curtis' *The Story of the Fish* (Appleton-Century, \$3.00). At the outset I gave it the fishy eye. What did I care about cross-sections of perch, a fish's love life, how a fish breathes, why it's slimy, and so on? But once I dipped in I stayed dipped. This man should write science textbooks. Kids would learn more in zoology courses if textbook writers and professors had a sense of humor about animal life, and if they could tie in this life with our human furniture and fixtures the way fish-biographer Curtis does. And certainly no rod-and-reel man should fail to give it a look.

Fishes, by the way, can drown. Is nobody safe? #

Tribute To Taxco

Continued from page 77

the whip again. The blade accidentally came quite close to the Indian, who quickly picked up a long, straight, brush-cutting machete from a table and split Lawrence's skull with it as neatly as he would a coconut. Much easier, though, for Lawrence had a crew haircut.

When a young consul came down from Mexico City the next day he was not surprised after seeing what was left of Lawrence's face, that there was so much money in his car, none of it missing. With one of the local officers, the young consul went down to Iguala, where the Indian had last been seen. From there the Indian had gone toward Acapulco. They never did find the Indian. Lawrence, they shipped back to the States, where he was buried in Carmel-by-the-Sea.

III

Arthur Horton's two maiden aunts liked him very much and it was they who had put him very comfortably through Ohio State University. His father had paid his tuition but it was his aunts who saw to it that he had a roadster and tails and plenty of spending money.

When Arthur was graduated in 1930 and found it difficult to get a job that he liked, they took Arthur on their long trips to drive the car and protect them. Arthur was a very manly chap in appearance, with a black mustache, horn-rimmed glasses and a jutting chin, though not much mouth. He was tall and dressed very picturesquely on these trips. On the present trip

to Mexico he was wearing whipcord breeches and riding boots, a white shirt, open at the throat and a heavily fringed buckskin jacket which he had bought on the previous year's trip to Yellowstone Park. Around his neck he wore a Leica camera in a neat leather case. Arthur's aunts liked this costume even better than Arthur did and made him wear it at dinner time in the large American-style hotels in Mexico. Then everyone was sure to look at their table at least once.

Like most Americans they went to Taxco for a day, driving down there in the morning, having lunch at the Borda Gardens in Cuernavaca, and planning to drive back from Taxco to Mexico City that night.

They found Taxco just too quaint for words, although the stout aunts had trouble with the sharply angled streets. After a while they stayed around and near the Plaza, which was level. Having looked in all the silver shops near the Plaza and discovered that the other places were mostly grocery stores, pool parlors and *cantinas*, the aunts decided to go into the Cathedral.

"It says in the guide book," read one aunt, "that it's 'the most ecclesiastically complete church on the North American continent.'"

"My!" said the other aunt and they all went into the Cathedral. Inside they were surprised at the amount of gold. The scrollwork reached in places from the molding near the floor to the ceiling, and Arthur was impressed by this

until he touched the scrollwork and found it was gilded wood and not gold. The church was well-lit but there were no pews. Only some skeletal kneeling benches were scattered around, and the Indians, coming and going constantly in a thin stream, did not use these.

As Arthur and his aunts stood in the rear, an Indian on crutches came in and, by a great effort, managed to kneel. Sweat dropped from his face to the floor and, once kneeling, he blessed himself in a curious manner and prayed, his lips moving and his eyes watching the altar.

"He makes me shudder," one of the aunts said. "Let's get out of here."

"I would like to see one of those quaint padres with one of those funny, broad-brimmed hats like you see in the pictures," the other aunt said.

"I'll see if we can locate one of them," Arthur said. They went around to a door in the outside rear of the church. This opened into a room where five men sat, working slowly over what looked like great ledgers. In bad Spanish, Arthur asked where the priests were. The men did not smile cordially as most Mexicans do when spoken to by an American. The two young men looked at Arthur with what seemed to be distaste, he thought. Two of the older men returned to their work.

The fifth man said: "He is not here. He is in Acuitlapan."

Arthur understood a little of this and asked where Acuitlapan was.

"Seventeen kilometers north. There is no priest there and a man is sick."

Arthur remembered the town, just off the roadside. "But I saw the church open there and candles burning in it," he said.

"Yes, that is right," the man said gravely. "But there is no priest."

This sounded foolish to Arthur and he became impatient and rejoined his aunts. "None of the priests are here," he said. "Probably out on a bender."

His aunts tittered at that. "Oh, Arthur, you shouldn't say such things." Arthur was a terror, all right. His aunts felt very naughty when Arthur spoke like that and they laughed.

They walked around the Cathedral on the little terrace it stood on, and on the steps in the front, under the twin towers, children played quietly. Some of the children sat on the top step with their backs to the Cathedral.

Arthur approached these and with his long legs straddled over one of the children before descending the steps. His aunts looked at Arthur in fond reproof and Arthur grinned. The children looked puzzled.

"Now, why did you do that, Arthur?" one aunt said, in a tone that expected no reply.

Arthur didn't know why, although he continued to grin. The children remained puzzled. No one knew why Arthur had done it except the older Mexicans lounging in the Plaza. They knew why: Arthur was an American tourist. #



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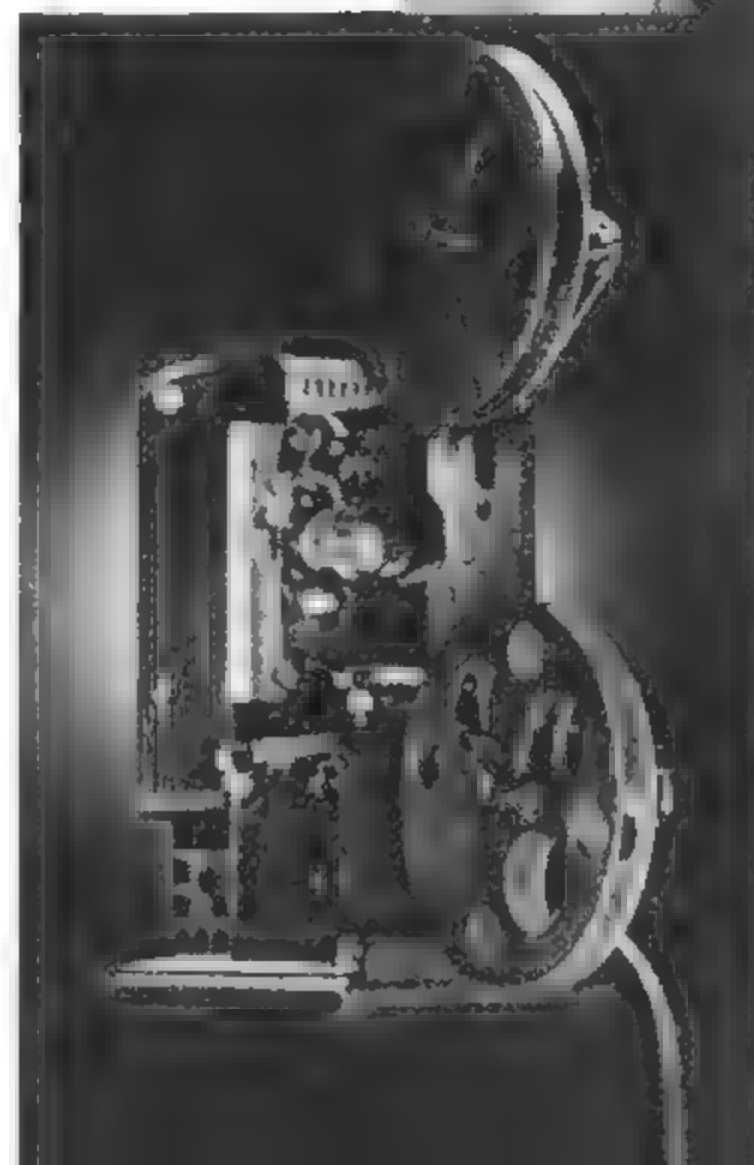
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PINK GIN *as served at*
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If you have ever been in Aden, Arabia's great seaport, and met this famous drink in the Union Club, you know, of course, why they call it "Araby the blest!"—

2 dashes of bitters, rolled inside the glass to coat the sides and bottom

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Water, if and as desired . . . (but no ice in Arabia!)

Serve in a wine glass

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suddenly beside you stands a smiling Indian boy with that far-famed "pink gin" . . . and for 10 delightful minutes, each glorious sip throws new light on why Gilbey's has been one of the world's great gins for over 80 years . . . and why so many of the world's great drinks begin with Gilbey's. Remember, in mixing or ordering your favorite drinks . . . great drinks and Gilbey's always go together!



Gilbey's Gin

YOUR GUIDE TO

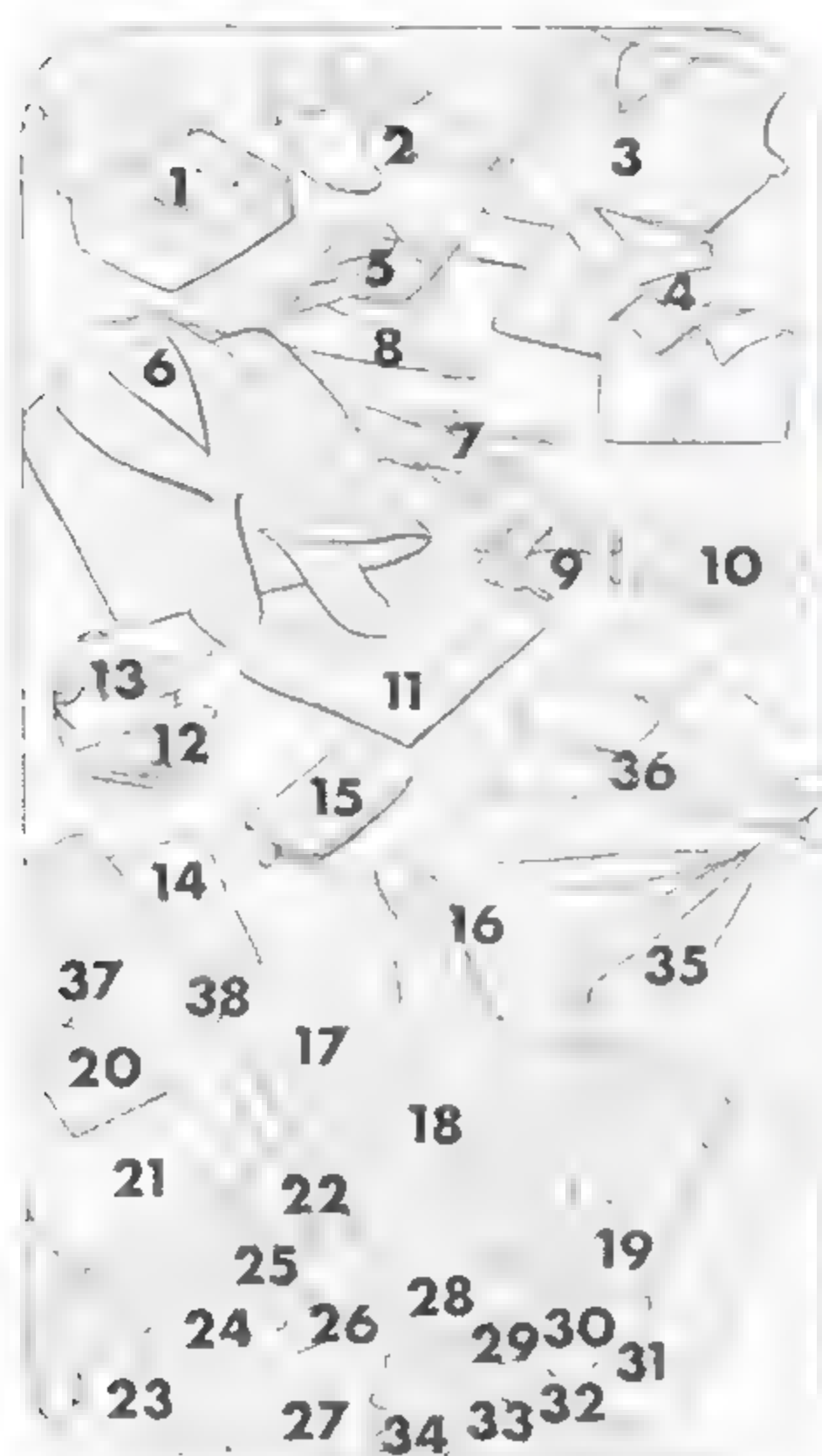


GOOD LIQUORS

No, you simply can't disappoint dear old dad on father's day

SO Father is expectant, as it were? Then you positively mustn't disappoint him. Here are some preventives:

1. Brown calf fitted traveling case
- ... 2. Red morocco house slippers
- ... 3. Striped mohair knit slipover
- ... 4. Two striped soft shirts
5. Black calf belt ... 6. Paisley pattern silk dressing gown
7. Black calf suspenders ...
8. White cord woven belt ... 9. Wide-striped garters
- ... 10. Ebony cigarette box, with inlaid signal flags on cover ... 11. Paisley pattern silk neckerchief ... 12. Mahogany pipe rack which swings on a base in which are concealed several smoker's gadgets
- ... 13. Three briar pipes; flame-grained briar, hurricane pipe, streamlined pipe
- ... 14. Two fancy linen handkerchiefs ... 15. Alligator tobacco pouch, pipe
- ... 16. Automatic jigger measuring device which fits in top of bottle ... 17. Crystal inkwell ... 18. Fancy crystal ash tray
- ... 19. Leather and chrome desk calendar ... 20. Two-tone cigarette case ... 21. Pinseal wallet, with small clock mounted on cover
- ... 22. Large heavy link gold watch chain ... 23. Traveling poker set in tan calf container
- ... 24, 25. Pen and pencil sets ... 26. Four-color pencil
- ... 27. Combination pencil, watch, knife, nail file, key clip and bill clip—all gold
- ... 28-30. Pocket watches ... 31. Solid gold cuff links
- ... 32, 33. Wrist watches ... 34. Snaffle bit key ring
- ... 35. Four silk ties ... 36. Four pair wool hose
- ... 37. Combination watch and cigarette lighter
- ... 38. Silver thimble jigger.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

(If you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., New York City, for information)

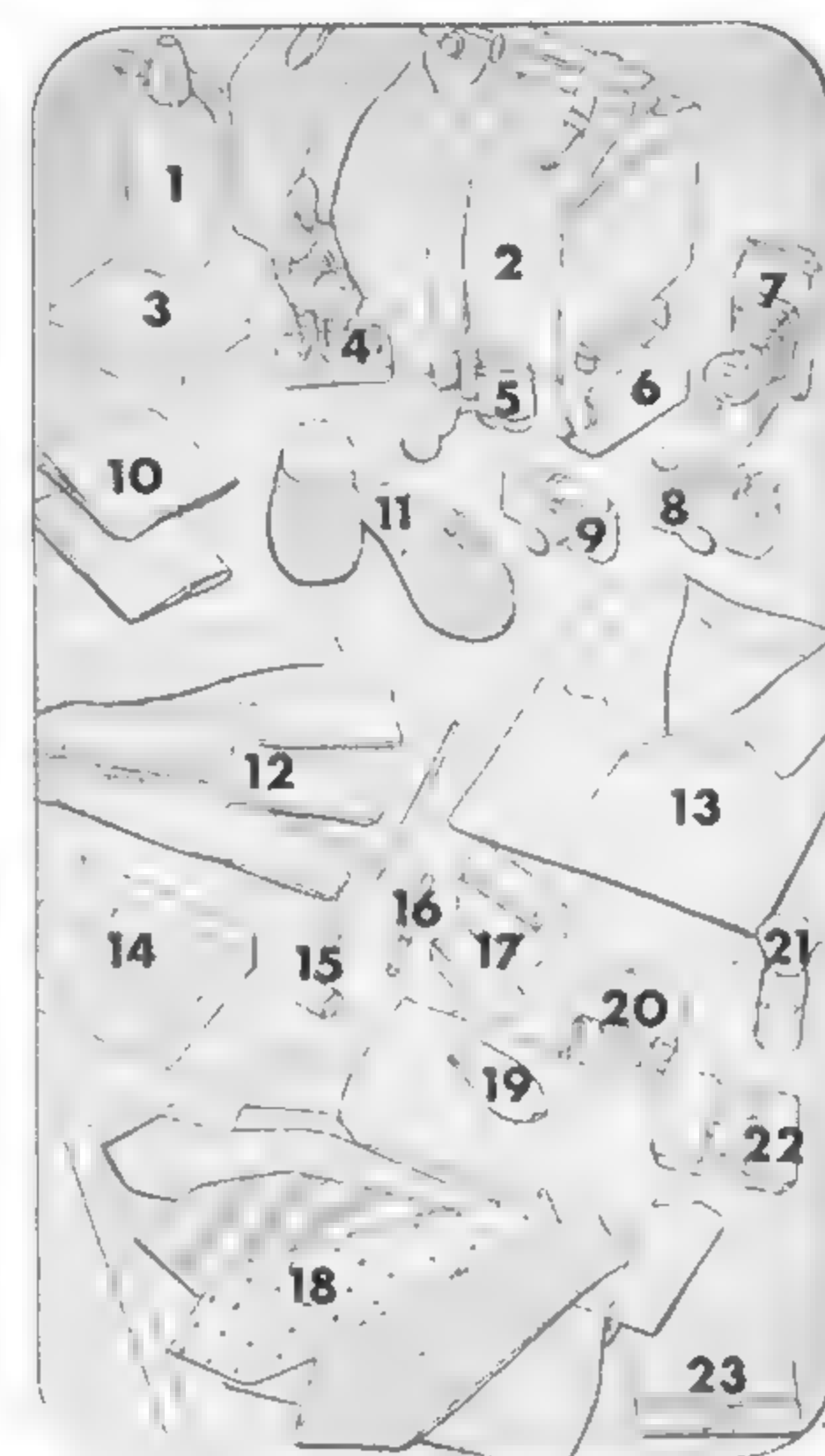


PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

Yes, you simply must surprise dear old dad on father's day

SO Father doesn't expect a thing on June 19th? Then you positively must surprise him — pleasantly. Here's how:

1. Syphon with chrome and red finish . . . 2. Pigskin kit bag . . .
3. Cigarette box in ivory colored morocco, outside covered with dummy luggage labels . . . 4. Table cigarette lighter in the form of Scotch Highlander drummer boy, match fits in drum and strikes upon flint set in marble base . . .
5. Prism binoculars, 8 x 30 lens and field . . . 6. Ciné movie camera . . .
7. Folding camera . . . 8, 9. Candid cameras . . . 10. Two handkerchiefs; upper one linen; lower one paisley pattern silk . . . 11. Pair of heavy terry cloth striped slippers . . .
12. Four pairs of heavy fancy wool socks . . . 13. Pair of yellow silk pajamas . . . 14. Dozen golf balls . . . 15. Churchwarden briar pipe . . . 16. Inlaid cigarette holder . . .
17. Set of two decks of washable playing cards in red composition container . . . 18. Four four-in-hand neckties, from top to bottom: white polka dot; striped wool black and white; spitalfield with spaced polka dots; tweed tie with lattice network . . . 19. Electric razor . . . 20. Safety razor and container . . . 21. Transparent handle shaving brush with badger bristles and dancing figure in handle . . .
22. Traveling clock made of alligator; winds by closing and opening case . . . 23. Gold cigarette case, two-tone finish.



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*Cool as an
onshore breeze*

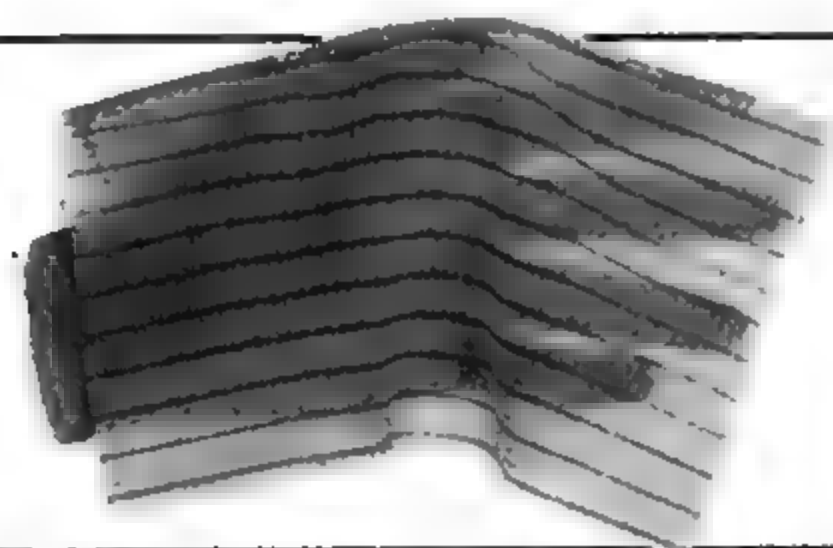
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SEVEN OUNCES COOL—Shirts of airy Poronet provide triple comfort. Besides its tissue lightness, Poronet is loomed with hundreds of tiny air vents in every square inch. They are friendly to the most bashful breeze that blows. Soft collars have a special low cut neckband for added hot weather ease. In white, plain pastel shades, and exclusive patterns. \$2.00. Congo Cloth Tie, also exclusively at Wilson Brothers' dealers, \$1.00.



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A Moratorium on Brains

Continued from page 99

pay the bills for the exhibition. Burns found himself out on a limb with the latest saw that had been invented. But instead of cutting himself off he took over the National Inventors Congress and built it into a strong agency to protect geniuses who don't know anything about business and can't protect themselves in the clinches.

Right away one can point out exceptions to this statement. Thomas A. Edison was an inventive genius who could drive a shrewd business deal. Henry Ford is the classic example of inventive-business ability. So is Kettering of General Motors. So was Marconi. There are more.

But the great bulk of the hundreds and thousands of American inventors, from the men who get one patent, to those who get dozens yearly, don't know a darned thing about what to do with their idea once they've conceived it and made it work. Who wants to buy it? Who is interested in making it? Who will market it?

They may have a new diaper, a new toy, a new ink, a game, a pump, any one of the myriad of inventions which pour through the United States patent office every week at the rate of eight hundred to a thousand. Are they suckers for the grafter? The cheat?

You ask Mr. Burns, or his son, Roy, managing director of the Congress, that question and they dive for a file marked rackets. And when you look at that file you realize that while the American inventor is a genius, he also is one of the biggest suckers on earth. Lecturer though he is, Mr. Burns grows almost incoherent when he talks of the money swindled from the workshop putterers every year.

Gambling? Vice? Merely chicken feed, he says, compared to the "take" taken from the dreamy-eyed men and women who come out of their tiny workshops with the gadgets that are intended to (and do) change the course of our lives.

Inventors in the larger cities pretty much have protection from the racketeers. They have access to the reputable patent attorneys and patent lawyers. Sometimes even the smart city fellers among inventors are victims of the gyps.

But it is the country and small-town inventor who falls prey to the racketeers in the business of "marketing" inventions. Figures compiled by the National Inventors Congress reveal that ninety per cent of the individuals or firms in the business of "selling" inventions are in it merely for the "front" money they can get from the bewildered inventor.

For example, they advertise small manufacturers are seeking new inventions to market. For a five dollar or ten dollar fee they promise to get the inventor a patent and sell his invention. Or for another fee they promise to display his invention in a large auditorium where it may be viewed

by manufacturers or distributors. Still other racketeers promise to write, for a twenty or thirty dollar fee, a score of letters to manufacturers in the hope of interesting them in the trusting inventor's product. Sometimes the letters actually are written, more often not.

Easy-going as he is, the inventor is a ready victim to the mail-order sellers or the unscrupulous patent attorney who, for a fee, will exert himself to get an inventor a "fly-speck" patent claim on an invention that may be absolutely worthless commercially.

His family, the neighbors in his home town, all his close friends, regard the average non-professional inventor as sort of a crackpot.

He doesn't deny the title. He usually is, especially about meeting the practical problems entailed in getting his bread-slicer, or steel skullcap (Patent number 2,105,028 for a bullet proof headgear has just been issued) on the market. His wife calls him a sap and threatens to divorce him. To vindicate himself he will hock his grandmother's earrings to raise the money to purchase the necessary nuts and bolts. And then, where is he?

If the innocent country lawyer, knowing little about mechanics and too often inexperienced in obtaining the claims necessary for adequate protection, has succeeded in getting the inventor the patent, the brain-child still has to be marketed.

More often than not the inventor answers an advertisement that promises to market his invention (send \$22.50 by return mail) and that is the end of it.

Or he sits down and writes a five-page letter in cramped long-hand to some busy manufacturer. And the manufacturer's secretary, receiving scores of such letters yearly, tosses it into the wastebasket. Sometimes, if he is among the more fortunate, he gets a form letter thanking him but politely regretting that the factory can't use his product.

So he doesn't sell his colossal idea for a million dollars and his wife still thinks he's a little screwy.

Because of the mail-order racketeers and the patent solicitors who are so ready to garner fees, there are many men who regard themselves as inventors merely because they have been granted a patent on a frill that hasn't the remotest chance of being marketed. Technically, they may have an invention, but actually they have nothing to show for their days, weeks, months and years of patient puttering.

Yet the real inventor, the man who has created something basically new, often finds himself faced with the same problems: Where can I sell this new idea of mine? Who will back it? What shall I do now?

In Los Angeles C. G. Gregory

was selling ink. So were twenty other companies. The going, for Mr. Gregory, got tougher and tougher.

How, he puzzled night after night, can I make the companies buy my ink?

After painful cogitation Mr. Gregory thought up a non-refillable ink bottle which would fit into a pen desk set, filling the pen by means of capillary attraction. You don't have to dip it or fill it like a fountain pen. The first sets were made of discarded bakelite spools obtained from the motion picture studios.

The idea was swell, his model worked.

But like the rest of his brethren in the field Gregory knew not when or where to seek backing for his product.

In despair, he finally wandered into the Inventors Congress meeting in the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel. The Congress officials helped him find a backer, and Mr. Gregory is reported to have made one hundred fifty thousand dollars in 1937. He has patents in forty-two countries.

Don't let this fool you into believing that the Congress solves all the problems of all inventors.

It is doing a steady job for its thirty-one thousand members who pay five dollars a year (no other fees) for the help it gives them in marketing their ideas. But it makes mistakes, too.

"An inventor came to us with an idea which he sought backing for," Albert Burns recalls. "We looked at it and laughed.

"You're screwy if you think this will sell," we told him. "Better toss the whole thing out the window."

"But he didn't. It was the yo-yo top and it sold in the thousands," Burns added sadly.

Considering the fact that thirty-five thousand new ideas pour into the Inventors Congress yearly it is easily understandable why the officials miff a few, such as the yo-yo.

Some of the ideas would drive a crazy man crazier, yet some of the craziest are the best in the last analysis.

"Inventions that amount to anything are not developed in laboratories by trained research workers," Burns rumbles. "The trained mind is orthodox. Laboratories are where crude ideas are refined. The average inventor's mind isn't streamlined like a motor car. That's where the laboratory comes in. But the research technicians don't have the brainstorms that give birth to original ideas."

Since Emerson made his crack about mousetraps everybody has tried to build one. The latest, patented by an Ohioan, is a box-like affair, lined with mirrors. When the wary rodent comes to the door, led there by the inevitable piece of cheese, he sees his image reflected by mirrors set at every conceivable angle.

This leads him to believe the

mice are having a convention inside and there is nothing to fear. So in he trots—in theory!

One inventor figured out that 1,810 persons lost the sight of an eye because some cows switched their tails while being milked. To halt this he invented a cow-tail-control which controlled all right, but the cows, denied their inalienable rights of tail-switching, resorted to kicking. More casualties and much spilled milk resulted. Now an Iowan has invented a strait-jacket for cows' legs which prevents them from kicking while being milked. It resembles a baseball catcher's shin guard.

In a steady stream the ideas flow from the fertile minds of inventors, all dreaming of selling a product that will make life easier and themselves millionaires. A few recent ones:

Ice pushmobiles, stoves that won't get red-hot, a scalp air-cooling system, air-cooled tires, an ice vending machine that cuts off the hunk of ice desired (according to the size of the coin inserted), interchangeable teeth, an absolute automobile theft preventer, a genealogical calculating machine, which will give you all the dope you want on your ancestors; a combination safety razor and sharpener, a locking clothespin, a prayer machine that is designed to prevent calloused knees and splinters in the elbows, a bait-tube that holds yards and yards of artificial fish bait (just press the tube and out comes the length of worm desired).

Some will sell; the great majority will not. Experience of those who devote their full time to marketing new inventions shows the percentage that will sell is small because: (1) the cost of manufacture is too great, (2) they are far ahead of the day; the public isn't ready for them, (3) they lack "S.A."—Sales Appeal.

An invention may be very practical. The cost of its manufacture may be quite small. But if it doesn't strike the public's fancy the inventor has dreamed his dream in vain. On the other hand, patents are issued on ideas which reasonable men regard as more than fantastic, yet the public can't buy the finished products fast enough.

In Article Eight of the Constitution, the founding fathers believed they had set up a reward for the peculiar genius of inventors.

The first patent, issued in 1791, was drawn up with a quill pen and not much progress has been made since then in protecting the inventor.

In the early days of the Republic patent applications were submitted to the Attorney General, who with the President and the Secretary of State, formed a committee to consider it. These men, who usually hadn't the remotest conception of mechanics or the mechanical mind, then decided if the inventor had conceived a new and original idea!

It wasn't until October, 1936,

Continued on page 134

How do you feel the MORNING AFTER?



BEATEN DOWN
BY HEADACHE,
JITTERY NERVES?



or
CLEAR-HEADED
MORE ALERT
READY TO LICK
THE WORLD?

WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

BEFORE BEDTIME
Take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it works to offset the effects of hearty eating and drinking—to help prevent headache.

AFTER WAKING
another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes you, relieves that exhausted, heavy feeling caused by late hours, leaves you more alert.

Helps prevent—
or stop—
Morning-
Afters

MORNING-AFTER "HEAD"? Bromo-Seltzer relieves it FASTER, a group of doctors found, than any other remedy they tested.

But why not avoid this misery? Bromo-Seltzer at night settles your stomach, soothes your nerves, ALKALIZES. On waking, another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home.

BROMO-SELTZER



A Moratorium on Brains

Continued from pages 99-133

that legislation was passed providing that patent office employees must pass an examination. Previously they had obtained their posts through political preferment.

The cry of the inventors is that they are in the hands of men incompetent to give them protection they need. Senator McAdoo, chairman of the senatorial committee on patents, they tell you, admits he knows nothing about patents. Representative Sirovich, chairman of the same committee in the House, they point out, is a surgeon.

And when they get into the courts, as they frequently do, they find their litigation moving slowly through the federal district, appellate, and finally the United States Supreme Court. Their bone of contention is that in every court they are pleading their case before a judge, or a group of judges, who don't know the inventor's language and have only a faint idea of what he is talking about.

"What we want," they say, pounding the table as hard as genius ever pounds it, "is a patent court where patent matters can be presented to, and decided by, men who know what we are talking about."

If America is great because of her pioneers, she is great, too, because of her inventors. Eighty per

cent of the patents issued, go to Americans and eleven per cent of these go to women inventors. New York boasts a "Lady Edison," Miss Beulah Louise Henry, a direct descendant of the "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" Henry. She has fifty-two active inventions registered in the United States patent office and she's just getting started.

Inventors, as a rule, don't fret about being robbed of their inventions. Their problems are more fundamental.

They have a battle, a great many of them, for a place to work. After their idea is born, in the form of a working model and they get it patented

(provided somebody hasn't beaten them to the idea) they must fight rogues who would swindle them while pretending to sell their invention. Then they must plead for capital to back it, or a distributor to sell it. Finally they have to sit back and pray the public will buy it.

They are the kind of men (and women) who read the last word in the latest book which declares an idea just won't work. And being nuts they proceed to make it work.

In Indianapolis, John Jenkins, former auto racer tinkered along until he turned out a valveless automobile motor. He took it to Detroit and the

But Jenkins went back to his shop, put the motor in his own car and now gets, by his own figures, thirty per cent more miles to the gallon of gasoline than do the other types of engines. Will a backer be found? Will some manufacturer build and distribute it? Will the public like it? Only the stars know.

You don't hear much about the average run of inventor. Every so often, when one of them comes up with a particularly unusual idea, like a handle for dunking doughnuts, the press picks it up and rides it for a laugh. Sometimes, however, the inventor has the last laugh, and this final guffaw, peculiarly enough, the papers fail to consider news-worthy.

But they go on, thousands of them, turning out 50,000 patents yearly from their basements and kitchens, their laboratories and workshops.

Some of their ideas sell, most of them flop. But since they started tinkering, away back in the stone age, they have had more influence on the course of human lives than all the Congressmen who ever went to Washington.

And now Representative Sumners proposes they shut up shop until the depression is licked.

What would Robert Fulton say to that? Or Morse? #

75th CONGRESS
2nd session H.R. 8508

IN THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES
November 24, 1937

Mr. Summers of Texas introduced the following bill: which was referred to the Committee on Patents and ordered to be printed.

A BILL

To suspend the issuance of patents for the invention of labor-saving machines, and for other purposes.

1 Be it enacted by the Sen-
2 ate and House of Represent-
3 atives of the United States
4 of America in Congress as-
5 sembled, That after the date
6 of the enactment of this Act
7 and until , no patent
8 shall be issued under the
9 patent laws (title LX, chap-
10 ter 1, as amended, of the
11 Revised Statutes; U. S. C.,
12 title 35) for the invention or
13 discovery of any labor-sav-
14 ing machinery or any im-
15 provement thereof. This Act
16 shall not apply in case of
17 any application for a patent
18 which has been passed and
19 allowed, and notice of which
20 has been sent to the appli-
21 cant or his agent, prior to
22 the date of enactment of
23 this Act.

Charbert's Toiletries for Men...

Give him a flask  of Eau de Cologne 2.50 - or a

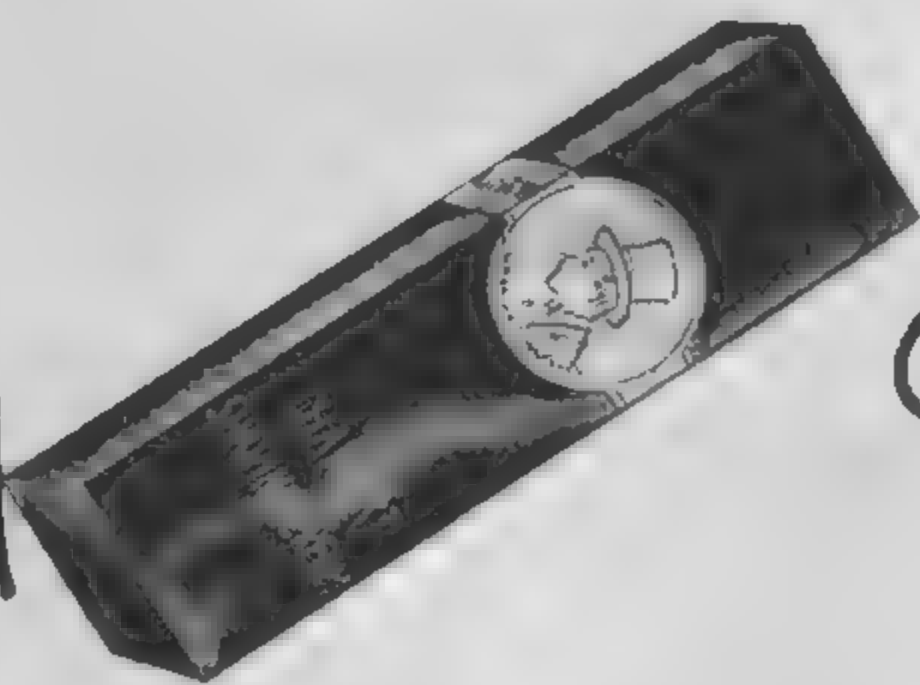


flask of After-Shaving Lotion 1.25



Talcum 1.00

Shaving



Cream .50 - or Hair Tonic 1.00



Enthusiastically endorsed by William Gaxton

CHARBERT

AVAILABLE AT BETTER SHOPS OR WRITE CHARBERT, 27 WEST 56th STREET, N.Y.

The Eternal Organizer

Continued from page 85

I'd rather be in—in—. Say! That gives me an idea!"

"Where are you going?" Cecelia shrieked, as Pitcher suddenly soared away with a fierce beating of his wings. "Wait—wait—I'll go with you."

But she could not catch him.

* * *

There was some difficulty about the transfer, but Pitcher soon showed them how easy it was to dispense with musty formality, once a strong will asserted itself. The venerable saints had not more than caught their breath when Pitcher was out of it, and nothing was left to remind them of him but a swift draft and the union. Cecelia beat her wings futilely against the bars and then returned

to take up her duties as steward.

Pitcher landed squarely in the midst of hell and opened a drive to organize Local No. 1, United Brotherhood of Weepers, Wailers and Gnashers of Teeth. The Devil positively refused to bargain, and what was more to the point, he called out two companies of his militia to discourage organization. Pitcher's imps joyfully sat down on the coals and refused to touch their shovels until the Devil signed a closed-shop contract like they had up in Heaven. The Devil roared his rage and threatened to close down altogether. It looked as though it might never be settled. And Never is a long time.

Pitcher had never been so happy in his life. ##

Good-bye to a Friend

Continued from page 72

crooks, but the only real objection to them is that the authors no longer believe in them. They were all right in the hands of Conan Doyle; and the spidery villain Professor Moriarity—a diagram of almost unmotivated evil—is a perfect character for a mystery.

The attempts made to add freshness to the novel of detection have been most successful when they altered the point of view of the whole story. Originally you followed the detective; then you followed the murderer; but I suspect that the most interesting development is that of Mignon Eberhart, who threw away her famous nurse (as amateur detective) and launched a whole series of novels each told with an innocent suspect as the central figure. This has, to be sure, been done before, but Miss Eberhart has, for the first time, made you, the reader, feel "this is how it would really be if I were suspected of a crime." She has done this chiefly by keeping her detective almost out of sight. He tells nothing to the friends and family of the deceased; they never know what he is doing; they think of him as their enemy—which is precisely what you and I would think in the same situation. And as Miss Eberhart is fundamentally a romantic writer, her characters have the kind of reality you associate with love-stories, not the kind you get in sociological novels. You are interested in the circumstances in which they are entangled; but you are never emotionally upset by the people themselves.

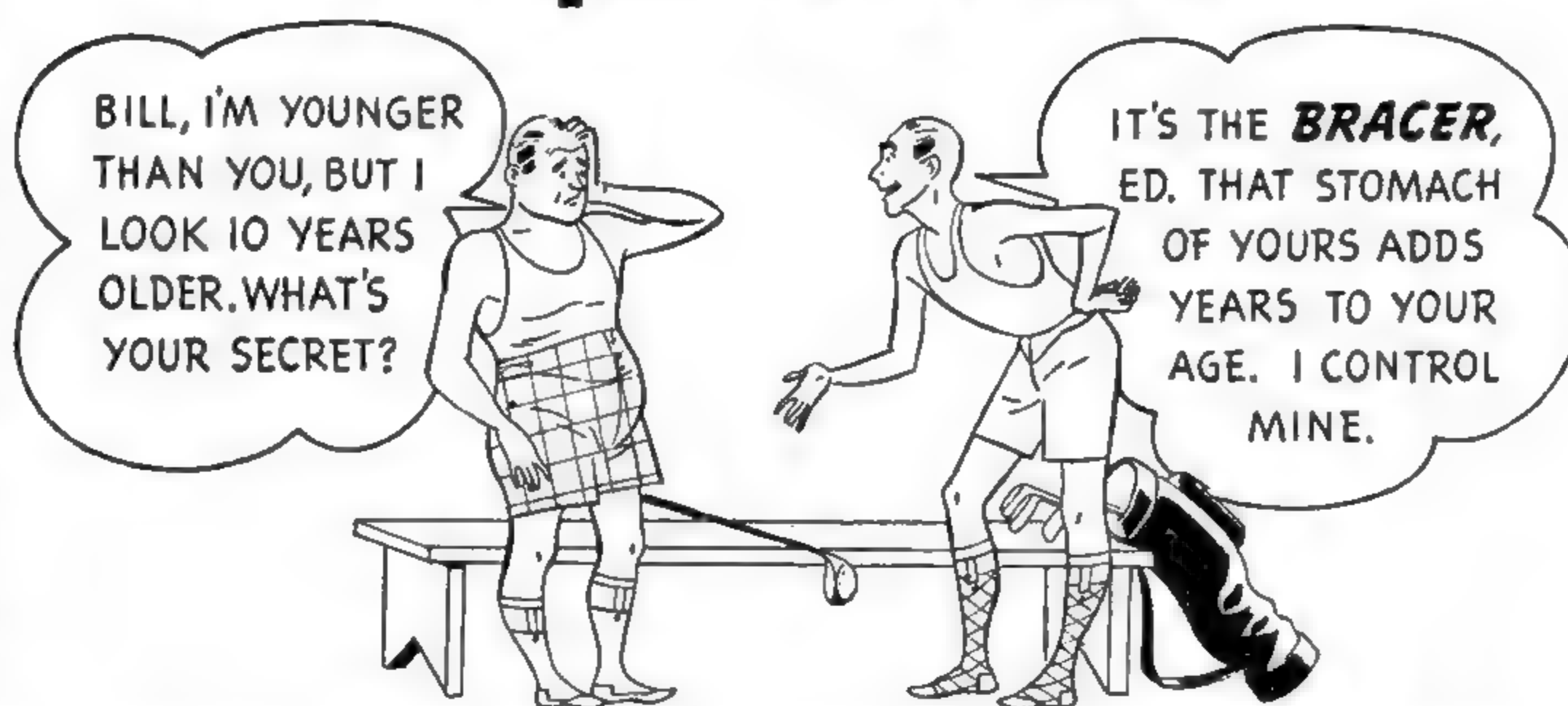
Perhaps two dozen good mysteries are published each year; I doubt whether two dozen really first-class "serious" novels come out in the same period. My complaint really is that you can no longer go to a lending library and say, with confidence, that you want "a detective story." In the old days you didn't have to discriminate; it was like going to a baseball game; you went because even a poor game was better than none at all. Going to the movies is still like that for millions of people

—and I don't blame them. Some people feel that way about grand opera. I feel that way about breakfast. One particular breakfast may not be as good as another, but breakfast as an institution is always good. That is what we used to feel about mystery stories—you hit an inferior one now and then, but that didn't matter. Maybe too many bad eggs have ruined our taste for omelets.

In all fairness I ought to say that I gave up reading novels before I gave up reading mysteries—and for much the same reason. They didn't keep me awake. I don't mean that I now read no fiction; I mean that the old indiscriminate trust I used to have, the faith that "a novel," any novel, would have some interest, is gone. I think I know the reason. It is almost entirely physical. The rate of discharge of mental energy in the world has gone up; and most writers have failed to step up their vitality to keep up with world events. Or put it another way: we are more interested in events because we have discovered that they concern us; we were farther removed from the World War (even after we got into it), than we are from the present war in China. Everything from radio to relief has brought events right into our homes. And most novelists are still writing with the same amount of energy as they used in the early 1920's. The exceptions are the ones who are still readable; and some of them like Dean Swift or Norman Douglas, wrote a long time ago. They transmitted on a high frequency wave.

And that also may account for the feeble attack on our sensibilities made by a lot of mystery writers. Some have tried to catch up with gangsters and gunmen—but they can't. The good ones have changed the intensity of their work, and made it absorbing in competition with the headlines, not by being more spry with their machine guns, but by being more energetic with their own—less picturesque—typewriters. ##

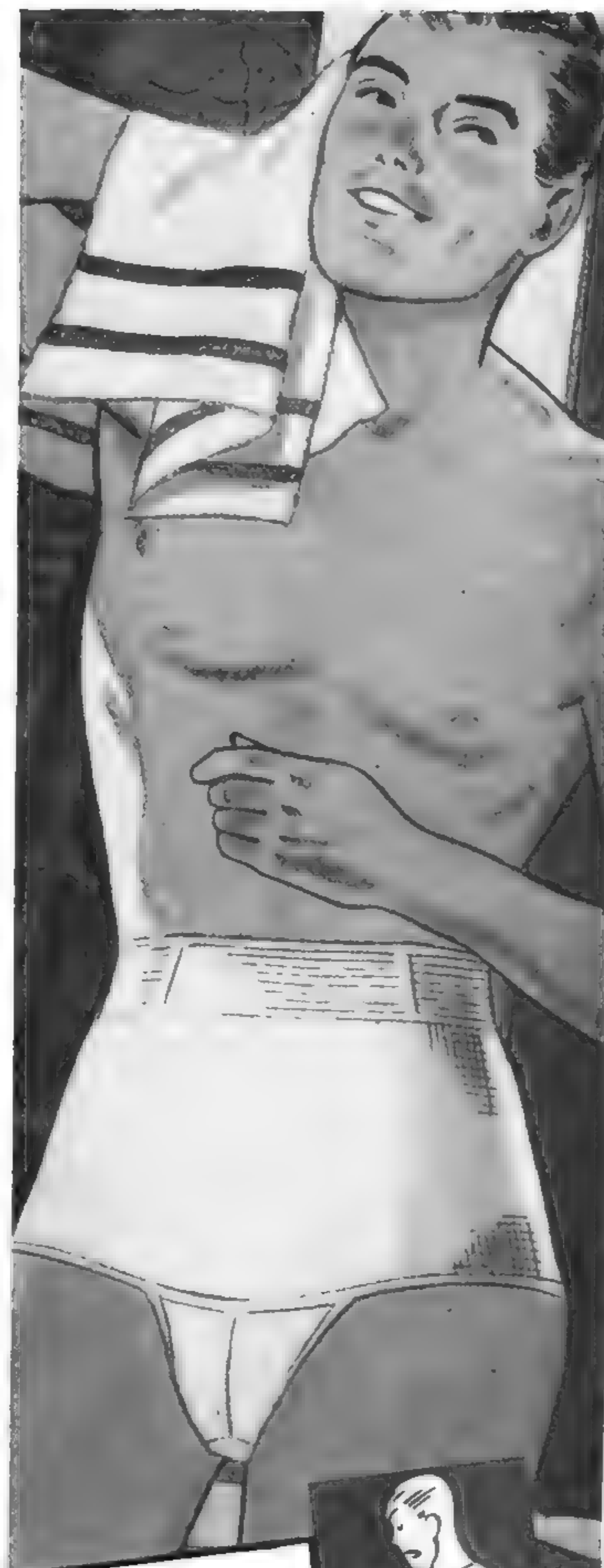
Don't let a bulging waistline make you look OLD



Regain that trim athletic look with The Bracer

THERE'S no need to let sagging stomach muscles—a growing waistline bulge make you look older—spoil your appearance. Now you can regain that trim, athletic figure—look years younger, instantly! Why not follow the example of thousands of well-groomed men who have found this secret of better looks—a healthier, more comfortable posture? Just slip into The Bracer, the amazing new-type supporter belt that makes men not only look better, but feel better, too.

A Bauer & Black product, scientifically designed for greatest support, protection and comfort, The Bracer is made of the finest materials under conditions of hospital cleanliness. Bauer & Black's long experience as the world's largest manufacturers of athletic supporters and as makers of surgical supplies insures you the highest quality. Try The Bracer today! It's the only supporter belt that assures you No Rip—No Roll—No Bulge—No Bother. At department stores, drug stores, and men's apparel shops.



NO RIP

Seams are impregnated with live rubber—cannot loosen or pull out. The Bracer stands up under hardest wear and repeated laundering without losing shape or elasticity. Always comfortable.

NO ROLL

Four removable ribs prevent rolling, keep The Bracer snug, and in position.

NO BULGE

The Bracer is knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn to insure complete support at all times. Stays comfortably snug without binding or chafing.

NO BOTHER

The exclusive fly front means you can wear The Bracer all day without removing. No buttons—no buckles to bother with.



THE Bracer

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail the coupon with a check or money order. Price \$2.00 (Canada \$2.75).

BAUER & BLACK, Division of The Kendall Co., Dept. A-66, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. (In Canada, Station K, Toronto.)

I am enclosing check or money order for _____

Please send me _____ Bracers

My waist measurement is _____

Name _____

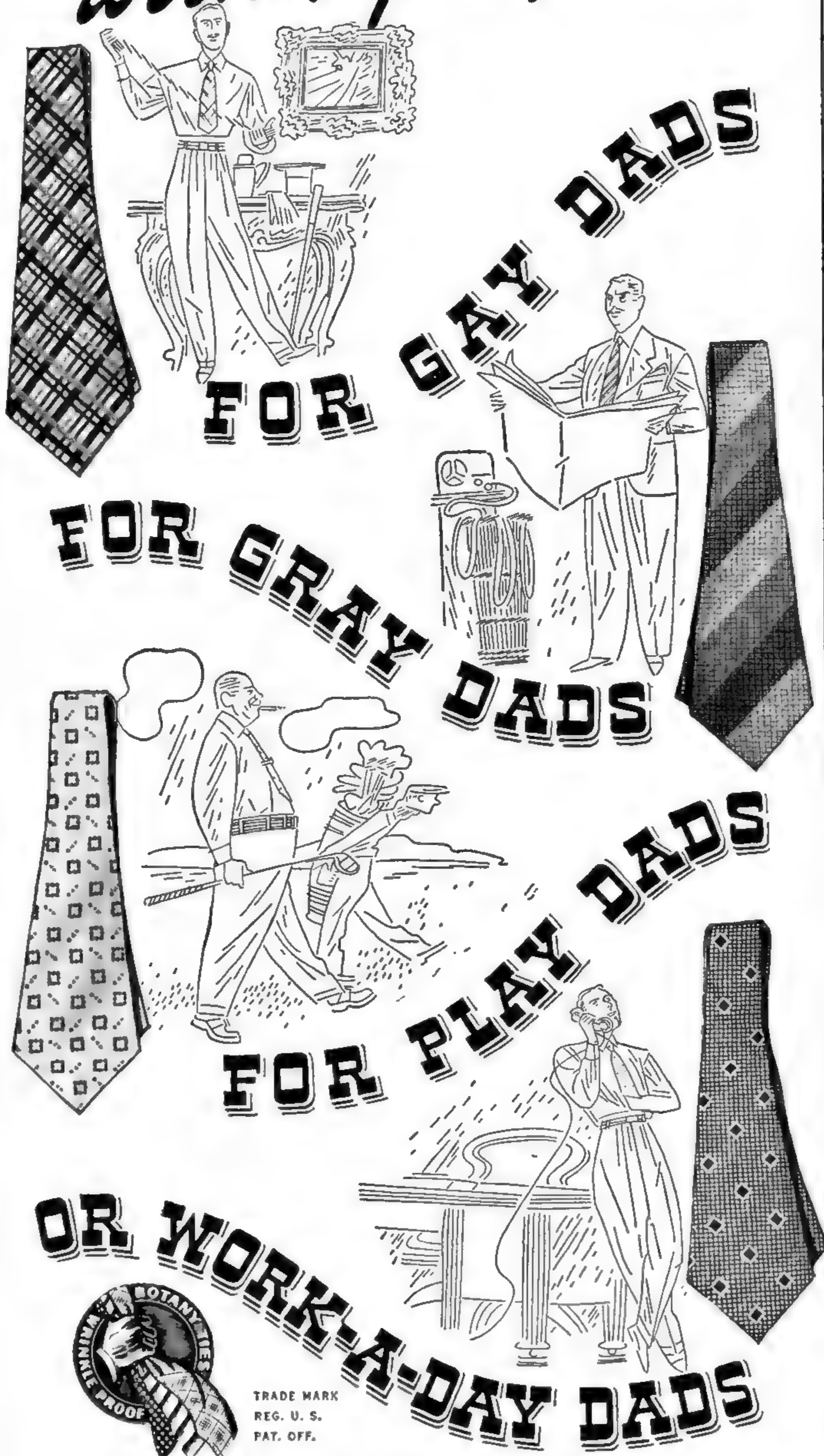
Address _____

City _____ State _____

My dealer's name and address is _____



Give Dad a BOTANY wrinkle-proof TIE



Make your Father's Day gift selection from the special assortment of Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties...in patterns and colors planned to suit every type of Dad. They're ideal for Summer...because they're wrinkle-proof...and stay neat and fresh on the hottest day. \$1 each. Write for the name of a dealer near you.

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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, N. J. MAKERS OF THE BOTANY TIE...THE BOTANY ROBE...MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS...BOTANY TOP-DYED KNITTING YARNS

Respectable Strangers Welcome . . .

Continued from page 54

hungry for human associations and you, outsiders, are a novelty to be drained dry. Which is inept phrasing, considering the beer, but you may get my meaning.

But, intent on fishing, you will have observed the waters visible from the right-of-way. Mighty rivers, lads! The Montreal, the Agawa, the Michipocoten, boiling down from those ancient hills, roaring through their awesome canyons. And lakes? Lakes, my lads! You've never *seen* lakes before! One a mile all day long? That, at least. Fishy looking lakes and as fishy as they look. Fishy still, because the population is so thin and the thousands like you who invade the bush are, compared to the waters, such negligible numbers.

In the northern dusk you roll into Oba and your guide meets you and early in the new day you pack your duffle past the Indian shacks to the river and, rounding the first bend, the bush swallows you.

Forgive—said Wentworth—the use of the tremolo stop. Have charity if I grow sentimental. A canyon through spruce. Moose staring at you, more in curiosity than alarm. Black duck taking wing. . . Things like that.

Fish?—asked Wentworth, leaning forward. Fish?—he demanded. You're on your way into waters yielding fish until hell won't hold 'em! Fish of size and numbers you, who have fished our heavily pounded waters all your lives, will not believe exist until you have seen for yourselves! Wall-eyed pike, northern pike, speckled trout, lake trout.

But watch your step—he said lowly. Remember the welcome sign. The point commences to emerge about here.

Your guide may never have been outside but he will have, if he's a good guide, the point of view which your outfitter has, which most far-sighted men in Algoma have, which has crystallized in the combined warning and welcome you read on the arch down below. He will be wondering if you are desirable, if you are, in reality, respectable strangers.

You see, the three of you, from the one canoe, will probably be playing three wall-eyes at one time before the day is out. And doing it repeatedly, if you make it to a lake before sundown. Or, if you happen on a waterfall and try the rip below it, you may take northern pike until they weary you.

When you reach water where lake trout thrive, and if the conditions be good, the bottom of your canoe may look like the pound boat of a Great Lakes commercial fisherman after lifting his net. Unless you behave. Unless you exercise your restraint.

And when the guide tells you that speckled trout live near-by you will have your chance at them. Oh, those bonny, bonny square-

tails! Rose blushes on the sides, salmon pink in the flesh. Pound fish? Beyond count, in countless places. Two pound? Only to be commented on casually. Three and four and . . . from there on up.

Not every day, of course; not always where you happen to be. But on a trip like yours (a month, you say?) you're bound to get into them.

Catch and release as long as you want. Catch and eat until not one more flake can be swallowed. Keep the lunker's head or get him out to the railroad *in toto* and on his way to a taxidermist, yes. Your guide will break his neck to help you.

But catch and waste? Ah, lads, that is another matter. That is not in the Algoma code. You will then be a stranger, indeed, and not considered respectable and you may find your beans scorched and the salt missing.

Because word of what we have done to plenty of our waters down here has reached the bush. What has happened to so many of our once famous lakes and streams has thrown a scare into Algoma since this invasion of the district by anglers began.

What has happened in so many localities below the border has given Algoma a bad case of jitters. It has become so marked that one loses caste in the Sault even if he takes under ice a legal limit on his homeward way. Loses caste with the best people, I mean, because the legal limit in Ontario is absurdly prodigal.

It was not always so. It was not so, I'll venture, so recently as a decade ago because it has not been until within the last ten years that the invasion of Algoma began in earnest. Then a few lakes were depleted and the scare commenced and fact and rumor from down here were listened to and the jitters became acute.

To be sure, even the unrespectable, according to local standards, may return. They may be impervious to coolness or even to rebuke. But they don't go back many times. They don't go back many times because, strangely, they find fishing increasingly bad. They may move from lake to lake, from river to river. But somehow they can't take them as they did in the beginning. They can't make the kills they did. Others do. They hear of other outstanding catches, see other remarkable messes. But they don't seem to connect.

The reason, of course, is simple. The guides won't let them. The best, the most competent guides, I mean. The aristocrats among the guides put them in places where they can work their arms off to no avail. It is a secret, I believe, this sabotage of the Algoma guides practiced on fish hogs, but I hold it time to break confidence and herald it as a warning to the venal and as a salute from the elect. Transgress once and you are lost souls, lads.

Continued on page 138



"I become interstate commerce now, Mr. Frumpy!"

FAMOUS AUTHOR SAYS:

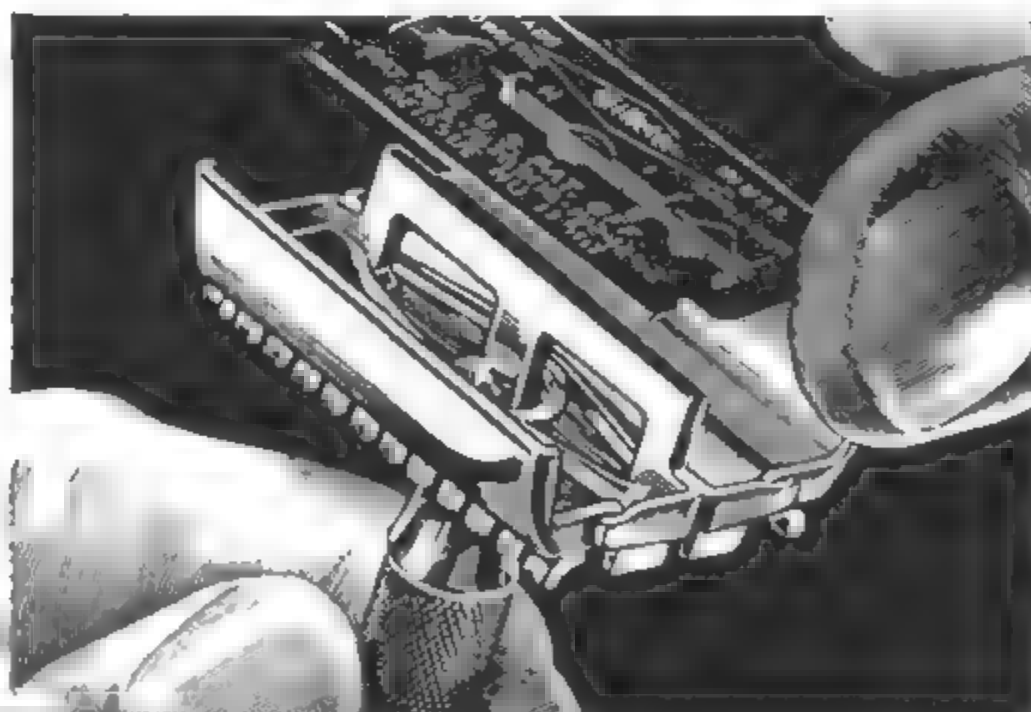
I'VE BEEN
A GILLETTE USER
FOR 30 YEARS...AND
THIS NEW GILLETTE
RAZOR TOPS THEM
ALL!

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, with
one of "Sunnybank's" famous collies.

**AMAZING NEW ONE-PIECE
GILLETTE RAZOR 69¢**
COMPLETE WITH FIVE BLADES

WITH a 30-year background of Gillette shaving satisfaction, Albert Payson Terhune speaks from experience when he calls this Gillette One-Piece Senator "the greatest razor of them all!" And there's no doubt about it. At 69 cents, including five Gillette Blades, here's the most amazing value in Gillette history. You can change blades in three seconds! Twist the handle—and it's open, to receive a new blade. Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use. Ask your dealer to show you the New Senator. Sturdily built, heavily nickel-plated, it's designed to hold Gillette Blades in perfect alignment and at the correct angle to give you clean, comfortable shaves that last!

More Comfort For Your Money
Gillette has invested millions in equipment to produce uniform blades that fit your Gillette razor accurately. No substitute blade takes off stubble so cleanly and comfortably. Why make a proving ground of your face? Demand Gillette Blades. You can depend on them to give you the world's best shaves for less than 1¢ a day.



..A TWIST—it's open!



A TWIST—it's closed!

Gillette's New Brushless Shaving Cream

Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's New Brushless Shaving Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry whiskers, stays moist, won't clog your razor. Try a large tube, only 25¢. You'll like it!



THE NEW
SENATOR
with 5
blades **69¢**

Gillette RAZORS AND BLADES
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

Respectable Strangers Welcome...

Continued from pages 54-136

It isn't the guides alone. It's the best citizens, as well. Can you name a man engaged in trade down here and in a locality which offers recreational facilities who is not booming his land as a paradise for vacationers? With the tourist traffic grossing as much, perhaps, as does steel? Why, your merchant, your professional man in Maine or Michigan or Montana is a leader in the movement to exploit the outlands of his vicinity until the last rock bass is gasping out his life! He is or else he doesn't get along with the rest of the luncheon club.

But in Algoma. . . Listen—said Wentworth. I quote one of them. I quote a top notcher. I quote an Algoma citizen who has made his pile by making it possible for others to make theirs. I quote—he said profoundly—a utility man.

"Tourists?" he says—said Wentworth. "We don't go after them," he says. "Not in a big way. Many come and we are glad to see them. They have a good time and we are glad of that, too. But what," he says, "would happen to our fishing if we worked hard for more of them? It would go to pot, wouldn't it? And then what would we do for our own fun?"

Yes—said Wentworth—they're slow on the uptake of this tourist thing. They take care of those of us who go up there and prove our respectability but the enthusiasm which characterizes our own boomers of the hinterlands is absent. Praise be—he said.

Now, of course, there are the exceptions. You will find here and there the outfitter who aids and abets not only gluttony but violation of game laws as well. He doesn't rate. He doesn't last. He cooks his own goose.

The extent to which these jitters have infected Algoma is something difficult for you to believe. I'll attempt to illustrate.

I was making my first trip up the Little Kabinakagami—said Wentworth. I had as a guide one of the best Ojibway boys I've ever known. Clean, smart, a hard worker.

I think I won Jimmy's heart the first day out. We were on the lake, where wall-eyes abound. I had taken something like twelve in less than twenty successive casts. Oh, they were savage that day! I took twelve and released all but two, which we would eat for supper. Jimmy had watched and I felt this pleased him.

He wasn't much of a questioner, Jimmy. But when I talked he listened. I told him of conditions on our rivers down here; tried to make him understand what pressure is when you find a car parked in every bend and where you have to wait to let the other fellow get upstream a ways before you start in to fish.

He'd never been out of the bush, this boy. I don't know yet whether he thought I was lying or not. No matter. Days later we were fish-

ing below Honeymoon Chute on the Little Kabin. That's a place, now! That's a place to be! With that big old river coming down a spiral staircase from the uplands to the spruce bottoms below, maybe a hundred feet!

And below the chute is a walling old eddy, swirling against a granite cliff. The place is relatively new to outsiders. Guides have only been going in there a few years and not many parties venture that far. Some, but not many.

Jimmy had told me of mighty fish that had been taken from the pool and it looked the part. He held the canoe on the edge of the pool an hour while I worked it. I used everything I had. I tried everything I'd ever learned or heard about. No good. No go. I couldn't raise a fish. It was, understand, just one of those times. It would have taken dynamite to get a fish out of that pool that particular evening. I finally gave up and reeled in.

"No use, Jimmy," I said. "They won't be coaxed."

I felt him move, as if he shrugged.

"That looks bad, Mr. Wentworth," he said. "We took 'em here last month," he said. "This river, she's fished out, mebbby."

"Fished out!" I said, turning to look at him. "When we haven't seen fresh man-sign all the way up? When, from the looks of the country, it's just as it was before your great-great granddad had nobody but other injuns to trade fur with?"

He dipped his paddle.

"All same," he said and I knew my surprise had been wasted. "All same," he said, "she's mebbby fished out. You make three parties I've had in here since spring."

That—said Wentworth—gives you some notion as to the proportions of the scare Algoma has about its fishing. I hope it lasts. I pray it endures—he said.

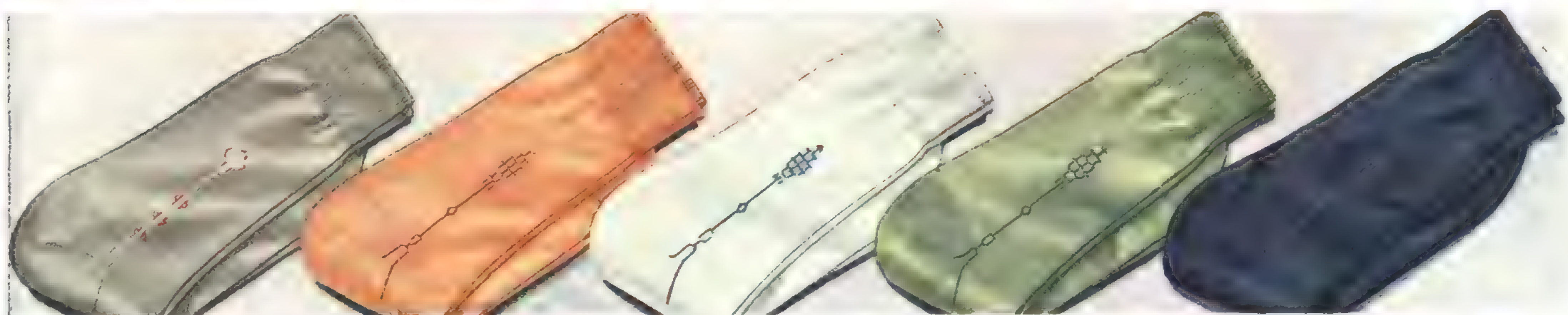
I trust that respectability is forever demanded of strangers who invade the bush before its secrets and resources are made available. I trust that the boomer and looter spirit withers as fast as it rears its head. Because if that can come to pass, this corner of the earth is safe for us. Because if that comes to pass, you and your sons and their sons are going to have a place to go for all time where certain reward for piscatorial endeavor awaits. Algoma is today unspoiled. Tremendous effort must antedate any spoliation because driving roads over its mountains and across its muskeg would be an undertaking to give pause in plenty. And so long as the desire of the natives is to keep it as it is, and so long as we do not tempt them too much to make those changes in the name of development which precede inevitable ruination, it will remain a place for guys like us to live to get back to. ‡

"What have they got that I haven't got—in socks?"
"They stay up by themselves!"

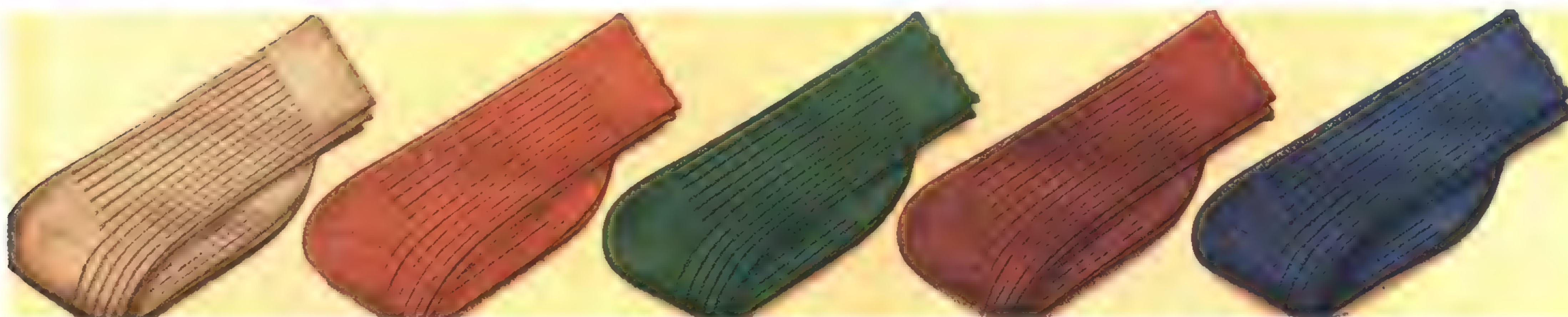
Stoppers in Toppers

**YOUR SUMMERTIME SOCKS
by REALSILK**

Plenty of Socks Appeal in These New "Wide-Ribs" in Wool



Formal Feel in These More Conservative Silk Toppers — With New Clincher Top



New 6x3 Lisle Ribs. Smart as a New Show — With New Clincher Top



Famous Hand-Knit Wool "Maines"—Tops in Toppers

Many a man's going to rejuvenate his ideas in socks—once he's converted to "Toppers" by Realsilk. Hug the calf, gently but firmly. Keep a "clinch" no laundry can take out . . . time-savers — trouble-savers, too. These socks are tops in the modern, popular "stay-up-themselves" type—so we call them "Toppers."... P. S.—If you prefer the regular full-length type of socks—we have them, of course, in many styles and patterns... Realsilk socks—50c to \$3.

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Simply look in 'phone book under Realsilk. Call for our man to come over—any time you set.

REAL SILK
Service for men

Ring up Realsilk

Realsilk Comes Right Over.



Realsilk Representative comes to you with complete haberdashery store. You select in comfort.



"Sho is a punk gate"



First time you have been able to give
Dad a bottle of this great Scotch

OLD ANGUS

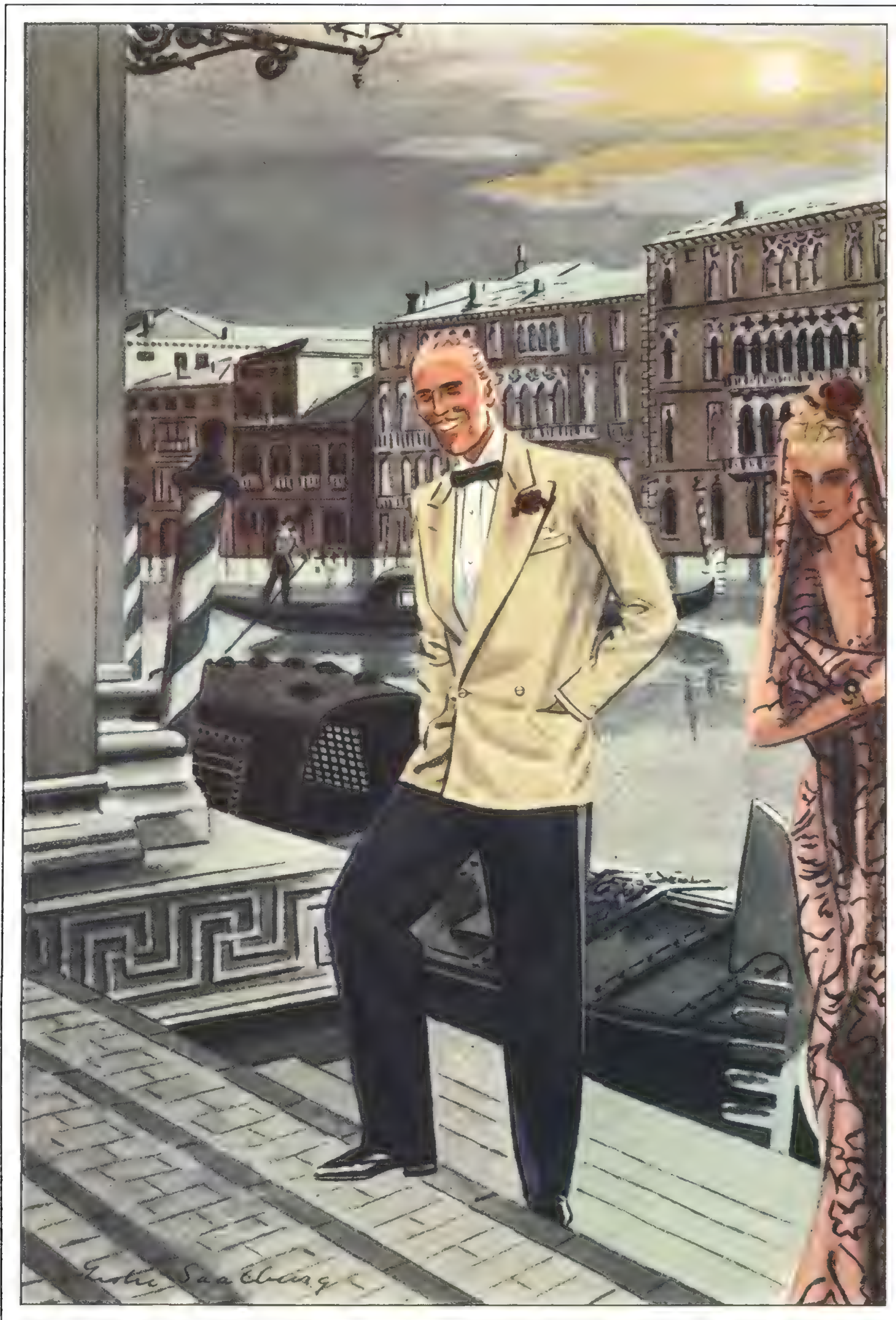
A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"



THIS Father's Day you can give Dad something he has never had before — Old Angus. Like the Scots, he will prize it as a whisky of special quality. "A Noble Scotch" Scots called it—and for generations held it too rare for export trade. But its almost legendary fame enabled us to trace Old Angus to its source . . . and arrange to bring it to you. Your Dad will agree with the Scots, who *know* whisky, that Old Angus is truly a superior Scotch . . . and "Gentle as a Lamb".





PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN VENICE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

SUMMER FORMAL OUTFIT, WITH GONDOLAS

How's this for romantic relief? Gondolas, a dreamy effulgence and the major portion of a *bellissima signorina*. The whole thing makes a moon-struck but perfectly legitimate background, because Venice is honestly and truly a fashion center of importance, well attended by the international set. After all, look at the atmospheric conditions. But more matter and less art. Bathed in tender waves of light is the new double breasted bone col-

ored silk dinner jacket with one-button front and peak lapels. Worn with midnight blue dress trousers, patent leather shoes, soft silk dress shirt, and club shape midnight blue satin tie, it forms the basis for an exceptionally smart summer formal outfit, ideal for wear aboard ship or at the country club. Bone colored Shantung silk is a new note in summer evening fabrics, while the double breasted jacket with one-button front is a "fashion first" in models.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 89

She takes refuge in an isolated house in the woods, and is discovered asleep in a man's bedroom. But it's all right because the men spend the night in (a) a kettle, (b) a chest, (c, d, e, f, g) various gallantly hard and uncomfortable receptacles. Besides, they are all too small to do anything. (*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.)

What's New About This Picture: The prince finds her purity certified, as she sleeps sealed in a glass case.

SEASON

This has been the lousiest season-end of many a year. The last two months have been distinguished by a run of films so punk they aren't even worth yipping about. Everybody knows and admits they're putrid. Hollywood admits it. The movie exhibitors admit it. They are so badly stuck for passable material that there is an unprecedented run of revivals, especially on the double bills.

The film industry is complaining of a terrific box-office slump. It is really too tiresome to repeat the old argument about good pictures. Where are they going to get good pictures?

To my mind the dearth of pictures and the lack of public is a double-effect of the double bill. The people who make pictures are simply worn out. Cycles turn twice as fast; the crazy comedy cycle, which might have lasted a season in normal times, was threadbare in two months; the man-bites-woman cycle didn't even last that long, because each picture had to be more brutal than the last, and short of an eight-reel whipping orgy, there was nothing left to show.

The last few films in this vein were so similar to prize fight pictures all they had to do was call the reels rounds. In the first, the contenders approach, circling warily, he slaps her on the fanny, she slaps him on the face, clinch, break, he gets in a neat goose, she trips him, he pecks her on the kisser, she blacks his eye, gong. In the second they rush at each other, it's a grudge fight, all rules are overboard, they wrestle on the floor, he bites her ear, she pulls his hair, she says "I wish I had never seen you in my life," he says "okay if that's the way you feel about it," her father picks them off the floor, they break clean. Third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh they're on their bicycles avoiding each other except to spit at each other when they're in the same night club. In the eighth, his handler, who happens to be her uncle, whispers advice into his ear, and the boy hops into the ring with a glint in his eye, catches the gal by the neck, quotes the *Taming of the Shrew*, puts her across his knees, and spansks her neat and clean. While hanging thus face-down she is contentedly reading *Esquire* on why and how a man should beat his wife, and so when she has finished the article

and hubby has finished paddling they go into a final clinch, the winnaha.

That got used up pretty fast, and Hollywood is waiting for a new slant on another old idea. They've even dragged out the suave jewel-thief, but the poor boy has little staying power. They got so exasperated waiting for a story to turn up, out there, that they fired all the writers. During February, March, April, the writers were sitting around waiting for calls. Now it seems the studios are beginning to realize that though they got very few story ideas with hundreds of writers on the payroll, they're getting no ideas with no writers on the payroll. So the grind is about to begin all over again.

Me, I'd like to see a picture in which nobody sleeps.

SOMETHING GOOD

Strictly speaking, this item is out of my province as it concerns the stage rather than the cinema, and as the play in question is unlikely to be made into a film. But since the play has so far been produced only by the Federal Theatre in Chicago, Mr. Nathan may not get around to it for a while.

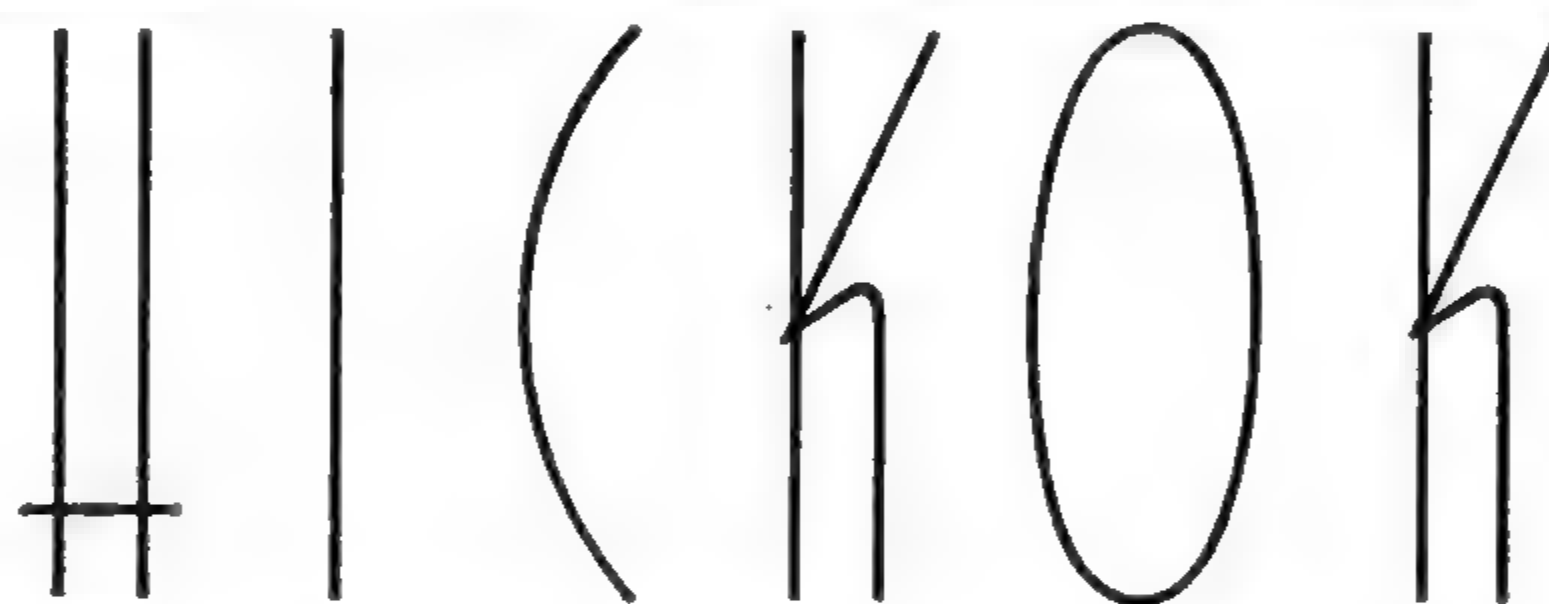
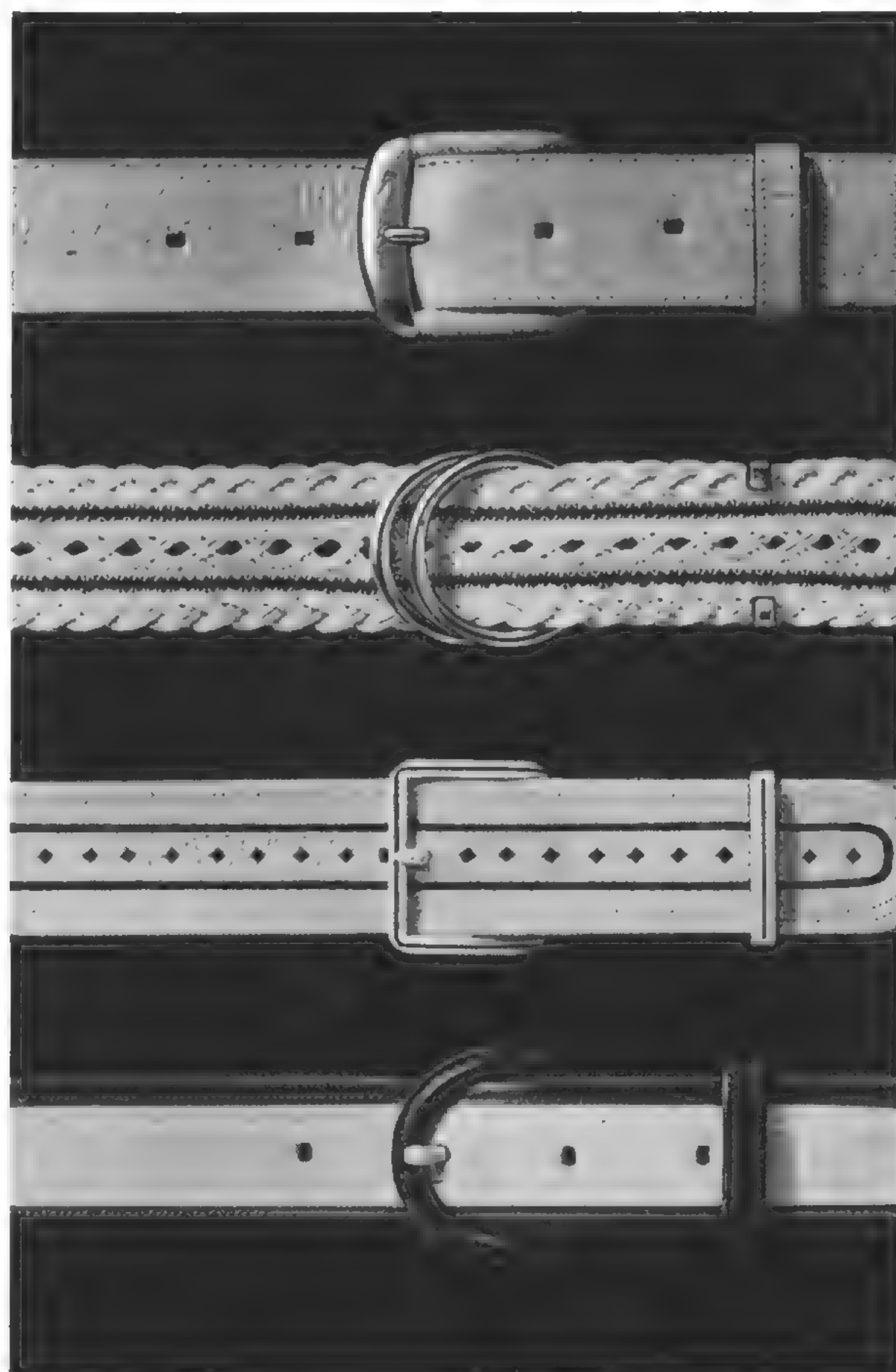
When Langston Hughes saw a dress rehearsal of *Big White Fog* he said it was the best Negro play written to date. And that's the case. At last here is a play about Negro life as it is lived by Negroes, and not as it is interpreted by poetic white folks who get the esthetic shivers every time they hear spirituals being sung.

Big White Fog is a play about a Negro family in a city like Chicago. The father is a hod carrier, a man proud of his race and correct in seeing their problems, but unwisely immersed in the Garvey movement to build a Negro republic in Africa. The children range from the sister who sleeps with a white man in order to get money to keep the family from being evicted, to the young son who loses his university scholarship when the donors discover that the fellow who got the highest grades had a black skin.

A man named William McBride plays the father in the Chicago production, with lofty and tender dignity. The slightest error in understanding might have turned the Garveyite, with his Biblical speeches about the return to Africa, into an Octavus Roy Cohen clown. But the author of the play, Theodore Ward, has written about the Garvey movement with a clarity that exposes the tragedy of its futility, yet with a folk-sympathy that never allows the audience to forget the deep hunger that brought the Negroes to embrace that movement. And William McBride plays the role with the same understanding.

Young Theodore Ward is actually a member of the Federal Theatre Project, so that by the production of this play the project,

Continued at top of page 144



For each summer wardrobe change, a Hickok summer belt. That's sound style sense, and Hickok makes it easy to follow. Belts in new designs and new styles. In leather, in genuine Palm Beach cloth, in braided cords. Belts for each outfit and every occasion, all characterized by Hickok's thoroughgoing craftsmanship. One dollar and more, at your men's store.

Shown below: The summer formal set is smartly new. The clever Ascot Tie Guard keeps ties always right



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JUNE 19TH

-he deserves the Best
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father, suggests the Scotch
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PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 89-143

after two years of waste in Chicago, exactly fulfills the need for which it was created: it has given work and stimulus to a talented youngster who otherwise would have had no job, and if he had had a job, no time to write, and in any case no contact with the theatre. It has given production to a play that would certainly not have been produced commercially, but which may well be taken over as a commercial production now, for I believe *Big White Fog* would go very well on Broadway, alongside *Tobacco Road*, *Of Mice and Men*, and the other worthwhile plays that have rejuvenated the American theatre.

I started out by saying that this would probably never be a film. That is not the shortcoming of the play, but of the motion picture world. For I believe that the American public would welcome a film dealing sincerely and honestly with the life of the urban Negro. This is a part of our civilization which is utterly unknown to us, and many of the problems connected with it could be solved if we were acquainted with the reality of Negro life, rather than

with the spiritualistic fiction.

Film treatment of Negro life has of course been extremely limited. Aside from the doormat type of "darkey" offered in the Jezebel range, we have the Louise Beavers specialty—the mammy-type Negro maid whose white mistress (usually an actress) allows her to talk back, and give understanding hints about gentlemen friends. Bill Robinson is permitted to teach Shirley Temple to tap, about once a year. And of course there was *Green Pastures*, a perfect example of the sentimentalized utilization of Negro spiritual life.

One attempt was made to get at the real life of the Negro. King Vidor made a film called *Hallelujah*, revolving around the love of a red-hot babe for an itinerant preacher. Though quite a bit sensationalized, it caught something of the flow of daily life, something of the enclosed atmosphere of the Negro world. It was a good beginning, and is still regarded as a landmark in the development of the motion picture. It is certainly the best King Vidor film.

Big White Fog is waiting for a King Vidor. ‡

Bores: Their Cause and Cure

Continued from page 53

I was finishing an article, some silly thing about excavations in Avignon, and I had hoped for an hour of silence and rest.

This was in Paris, as you can guess. If Paris for you means the Ritz bar, the Champs-Élysées on a golden day in summer, the American Express, the Louvre, the rose windows of Notre Dame, you have no idea what Paris can be when you work from midnight till eight in the morning through the dreary, dripping days of winter.

All night the telephone buzzed from Rome, Madrid, Berlin, Belgrade, Warsaw, Brussels. Greta Garbo was seen skating in Zurich, baking biscuits in Stockholm, at the same hour. (Definite reports would show later that she was making a picture in Hollywood.) A French peasant had kept his wife and two servants chained up in a dog house. King Peter of Yugoslavia got a teddy bear for Christmas, Mussolini put on another of his "I love peace" skits. Americans insisted on these tidbits with their morning cucumber juice.

The business had a certain comic value but it was cancelled by Harcourt who was one of God's prime bores.

His idea of conversation was a series of anecdotes related by himself. He parceled out his whole forty-three years into anecdotes. "Did I tell you about the spy in Cairo?" . . . "Did I tell you about the time I met King Albert?" . . . "Did you hear about the shirt studs in Melbourne?"

He had been in the British navy during the war and this provided the bulk of his stories.

His voice sounded again, timidly insistent. "I don't think I ever told you about the wristwatch."

Looking back I couldn't remember anything about a wristwatch. "I don't think so," I said, resigned to hearing it out.

"Well, in 1917 our outfit was stationed near Falmouth. One night . . ."

I remembered it! Surreptitiously I took a card from my drawer. It told me that Harcourt had told me the same story eleven times and was now on the twelfth performance. The story was simply this: Harcourt was on a torpedoed convoy ship. He found himself in the water and by means of a raft and a buoy had kept afloat for six hours until another ship picked him up. In one version he had slept, in another he had fainted.

Each time it began differently. "Did I tell you about the torpedo?" . . . "Did I ever tell you about my experience at Falmouth?"

And now the twelfth version began with a wristwatch. The watch had never stopped while he was in the water. He still wore it.

I had learned that there were certain key words that could get Harcourt going. "Torpedo," of course was one. "Shipwreck" was another. It became a game to deflect him when he reached one of the incendiary words. Although I had deflected him a score of times, had told him curtly that I knew the story, had left the room abruptly, I had heard every story in his repertoire at least four times.

In talking about Harcourt I don't want to exaggerate. He was

a decent human being with all sorts of attractive qualities. I would rather have the memory of an amicable association with him than nine-tenths of all the "clever" conversation I have swallowed. But no instinct of charity can gloss over the fact that Harcourt was a major bore. Some of his greatest exploits of story-telling actually brought physical misery to his listeners.

I used to wonder how he could have compressed his whole life story into a score of anecdotes. One explanation was that he had a lazy mind and a poor memory. When he returned from a trip he had many little tidbits about his adventures. But as the days went by he would forget some of them and reduce the crop to two or three. Finally it would decline to one—not necessarily the best, or, from his point of view, the most glamorous. It was as if his self-conscious mind had said, "I shall let this story about the toothpick and the policeman stand for the first six months of this year. It was undoubtedly the outstanding event of the period."

Case history 3 (Grade B bore)

Very often on meeting Harvey Godwaite people remark, "That's the most interesting man I ever met. I hope to see him again."

There's every reason in the world why Harvey Godwaite should be an interesting conversationalist. His profession of mining engineer has taken him all over the world, not only the centers of population but outlandish spots no one else ever heard of. He has used his eyes and stocked his brain. He can jump from Jainism to Mayan architecture, from bacteriology to British social security schemes, without batting an eyelash.

His job has given him plenty of time for thinking and reading. He is in the habit of saying, "The great triumph of my life was to be satisfied with my own company." Why he ever strayed away from anything he likes so much is a question that must beset every listener after the first half-hour.

Harvey's conversation technique is simple. He may have picked it up from reading about French salons. "Sit down," he says. "Let me pour you a drink. And have a cigar. I get them from Havana. A friend has them made specially for me." A few hours later you look at the empty glass and the cigar stub and think of the offerings the Egyptians used to put in the coffins of their honored dead.

Harvey prides himself on his fairness, so more than likely he will ask you a few questions. "Did you make money out of that Paramount stock?"... "How's that friend of yours... the one

from Louisville?" Or, if there is nothing of more recent interest he will ask if you like *L'Education Sentimentale* as well as *Of Human Bondage*.

That's the end for you. You have had your drink, your cigar, you have had your fifty or sixty words.

Harvey stretches himself in his comfortable chair, clears his throat, looks at the ceiling and lets the clutch out.

Harvey's programs are varied. If you get a little on Bolivian birds at the beginning, you aren't surprised to have the same program contain something on Ford Madox Ford, Finnish social insurance, anesthetics, frauds in the fur business, double-entry book-keeping, Ming vases and somebody's concerto for ocarina and five sauce pans.

Harvey likes instructive conversation. Rarely does he mention himself.

If I were forced to write his biography, I'd be limited to three things he told me: he was born in Batavia, Illinois, he once had hives from eating asparagus and he has an aunt named Hetty who lives in Galesburg, Illinois.

Coda

In describing the last three bores I have no intention of setting down three representative types. On the contrary, I chose three individuals and dwelt on them as extraordinarily gifted in their own specialty. Each has the power and intensity of five or six minor bores rolled into one.

To understand a type it is better to understand the best examples. Greek architecture is much clearer after one has seen the Parthenon.

The three combine the chief qualities of the breed. They all refuse to listen—genuinely listen.

The two men sometimes make a pretense (hence their rating as Grade B bores); the Princesse never does. All are too egocentric to be interested in the affairs of others.

Two are mild-mannered, the third is ruthless, and sometimes rude.

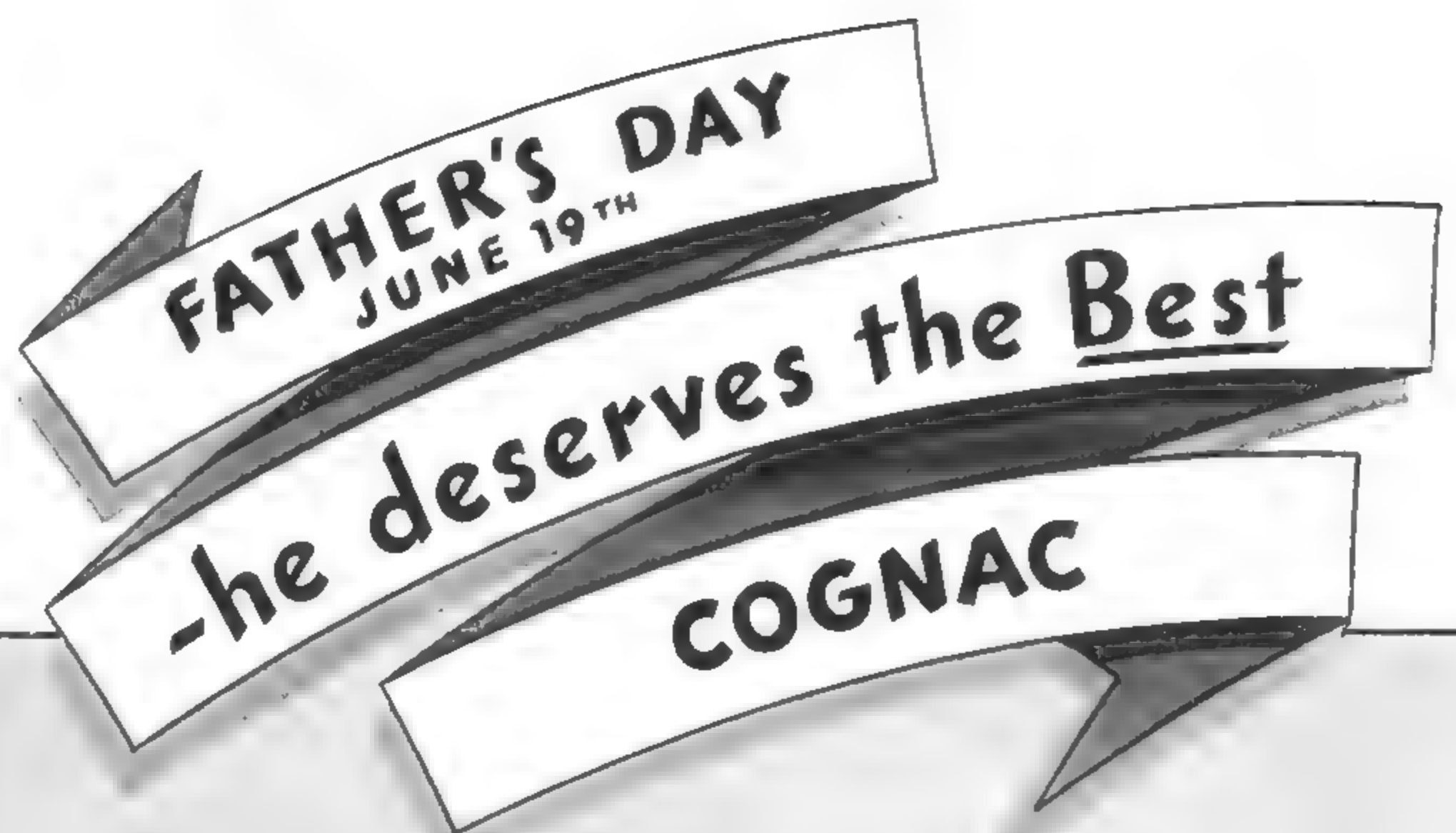
They are, all three, addicted to telling stories.

Is this kind of bore beyond redemption?

The sad answer is: usually, yes.

The problem for the rest of us is not how to save them but how to save ourselves from the damaging experience of being treated like pieces of blotting paper.

So, if we happen not to be tied to such a bore through marriage, business, safe-cracking or other circumstances beyond our control, the only solution is to chuck the fellow finally, definitely, brutally—and think no more about it. ##



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spirits distilled
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The Sky's the Limit

Continued from page 83

salt. Now put the steak on a board and slice it down in thin sections. Throw these into a pan of butter which has been simmering on the back of your fireplace. Place a section of the steak on a half-slice of bread and serve. One steak will serve ten ordinary guests, unless, of course, they are addicts and are accustomed to at least sixteen pieces of steak as a portion.

With this royal feast a barrel of beer is just the ticket. The local brewers, or your dealer, can supply you with a half- or quarter-barrel, already chilled, with the necessary pump and coils, ready to serve. There is something about beer drawn from the wood in the open that tops all other forms of tippling we are familiar with. Perhaps that is a college hold-over, perhaps it is the affinity for the Balcom beefsteak. The prescribed fixings with this dish is to have scallions and radishes as canapés, a huge mixed salad, and midget, baby lamb chops, broiled over the charcoal, as a tidbit after the steak. Sounds like painting the lily, but just try it.

Although I have mentioned the finest cut from the beef, lesser cuts will come off very well. Even the inferior cuts of meat turn out surprisingly well under this treatment.

If your country place is near the shore, the lobster roast is a delightful variation. Have the dealer split your lobster in half and remove the black streak in the tail that is inedible. Broil over the charcoal and serve with a bowl of melted butter handy.

If you are fond of lamb, the barbecued leg of lamb is easy to prepare. Most lamb is cooked too much anyway, and most cooks know no better than to put water in the roasting pan. But in a barbecue this cannot be done. Take a five-and-one-half or six-pound leg of lamb. Jab it with a dozen holes and insert in each hole a bud of garlic. Then cover the leg generously with butter. Run a spit down along the bone of the leg, put the ends of the spit on the side of your fireplace, and turn the lamb every few minutes. When serving, slice parallel to the bone.

When meat is barbecued this way without a salt covering, it has a tendency to become dry. To avoid this, baste with what is known as a barbecue sauce. This should be made beforehand, as it takes a little time. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter in a bowl, and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato catsup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Worcestershire, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup A-1 sauce, and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar. Stir until well mixed, then add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar, one onion finely diced, $\frac{1}{3}$ tablespoon Tabasco, and three garlic buds.

If you aspire to the higher brackets of country cooking along with Dr. Charles Browne of Princeton and Crosby Gaige of Croton, you might try the shasslik as done by the Cossacks and Armenians. Secure a leg of lamb and have the butcher cut it into cubes

of about one inch. Put the lamb on a skewer in this wise: one piece of lamb, one piece of green pepper, one small onion, one-half tomato. Then another piece of lamb and repeat the process until the skewer is filled. Broil over charcoal for a very short time, turning at intervals. When done, push off the pieces onto a hot plate. The proper dish with this is Persian rice, though not many are patient enough to want to prepare it. If you do, soak the rice overnight in water and white wine. Then boil until tender. Drain when cooked and then bake for a few minutes with butter. The natural or coated brown rice can be cooked over your fire as you broil the shasslik and will answer every purpose, except for gourmets.

As ham takes several hours to cook, it does not lend itself to outdoor parties. But there is an excellent small dish that can be readied in a short time on your outdoor grate. Take a hamsteak, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound for each person, and par-boil in a skillet over the charcoal. When tender, pour off the water, stick cloves in the ham, add two bay leaves, one glass of white wine and one can of apricots. Cook for a short time over the fire and slice when serving.

Another very simple outdoor dish is the lowly pork and beans. If you are a fiend for veracity, you can cook the beans in a pot for twelve hours. But as the factories can do it better than you can, it is best to buy canned beans (baked Boston style) of any brand you have found satisfactory, dump them into a large earthenware pot, add a sliced onion, a tablespoonful of molasses, more tomato sauce if you wish, and another helping of diced broiled bacon. Then put the pot on the fire and in a very short time you have a substantial and delectable dish for the main course, or as a teaser for more drinks.

A green salad is almost essential with any of these outdoor spreads. If you are a cook of standing in your own family, you probably know about salads. The trick, which is a special gift, is in the mixing of the dressing with the salad just before serving. The French do not use very much dressing but they mix it so thoroughly that the salad has a tang never obtained by the casual maker. Oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, with a touch of garlic, if your guests can stand it, is the best recipe. Break the lettuce up into small bits with your hand and be sure to stir the dressing in well. Anything may be added to the bowl that fits your fancy, or that is in season, chicory, endive, dandelion, tomatoes, Bermuda onions, radishes, even raw carrots and boiled beets. An excellent salad is a welcome mat to any lusty meal cooked over charcoal.

One of the few desserts that may be cooked on your open fires is a baked grapefruit. This is really an old army dish, from the days of

the American Marines in Haiti and points south. Prepare the grapefruit as you would for breakfast.

In the hole left by the core insert a spoon of sugar and one small wine glass of either rum, brandy, Cointreau or Benedictine. Then put the grapefruit in a covered pan over the coals. Serve when piping hot. You have something there.

If the country party was all food and drink, your problem would be simple. And the twin blessings are usually sufficient for most folk. But there are some who demand contests. The games that are supplied for these affairs should suit the tempo of the occasion. It is not exactly a time for scientific skill or technique. Rather stick to those bucolic pastimes that give off a great deal of good-natured competitive spirit, than the earnest striving that too often attaches itself to American sport.

Horseshoe pitching has become one of the major outdoor games of the country. Any plot that affords fifty clear feet of space will permit a court and the accoutrements, two pairs of horseshoes and two iron pegs, may be had at any hardware or game emporium.

Then there are several dart and archery games that are simple and require no expertness. And badminton continues to hold its own since its revival.

After your meal when the evening gets down to the gentle art of conversation, the drinking usually follows the customary pattern. The various forms of the Tom Collins, made with rum as well as gin, make a pleasant variant from the Scotch or rye and soda. If there are women around, one of the champagne punches is always welcome.

A simple punch, that has as much authority as any, and yet is pleasant in hot months, is a fruit cup of some sort. The one I favor is made by soaking peaches, or any berries in season, all night in a cup of rum and a cup of sugar. When you are ready for the punch, add shaved ice, one quart of dry white wine, one quart of sparkling water and a glass of gin. The top of the bowl can be dressed in any way with fruits of the season.

For a champagne punch the following recipe is recommended for summer. It will serve about ten persons. Slice four fresh pineapples, put them in your punch bowl and cover with sugar. Pour over this one pint of cognac and one pint of Jamaica rum, eight ounces of curaçao and the juice of six lemons. Put a cake of ice in the bowl and then slowly pour in four quarts of champagne. Decorate with slices of fruits.

For porch and casual drinking there is always the Planter's Punch, never losing its favor. The Northerners are finally catching on to the virtues of rum in hot weather and making many uses of it followed in the Tropics. The Old Plantation formula is the correct one for Planter's Punch:

One part fresh lime juice
Two parts of sugar
Three parts of Jamaica rum
Four parts of ice
Add dash of bitters, stir well, serve cold in tall glass filled with shaved ice.

RUM ORANGE COCKTAIL

1/4 orange juice
1/4 Italian vermouth
1/2 Bacardi
1 pinch powdered cinnamon
Ice, shake well, and serve in cocktail glass.

CUBA LIBRE

Juice of half a lime (or lemon)
Two ounces Porto Rican rum with cracked ice in highball glass.
Fill with Coca Cola.

HONEY BEE

1 part honey
4 parts Bacardi
1 part lemon juice
Mix well, then add ice and shake.

GUS GOETZ APPLE DITLER

Quarter and core four eating apples. Boil in a half cup of water and one-half cup sugar to which add the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. When apples are tender remove to a plate, then add one cup of good white wine. Cook for ten minutes more and serve the apples with the hot sauce poured over the fruit.

FRENCH "75"

2 ounces of gin
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
1 fresh lime or 1/4 lemon
Shake well with ice. Pour into ten-ounce glass, and then fill with champagne.

GIN JULEP

Bruise four sprigs of mint with a spoonful of powdered sugar. Add two ounces of gin. Fill tall glass with crushed ice and stir until frosted.

FLORIDA PUNCH

1 ounce grapefruit juice
1 ounce orange juice
1 ounce heavy rum
1/2 ounce brandy
Shake and strain into tall glass filled with cracked ice.

SLOE GIN FIZZ

1 jigger sloe gin
Juice one-half lemon
1 teaspoon powdered sugar
Shake well with ice, strain into highball glass and fill with soda.

MY OWN

(M. L. Burnside, Lake Worth, Florida, claims parenthood to this one)
1 jigger gin
1/2 jigger French vermouth
1/4 jigger Italian vermouth
2 dashes bitters
1 spoonful Cherry Herring.
Shake lightly, strain, and add twist of lemon peel.

STRAWBERRY BOWLE

Place in a bowl one quart of washed and hulled strawberries. (Use wild strawberries, if possible.) Cover with 1 pound sugar and 1 wine glass of water. Shake bowl slightly to mix ingredients and put in icebox to stand about eight hours. When ready to serve, add three bottles of well-iced Moselle or Rhine wine. Do not add ice.

BRANDY PUNCH

Juice 2 oranges
Juice 6 lemons
1 cup powdered sugar
1/2 pint curaçao
1 quart brandy
Spoonful grenadine
Pour into punch bowl over a large piece of ice. Add 1 bottle soda water.

BRANDY MINT JULEP

3 jiggers cognac brandy
4 sprigs mint (uncrushed)
1 teaspoonful powdered sugar
Place mint in large glass, and then dissolved sugar. Add brandy and shaved ice. Stir well till very cold. #

FATHER'S DAY
JUNE 19TH
-he deserves the Best
RYE OR BOURBON

PARK & TILFORD
a house that has served
your father and his
father, suggests America's
Luxury Whiskey

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock

**A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT
WHISKIES
IN RYE OR
BOURBON**
(92 PROOF)



PARK & TILFORD Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Farewell, Old China Hand

Continued from page 35

surrounding Chinese huts and shops. The Old China Hand had never needed such a big house anyway, because he practically lived on the verandah, but if it were smaller the servants wouldn't have any place to move around in.

You don't pig it in the East, my lad. If you don't live with a bit of swish you lose face with the natives. And if that happens, Lord help you.

The door was being slammed on that rambling office where the Old China Hand presided with enlightened despotism over the complicated business rigamarole of a dozen Chinese clerks. Every day for twenty years he had gone down to find his letters neatly piled on his desk, face down, beside a cup of tea—and he hated tea.

It's no use trying to change these people. They have been doing things backwards since Adam woke up in Eden. They write backwards, they read backwards, and by gad they think backwards.

When he closed a deal with a provincial governor for a dozen trucks or thirty diesel engines he was always careful to pay cumshaw to the prospective chauffeurs, so that a series of unexplainable things wouldn't go haywire with the machines as soon as they were put into operation.

The foreigners exploit these people? You're lucky if they don't get away with your shirt.

Twice a year regularly he would find the number one office boy lifting a modest amount of postage stamps from the till. He would call him in and tell him in careful pidgin that his great abilities were much appreciated by the masters of the company back in Mei Kuo. It was a matter of exceeding regret that there was not a greater sphere of endeavor open for him. In short, his abilities were being wasted on an unworthy job. They would both bow and smile and the next day, to the Old China Hand's loud dismay, the postage stamp pilferer would hand him a letter of resignation. It is with great regret I leave your employment to return to my native place in Ningpo. It is hoped this will not be too unsatisfaction.

Face is everything with these people. Face means you fire a man by asking him to stay. It means you never call a chap a thief except over a cup of tea. It means a banished warlord who ought to have his head chopped off is sent on "an investigation tour abroad." It means you take two hours for tiffin when you should take one, have six servants when you need two, ride one block to the club instead of walking.

Yes, the Old China Hand knew everything there was to know about proper Chinese custom. It was true that all he knew about the Chinese themselves came from his house servants, his clerks, his ricksha boy and the oily politicians with whom he did business. But, he would ask you, what white man

could get under the skin of these confounded people? He admired Chiang Kai-shek, Butterfly Wu and Lin Yu-Tang, whom he considered very unChinese. Being a relatively honest man, the O. C. H. would admit that Chinese art and philosophy were as great as any in the world, but not being a professor he would let it go at that. He scoffed at "the regeneration of China" and "the bitter struggle of these people whose culture is so much older and greater than our own." Missionary stuff. Sentimentalism. The missionaries, he would remind you, can afford to pay \$287 for each new convert and average one new convert a year for every two Chinese employed by the mission.

I'm a business man. I have to see things as they are, and in China they're goofy. Yes, I'll admit I spend a lot of time cursing John Chinaman, but after all it's his country. And at least he keeps his place, which is more than you can say for a Japanese.

In short, the Old China Hand had the typical "Shanghai mind," and in a way he was proud of it. He was bored, cynical, sluggish and over-worldly and he cheerfully admitted it. His greatest pleasure was cursing China, and his greatest fear that of going home. The captain hates the sea. Like the captain, he actually enjoyed life and privately he knew it. He was leading an epicurean existence in an age when it was the rarest thing in the world. He knew the blissful sensations of leisure, of a baronial household, sports taken with due seriousness, good liquor and decent conversation. Most of all he knew the joys of face, of being a *taipan*, a white *deus ex machina* in a yellow world. And under the shell was a real affection for China and her people.

So what? So that when the war started at Marco Polo Bridge near Peking it raced like a brush fire to the Old China Hand's back yard before he woke up to it. So the word went around to carry on and he carried on. Valiant was the word for the O. C. H. If everybody goes about his business as usual this damned nonsense will stop.

In his *North-China Daily News* was an ad for *SANDBAGS*—any size. Regular army quality.

The Old China Hand bought some, piled them around his office windows and stayed at work. Of course there wasn't any business, but the cashier ran his quick fingers over the abacus, the clerks brushed in more rows of bold characters in the account books and no one seemed to notice the difference. All over town billboards for Edward G. Robinson in *Thunder Over the City* reminded him that this different kind of thunder had closed all the movies, as well as the hotels, but the clubs and some of the wilder night spots stayed open as usual. He snorted when he read ads such as:



TY-SWING
by SWANK

COMBINING THE BEST FEATURES OF
SWANK TIE KLIP and SWANK TIE CHAIN

The SWANK TY-SWING is smart...holds the tie securely, yet allows it to swing freely and drape gracefully. Sketch of figure shows how this is accomplished. Perfect for the vestless days. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops...at \$1.00 each. Buy a Ty-Swing for Dad.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

*U. S. Pat. No. 2,084,503. Other Pats. pend.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Shrapnel-free zone. Suitable for hospital or barracks.

A few regular Shanghailanders had joined the griffins and the tourists who fled in tears, but not many. Shanghai became a soldiers' town, with the U. S. Fourth and Sixth Marines, the Ulster Rifles, French Colonials, Savoy Grenadiers and Royal Netherlands Marines, to say nothing of Shanghai's own regiment of White Russian mercenaries. They brawled in the cabarets along that twist of street called Rue Chu Pao San, but better known as Blood Alley. The foreign ladies had been evacuated to Hongkong and Manila, but the Russian dancing girls were left behind.

They didn't have passports but they didn't mind because this for them was an era of unbelievable prosperity. And thereby a time-honored Shanghai joke was revived.

This time it was pinned on a certain embassy secretary who was the city's leading gadabout.

The gentleman in question, so the story went, put his wife on a boat for Hongkong when the bombs and shells started flying near-by.

At the same time their house-boy went Ningpo more far, so the diplomat engaged another. Eventually the two armies moved farther into the country and things quieted down. His wife unexpectedly returned one night.

The next morning the embassy secretary rose early, as was his custom, and went to his office without waking his travel-weary wife.

At ten o'clock the mosquito netting over the bed was parted and the lady was shaken rudely from her slumbers. The new house-boy. He tossed a ten dollar bill on the coverlet.

"Master pay ten dollah. No more. Russian missy must go now chop chop."

Shanghai carried on. Sir Victor Sassoon, the city's number one *taipan*, took the lead in exhibiting savoir faire for the benefit of the belligerent Orientals. Sir Victor's hotels, wharves, cotton mills and steam laundry were shut down. His bus line had stopped running. His brewery had gone dry. He passed the time boiling over the countryside taking war pictures with his miniature camera.

Old Eliza Hardoon reflected the Shanghai spirit. Eliza was worth thirty million and by all odds the East's richest woman. Once she was a little Chinese flower girl. Every morning she brought a bouquet to a Bombay Jewish wharfinger named Silas Hardoon. Silas in turn gallantly presented the flowers to one or another of the passengers leaving on the trans-Pacific steamers. In the bouquets were opium—and the foundation of the great Hardoon fortune. Silas married the little flower girl and when he died he left her an enormous walled estate on Bubbling Well Road. It was a comfort during the war to know that Eliza

and her thirty adopted children of every possible hue were still there. She passed the time during the war acquiring dozens of more children, war orphans.

After the first blast of fury passed on toward Kiukiang, Nanking and Hankow, on up the Yangtze, a few of the evacuees drifted back. Del Monte's advised civilians as well as soldiers to "Forget the War in the Arms of our 50—Beautiful Hostesses—50." Banks and hotels were reopened. Wash amahs, back from Ningpo, again showed up for the laundry. The gas company turned on the gas. Tea was served at Marcel's and hamburgers at Jimmy's Kitchen. The hearts of curio dealers melted at the sight of a few venturesome tourists. Streetcars were running, lights turned on in movie lobbies. But except for the soldiers and sailors in the movies and cabarets, every place was empty.

In the corridors of the great buildings along the Bund there was the stillness of death.

The Old China Hand eventually ended up by spending the days in the bar of the Shanghai Club or the American Club. There was no longer any use in keeping up the pretense of going to the office. Japanese sentries prevented him from getting to Columbia Country Club or Seekingjao Golf Club. So he consumed a bottomless whiskey stengah and talked about How Long Will It Last. No matter how many drinks he had, he knew it was going to last too long.

One by one the Old China Hand's cronies would announce that they were going home the next day.

They would say it very casually and then for a few minutes there would be a lull in the conversation along the bar.

Yes, they would say, the company wants me in New York. It will be good to get back. Out of this filthy hole at last. Best thing for the wife, too, of course.

Faithful Shanghailanders to the last, they would sign a chit for the steamship tickets. Only this time they had to do what every expatriate hates worst: ask the consulate for help. And the consulate would underwrite the I. O. U. for the fare home but not until after they had inquired very coldly into all your past affairs and future plans, if any, and impressed on you even more coldly that the money must be paid back within six months or the State Department would be around to find out why.

Going home broke. To a clerk's job in New York or Chicago, if the head office felt kind-hearted, or to Lord knows what if they didn't. Age: 47. Type of work desired: Executive. Qualifications: Twenty years in China... and the employment agency bloke would look you over with a fishy eye and mark on the back of the card certain hieroglyphics. Queer clothes, croaking voice, liquor on breath, slow on the uptake. Then he would give you a clammy handshake and

Continued at top of page 150



Three cheers

for last-minute
Father's Day shoppers
who pick ESSLEYS



JUNE 10. Hurry, hurry. "The day" is hardly a week away. But take heart. Better stores still have Essley Shirts to go 'round... and they're "last-minute" patterns, style-right for Summer.



JUNE 19. Dad will give three cheers, loud and long, for his Essleys. *Cheer No. 1* for the original Trubenized collar that, without starch or stiffeners, stays trim and trig from Summer sun-up to curfew hour.



JUNE 20. *Cheer No. 2*, from Dad... for Essley's exclusive Precision-Fit method of cutting that eliminates bulging above the vest-line.



JUNE 27... and every week for many months thereafter. A resounding, oft-repeated *Cheer No. 3* for Essley's patented Benifold—it prevents premature collar-fraying

Essley Shirts have been laundry-tested and approved by the American Institute of Laundering. At department stores and better men's shops: \$1.65 to \$3.50. ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY, Empire State Building, New York.



COLOR FOR "CONSERVATIVES"
Essley's new Canyon Tones—cool and smart for Summer. Fine combed, slub-weave broadcloth in quiet tones of blue, tan, gray, green, rose.

Essley SHIRTS

WITH THE BENIFOLD ON THE ORIGINAL
TRUBENIZED* COLLAR—AND PRECISION-FIT

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR OUTDOOR FATHERS: ESSLEY SPORTSWEAR \$1.65 TO \$5.00



ALL BARTENDERS
MAY BE GOOD
HUSBANDS
But
ALL HUSBANDS
ARE NOT
GOOD
BARTENDERS

Perfection in mixing cocktails calls for long experience and specialized skill. That's why few barmen and scarcely any laymen

blend cocktails as smooth, mellow, delicious as Heublein's ready-mixed CLUB COCKTAILS. . . . Take home a bottle or two of CLUB COCKTAILS today and see if this isn't a fact.

Heublein puts more than fine liquors into these taste-satisfying cocktails. . . . To these prime ingredients, Heublein adds a veteran cocktail flavor-mastery that dates back to 1892.

Isn't it unfair, then, to expect the average husband to be able to make such fine, flavorful cocktails as these?

Also, for your parties, large or small, think of the convenience! No mixing-mess! No kitchen-clutter! Nothing to do with these ready-mixed cocktails but ice and pour!

They're economical, too. No wasting of costly ingredients! No over-stocking of pantry shelves! No surplus to throw out.

What you don't use from any opened bottle of CLUB COCKTAILS keeps indefinitely.

SELECT FROM THESE 7 VARIETIES

DRY MARTINI (71 proof). Milshire Dry Gin with two types imported Vermouth.

MARTINI (Medium Sweet) (60 proof). Milshire Dry Gin and imported sweet-type Vermouth.

MANHATTAN (65 proof). Rich, specially blended whiskey and Italian Vermouth.

OLD FASHIONED (80 proof). Made with blended whiskeys rich in bouquet and flavor.

SIDE CAR (60 proof). Made with choice, imported cognac brandy and other flavoring ingredients, expertly blended.

DAIQUIRI (70 proof). Made with selected rum and lime cordial, skilfully blended.

BRONX (60 proof). Fine fruity-tasting cocktail with Milshire Dry Gin and imported Vermouth.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.



HEUBLEIN'S The CLUB COCKTAILS

NOTHING TO DO BUT *Ice & Serve*

TRY MILSHIRE DISTILLED DRY GIN!

Milshire Distilled Dry Gin is, we believe, as dry as a fine gin can be made. MILSHIRE, distilled by the old English "pot-still" formula, is preferred everywhere for its finer aroma and flavor. (90 proof—distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits).



HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

Farewell, Old China Hand

Continued from pages 35-149

bury your card and your hopes in the back of a file of two hundred others.

Oh yes, the Old China Hand could see it coming. He waved Pete Gilbey and Doc Norris off on a Dollar liner for Seattle. He went to a cocktail party for Louie Ardienne, leaving for Paris. There was a dinner party, and not a very lively one, for Will Griffin-Howard, taking the P. & O. to London. Yes, he could see it coming.

Came the morning when squat, bandy-legged little ochre men tramped in a victory march up Bubbling Well Road. Eyes straight ahead, they clanked proudly past the empty office buildings and wheeled around the green curve of the Race Course. A glass slipped

from the fingers of the bar boy and crashed on the floor. A ship gave a mournful toot in the Whangpoo. The Old China Hand watched his boy snap the suitcase shut.

Farewell. Let there be no moaning at the bar, gentlemen. Corporal Takahashi sounded his bugle. Where is the Old Buddha? Where is that day we houseboated down the Grand Canal to Soochow, with the liquid sunlight and the cicadas singing in the bamboo? Where, damn it Ling, is that bottle of gin? Where the toothbrush?

Welcome home, old timer. You must come out some Sunday. Welcome. We'll get in touch with you if anything comes up.

Boy, one social security number.##

The Tithe of the Lord

Continued from page 37

of his tether, and sitting in this park, having no money to get a cot or anything to eat, Benziger had begun thinking of this man and then, because his father had always been extremely religious—of him. His father was a hard-boiled Calvinist and believed in predestination. But also, and in spite of his belief in predestination, in free will. That is, he argued that although a man was predestined to do evil, still in some strange way, which he never troubled to explain, he could and should do good, too: a paradox which had always made Benziger laugh.

"At any rate, since he found the tract in his pocket and was so low in his mind, he turned the thing over and studied it. Then because his father had once used the words 'Turn Ye—Repent' in connection with something, he quite suddenly began to think of another phase or peculiarity of his father, whose custom it had been for years to devote ten per cent of all that he earned to the furtherance of what he called the Lord's work.

"According to Benziger, his father called this, *The Tithe of the Lord*, and maintained that anyone who made such an agreement with God, and thereafter faithfully fulfilled it, and also led a decent moral life, would most certainly prosper as he himself had prospered. God would make him prosper.

"Strangely enough, Benziger himself had never coupled 'sinning with women' as anything but natural. But now that he was so low he began to think of his illicit relationship with Olive Ellis, since with her he had brought about Rhoda's death. Perhaps after all there was evil in it. Maybe his father was right.

"Anyway, sitting there shivering and hungering in the park that cold morning, this thought led him to go over his own life to see whether he had really committed a great evil, or whether he had just been young and foolish and unintentionally bad. And eventu-

ally he decided that he had not been so much evil as just foolish. For instance, he said to himself, if he had really known how deeply Rhoda cared for him, how much he really meant to her, and that the sight of him in another woman's arms could have proved so fateful, he would not have so lightly and foolishly betrayed her in their own apartment.

"His mind having gone this far, he next turned not only to the line, 'Turn Ye—Repent' but to that contract which his father insisted that he had made with the Lord. And then he said to himself, 'supposing here and now I should try to make such a contract? Would it really work?' Sitting there cold and hopeless on a park bench the thought intrigued him. 'Might it not be so? Who could say?' His father was successful and scornful of such a life as his. 'Turn Ye—Repent. . . . Turn Ye—Repent.' The words, he said, rang in his ears, just as though someone were talking to him—nudging at his elbow—'Turn Ye—Repent.' Even the bum who had handed him the tract began to take on the look of an emissary.

"But supposing, he asked himself, he did just that—made a bargain with the Lord—his father's God—not his really up to now—then what? Would He help him now at this particular point in his life when he was so miserable? So at odds with the world? Would the Lord, for instance, prosper him as He had prospered his father, he who was now so miserable, so at odds with the world. Assuming there was a Lord and that He really acted in the behalf of those, who like him, had sinned, would He for instance, forgive him his early error? Restore him to a decent social position, and make him as well off as he was before? Would He?

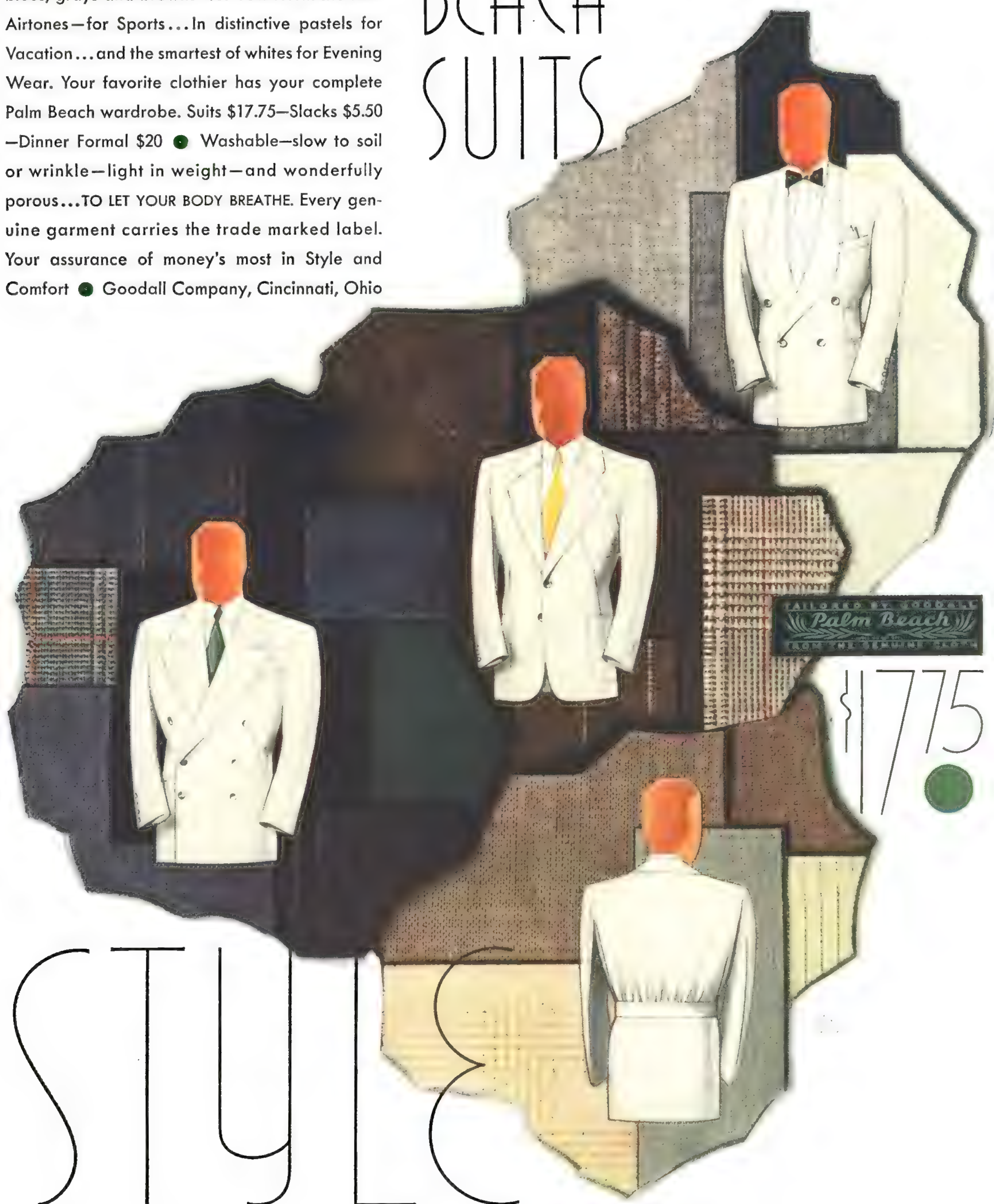
"'Well,' he said to himself, 'I might try it.'

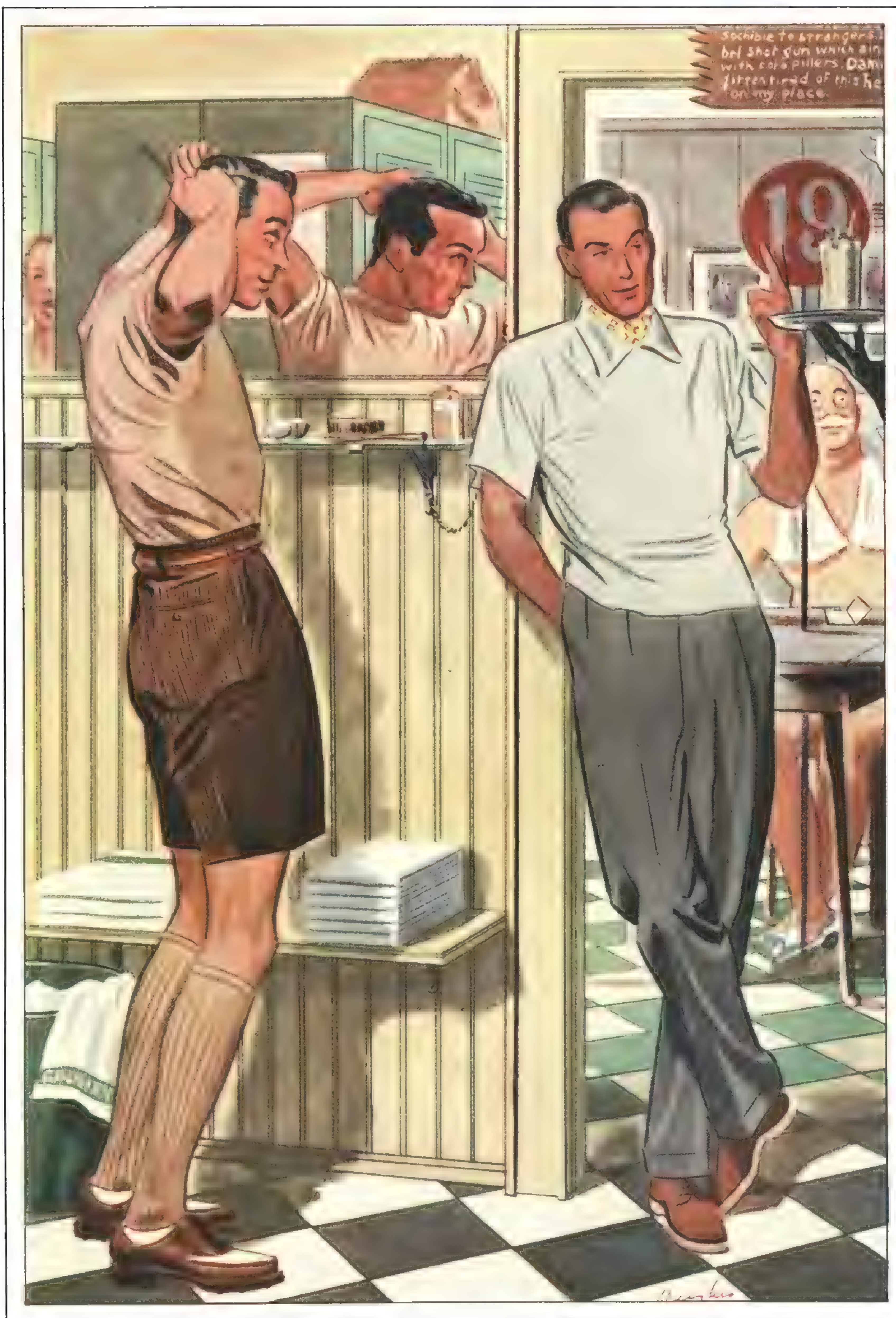
"So, there and then, this he swore to do. Having done so, he got up and was about to go somewhere to see if he could wash his

Continued on page 155

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PALM BEACH SUITS





GOLF SCENE, WITH PHILOSOPHIC IMPLICATIONS

STRANGE—is it not?—that the business man takes to golf for relaxation from the office and then the business man-turned-golfer has to take to drink to relax him from golf. Where will it all end? Oh well, ours not to philosophize but to tell you that the man at the left is wearing a crew neck, half sleeve shirt of cotton mesh, lightweight cotton corduroy shorts supported by a colorful striped belt, wool hose without cuffs, and brown and white Norwegian

model shoes. This outfit hails from the West Indies, but you can wear it with propriety on any course in the country if you have enough guts. It also makes a good outfit for fishing or lounge wear, with the same proviso. The man at the right wears a lightweight wool half sleeve sport shirt in pullover style with regulation sport collar, flannel trousers in a darker shade of grey, reversed calf unlined blucher shoes with crepe soles and heels, and silk scarf.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



*Gordon's has
the Advantage*

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF, 94.4

It's an advantage worth having! For Liqueur Quality means richer flavor, velvety smoothness. And High Proof, 94.4, means sustained flavor—drinks that never taste thin.

Gordon's Gin

THE HEART OF A  GOOD COCKTAIL



FASHIONS FOR THE BEACH: ESQUIRE TELLS ALL

OH BOY, we really dish it up on this page, in quality if not in quantity. Nothing held back for the next issue or anything like that. Each of these items is especially smart, carrying a Monte Carlo imprint or the equivalent thereof. What's more, when it comes to beach wear, or for that matter general resort wear, they'll put you ahead of the pack on a plane of the very best taste. After that buildup, almost anything would be an anticlimax,

but we still submit: item, the lightweight washable beach suit, the shirt being cut similarly to a jacket but with snug waistband and subtle blouse effect; item, combination Norwegian model moccasins; item, Hawaiian cotton swim trunks in original native coloring and pattern; item, an unusual lightweight neckertie in a marine design; extra special, the brand new goatskin sandals that wowed them this season at the fashionable Southern resorts.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Tithe of the Lord

Continued from pages 37-150

hands and face and beg a little money in order to get breakfast, and then look for work, when just as he started, there came through the misty, cold Detroit morning, a man with a basket in which were sandwiches and coffee.

"This was as early as five o'clock in the morning, and when the man, a rather clean youngish type, of about thirty-five, dressed in a good suit and overcoat, reached Benziger, he stopped and said, 'Brother will you have some coffee and a sandwich? It must be cold out here. It won't cost you a cent. You are welcome to it in the name of the Lord.'

"Benziger told me, he was so astonished and taken aback by this sudden appearance, a man speaking in the name of the Lord he had just agreed to deal with, that he could scarcely speak. He took the sandwich and the coffee, thanked the man and started eating and drinking. Meantime the man disappeared. Yet, once the man was gone, Benziger was not so much convinced of a miracle of any kind as he was puzzled and perhaps a little superstitious, at least superstitious enough to believe that his oath might have had something to do with it. Perhaps—who could say? Was this really the first move or gesture on the part of the Lord in connection with that offer he had made? A sign, for instance, that the Lord had heard and was making the first move?

"Having consumed the food, he did as he planned before—got up, walked to some part of the city where he could clean himself as much as possible. He then went to look for work, deciding to take anything—dish-washing, cleaning, ditch-digging, just so long as it was work, and got a little money. It meant food, a bed, a shave, a better suit of clothes. Since he understood bookkeeping and clerking he might find some work in this field later. Once he got really started on a comeback he might look into the wicker furniture business and maybe get interested in that as his father had wanted him to. And might not the great business his father had built now prove a door through which he could return and succeed? He might even go back to his father and confess everything, and work hard for him, and so bring about a reconciliation between them. However, he never did that. Rather he decided to wait until he himself was thoroughly successful.

"He did get work, almost immediately, as a dish-washer, later as a waiter and then as a clerk in a brokerage house. Shortly afterwards he secured a minor position with a Detroit wickerware furniture company. Here he set out to study the business and advance himself. After two years he became superintendent of a department and later assistant to the general manager. It was not till then that he returned to his father

and made peace with him, although he did not go into the business there with his father. Instead, he waited until he was very successful in the wickerware trust or combine before he persuaded his father—who was quite old then—to join up with it.

"Then after he had made his peace with his father, he said that he was seized with the desire to return to Chicago and there restore himself to a real position in the city from which some twelve years before he had been so summarily dismissed. And so it was that he joined and later bought into the Chicago General Wickerware Manufacturing Company, eventually to become one of the principal units of the American Wickerware Company. In Chicago he also met his present wife—Rose—after eight years of individual struggle—and married her."

"So that's his story is it?" I said.

"Yes, that's the story," said Kelcey. "She was the daughter of a grain merchant in Chicago, a member of an excellent family. After two or three years of marriage it turned out that she could not have a child so they agreed to adopt a son—the one you heard him calling up when you were out at his place."

"In short—a modern version of the prodigal son," I said.

"Something like it," said Kelcey.

Despite my cynical doubts about this so called "bargain" I took a real liking to Benziger and we became fairly close friends. So perhaps it was natural that after awhile he should himself tell me about the same story Kelcey had. But he told it less dramatically, much more conservatively, than had Kelcey, and with not the least trace of vanity, nor yet of false modesty.

He was now a man of real power in the Wickerware Trust—one of the truly dynamic figures in it. Not only that, but he traveled a great deal. So much so, that I saw very little of him. For one thing, the shipping interests with which I was identified, required my removal to London, and later, for a period of at least three years, to Calcutta. It was only after some ten years of moving about that my wife and I finally settled down again in our home at Shell Cove. In the meantime as I had read in our American papers, there had developed some trouble between the American Wickerware Trust and the Government.

Still later, I read that the Wickerware Trust had been ordered to dissolve and that each manufacturing unit must be conducted independently of the others. Benziger's unit, I gathered, was his old Chicago unit, and I assumed that he would live there. Then after that I read of some financial difficulties which appeared to involve Benziger's Chicago-business

Continued on page 156



Wonderful Ties for

WONDERFUL FATHERS

Give Him

GENUINE PALM BEACH CRAVATS

STYLED BY
"Beau Brummell"

FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 19TH

DEFINITELY . . . "AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE SUMMER TIE". Ties the Authentic "Dimpled" Knot. They're smarter . . . cooler . . . easier to tie . . . harder to muss . . . and wash perfectly. Dad will proudly wear this most popular of summer ties. *Sun proof* . . . guaranteed fast color . . . famous patented four-fold construction. Featured by better Men's Shops and Department Stores from coast to coast. Four-in-hands, \$1.00 . . . Handkerchiefs, \$1.00 . . . Bows, 75¢.



It isn't a Genuine Palm Beach Cravat . . . without the Palm Beach Label!

THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER CO.
CINCINNATI

Copr., 1938, The Weisbaum Bros., Brower Co.

GIVE DAD HIS FREEDOM IN A *Kno^{the}* EXPANSO

U. S. PAT. PEND.

"THE BELT WITH THE BREATHING BUCKLE"*Why Think of Dad only at Christmas?**Honor Him on His Day***FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 19**

Dad (and every man for that matter) deserves the easy waistline comfort that EXPANSO for the first time affords a belt wearer. Hidden within the belt behind the buckle are two tiny tough springs that allow up to an inch of easy expansion as the waistline moves.

Ease and comfort are EXPANSO's strong points—whether sitting, standing or engaged in active sport, because EXPANSO gives support without suppression.

Available in the season's smartest sport fabrics and designs as well as fine leathers. Give Dad his freedom for as little as a dollar.



SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER, OR WRITE

KNOTHEBROTHERS COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF THE EXPANSO BELT

**\$1.00
TO FIVE****The Tithe of the Lord***Continued from pages 37-150-155*

and that it was placed in the hands of a receiver.

Some two years later I heard that Benziger was dead, but just what it was that had brought all this about I could not guess. Yet, I was stirred by the recollection of his contract with the Lord and wondered how it had all worked out—whether he had faithfully lived up to it.

It was not until a year or two after that, when I met Winston Henneberry, a Chicago banker, who had known Benziger for years, that I learned what had really happened in those later years of Benziger's strange life.

"Oh, so you knew him?" commented Henneberry.

"Well, by no means intimately," I explained, and recited my contacts with Benziger and a mere suggestion of Kelcey's story.

"One of the strangest and yet really able and charming men I have ever known out here. As big a success and failure as we have ever had here," said Henneberry.

"Indeed?"

"Yes," said Henneberry, who in the main was your typical conservative, cautious, semi-religious banker. Obviously, as I could see, he had liked Benziger very much personally, and yet was troubled by nearly all that he knew of him. "I'm still puzzled about that pact of his with the Lord," he said.

"Myself also," I said. "That is really what I wanted to talk to you about. What happened to him in connection with that, if anything?"

"Well, *there is a story*. At least there's something about the whole thing that puzzles me to this day. You know he died quite as broke as he was that first time he left Chicago after his first wife killed herself."

"No!"

"And not only that, but under almost the same circumstances. That is, he dropped everything, his wife, that adopted boy of his, Chicago, his friends, his business, and apparently he began drinking and tramping. He was broke when he left here—in trouble with his old friends and business associates. And all on account of a woman—or maybe two women or more. But the general impression out here is that it was a girl he kept in the background here for a long time."

"A sort of Rhoda and Olive complex," I ventured.

"Possibly. I'm not sure. The thing that has always interested me though is that his second success in life should have ended as the first one did."

"In *precisely* the same way you say?"

"Well, not exactly, of course, no. The second Mrs. Benziger is still here, but pretty much depressed, for she cared for him quite as much as did his first wife, I am sure.

"As I look at it, while unquestionably he was a good business

man and primarily desirous of being one, he was also something of a romanticist, a fellow who didn't really care for hard and fast business at all. He was very vivid and attractive. Young and attractive women were always drawn to him. He had what my wife calls a winsome smile, and he and his wife were invited everywhere. And always, until the last four or five years of his life anyway, he appeared with his wife.

"After that it was different. He began to neglect her. Before that though he had begun to take 'solitary' business trips or vacations, some of them lasting several months. But that wasn't good for his commercial affairs. His business associates didn't like it. Incidentally, a friend of mine in Chicago saw Benziger on a boat running between Marseilles and Singapore, at a time when Benziger was supposedly alone on some business matters. With Benziger was a very attractive young woman. Insofar as this friend could see, outside of frequent walks around the decks or dining at her table there was nothing wrong. However, the two disappeared at Singapore, and not so long after that Benziger was back in Chicago."

"One swallow doesn't make a summer," I said.

"No, but there was still something more," went on Henneberry. Like Kelcey before him, he seemed to me to be talking in order to solve something for himself. "Because of that pact with the Lord, Benziger always appeared to me to be more than anxious to share what he made with a lot of people, his employees, the poor, the charities, and new and different kinds of relief organizations, which he either devised or sponsored.

"And these charities were different: much more personal to him. For one thing, not long after he was fairly successful again, he set up an early morning coffee and sandwich relief tour of all Chicago Parks and loafing places of the down-and-outs. But there was never any public ostentation in connection with it. He never spoke of it, and it wasn't written up in the newspapers, nor any mention made of it except in private among his personal friends. Some West Side restaurant man with whom he dealt conducted the whole thing for him and at the end of the year Benziger footed the bill. I know because our bank handled the checks.

"Furthermore, without using his own name in any way, he built, about fifteen years before he died, a bum's roost or lodging house in the poorest district of the West Side, yet really a very fine one, the best I have ever seen anywhere. That cost him to my positive knowledge, over \$300,000. It was equipped with everything that could reasonably contribute to the comfort and sanitation of

the men who roosted there. It could house nearly three hundred men a night and the price per night was only fifteen cents. For that, they got a good clean bed, a shower, with clean towels, a night-shirt that was washed every day, and a morning paper in the morning so that they could look over the want ads. Not only that but a breakfast could be gotten for ten cents and a dinner for fifteen cents, and even as little as a dime.

"I went over the place with him after it was completed and must say that I never saw a more handsome, cleanly, or conveniently arranged building. At that time, as I recall it, he said to me that he knew what it was to be without a place to sleep or something to eat, and he wanted others in that condition to get a better deal than he had had. It was that sort of thing that made him very popular around Chicago with a lot of people."

"That agreement of his with the Lord," I said.

"Oh yes, I suppose so," replied Henneberry. "Only, and now I don't know whether there is anything to what I am going to say or not, but it is a little curious to me that not so long after I began, among others, to notice those trips of his (perhaps a year or so after I heard the story about the girl on the Marseilles-Singapore boat) that the troubles of the Wickerware Trust with the Government began.

"Now, don't think I'm superstitious—I'm just commenting on it as a fact—nothing more. As you may recall, it was charged at that time, that the Trust was indulging in unfair competition wrecking rival firms and the like. And while Benziger was not the head of the Trust, still he was a dominant figure in the directorate. Naturally, I wondered about these charges in connection with his pact and in the midst of it all he came and talked to me about it. He said, as I recall, that while they were ugly charges and were a reflection on him and looked serious, nevertheless if there had been any unfair competition thus far, he personally had had nothing to do with it; also that he was going to look into the matter, and if there were things which he could control, he was going to put a stop to them or get out.

"Just the same, some bad practices were actually proved and the Trust dissolved, and he didn't get out. Just why, I don't know. I think his excuse was that he had to stay to straighten things out—or that he couldn't get out without a great loss to himself and others, which may have been true enough. At any rate, he didn't.

"But there was that other thing, his running around with those women, at that very time. His wife told me so afterwards."

"Odd," I said.

"But by then," went on Henneberry very solemnly as I thought—almost religiously even, "he was not the same man he had been before he began to neglect his wife.

He looked older and was less enthusiastic, often talked and acted as though life wasn't as interesting to him any longer. Also there seemed a very large amount of personal expenses which Benziger had to foot and some commercial disarrangements which seemed to affect his personal interests. I know for one thing that at about that time he had to borrow a lot of money, six hundred thousand dollars. Also that not only fully three-quarters of his trust certificates, but most of his private property, were already hypothesized.

"Then worst of all, toward the last, he had even to cut out his contributions to those various Chicago charities, excluding of course those two I have mentioned as being his own.

"At any rate, just at the time of the proposed indictment, and with his wife still here with his adopted son, he left Chicago. It was whispered by some that he had gone to some island in the South Seas with a girl, but whether that is so or not I can't say. Fortunately his wife had some property of her own, her father's, and that couldn't be touched. So she and the boy moved into her father's old house on the North Side. Then two years later she got a wire from a hospital in Denver. Benziger was there sick and he died only a few days after she got there. But there were some things he wanted to tell her. He told her he had deceived her long before she knew it, but that he had cared for her and was sorry, only that he hadn't been able to live up to the pact the way he hoped he could, and so—"

"Not really?"

"Yes."

"He admitted that himself?"

"His wife said so to me."

I paused to think about it and as I did so Henneberry went on with this:

"Alonzo Carlson, one of our Vice-Presidents, used to argue in connection with Benziger, after his death of course, that it was the early influence of his father, together with his memory of him, which over-emphasized for him that first great social smash of his. Also that being over-kindhearted and playful, the suicide of his young wife pulled him down more than it should have; caused him to feel guilty and regretful and so to react toward this severe commercial life, which after all, he did not like. Also that finally it proved too much for him—a strain—and so he broke again. At any rate, there was that agreement *with God*, which, according to his own confession, hung over him."

"He made it when he was down and out, you see," I interrupted, "and the subsequent success which came to him he probably identified with that. Also he probably hooked his success up with the necessity of making good in the way that he had agreed to make good—that is, not only by giving ten per cent of all he earned, but by leading the better kind of life which made such a success as his possible. And when

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The Tithe of the Lord

Continued from pages 37-150-155-157

he didn't succeed in keeping it up he broke."

"Precisely, but it is a fact that somehow all of these things seemed to come rather quickly together—his going away on those trips, the Trust's policies toward others, and his big losses generally."

"In other words, the Lord struck quick, eh?"

"Well," said Henneberry, "it is true that when he returned from that Singapore trip, which was the first one I heard of, he looked different—acted that way, and I'm satisfied that he was unhappy within himself. In fact, whether anybody knew anything or not, he may have felt that his moral derelictions were being charged up to him. I don't know of course, but it was about that time that those several things in connection with his business troubles started."

"You seem to make out a pretty fair case," I said.

"Not me, I'm merely telling you what I know. Only there is one other interesting thing. After his death his wife wired me and I had the body brought back to Chicago where it was placed in her family plot, alongside of her father. Then I went over everything that had to be gone over, and among the different things was that lodging house which she couldn't carry any more and that coffee and

sandwich charity. It was only then that I discovered that for over a year after his disappearance and three years before his death, he had neglected financing not only the lodging house which he prized so highly, but also that sandwich and coffee service. Only Rose, knowing how close that had been to his heart, and caring for him so much, had supported both from money left her by her father, until after his death she couldn't do it any longer."

"Beautiful," I said.

"The Tithe of the Lord," added Henneberry.

"His wife firmly believed that his failure to keep that agreement was at the bottom of all his troubles. She said she first began to fear for him in connection with that when she realized how seriously he took his pact during the first years of their marriage. Afterwards, she said, particularly when they grew so successful, he began to become more worldly again. He liked to drink, gamble, club about a good deal. Then, of course, there were those trips, principally at first with men, she was sure, officials of the Trust. Afterwards some woman or women, and then—"

"Wifely interest, I fear," I said.

"Possibly—and yet Rose is certainly a very kind and generous person and loved him very much."

"All the more reason," I said.

"—at any rate," he went on, "while I am not a member of any faith, I do believe in a God and in His control in some mysterious way of the affairs of this world. While I cannot personally say whether Benziger deliberately broke this agreement or whether the breaking of it was, as you seem to think, forced upon him, I still believe if he did break it and did believe deeply in the significance of it, it is probable that it might have affected him in some way."

"Benziger was not a religious man," I interpolated, "but when he was down and out and suddenly thought of his religious father, he thought he would investigate this mysterious Thing and give it a trial and then and there made that agreement. When things began to happen coincidentally with the agreement, of course, he did not know what to make of it, but he couldn't help having a superstitious feeling that the agreement he made had something to do with it."

"Naturally when a person makes such an agreement he is skeptical and yet does not know what will happen if it is broken. He cannot help but feel afraid and perhaps become haunted by his own conscience. For, in a way, an agree-

ment like this is really an agreement with your conscience. When he found that he could not live up to this pact, his mind was troubled with it, for his conscience must have always been whispering to him about it and this, after a slip or two on his part, due to an overwhelming desire for another type of life, led no doubt to his drinking and slipping farther."

"You may be right," said Henneberry.

"While he did not very much believe there was a God," I added, "he kept fulfilling his agreement, just in the event there should be one, and of course his conscience was clear as long as he did. But not being sure of this mysterious Thing, as soon as he stopped fulfilling the agreement he was haunted by the whisperings of his conscience."

"In other words," said Henneberry, "you are not a religious man."

"Not in the accepted sense of the words, no."

"Well, I am," he said. "You call it conscience but to me conscience is God, or the only thing we know of as God, our guide. And when we go against that, we go against Him."

"So be it," I said. "And it may be that both of us are talking of one and the same power."

"I think we are," he said. #

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65 Widows and the Green Monster

Continued from page 66

included in either partner's hand until subsequent bidding discloses the logical owner.

For instance, let us say the Widow is the ♠ Ace. The opening bidder mentally takes this Ace as part of his bid, using it actually as though it were dealt to him. Or, let us say that the Widow is a low spade and that one of the partners bids one spade. Then that low spade belongs to him, and is added to his spade suit. Thus you can "manufacture" a longer suit by adding the Widow card to the suit originally dealt to you. But, it is important to remember that you may add only to a natural four card or greater length, and never to a three card length.

Now, let's actually see how all this business works out in practice.

JIGGLING THE WIDOW

SOUTH, DEALER

NORTH		EAST	
E	K Q 8	E	A 9 4 2
♠	A 4	♠	Q 9 7 5 3
♥	6 2	♥	K 7 3
♦	10 9 7 5 2	♦	A
♣	K 9 5 4	♣	J 10 2

WEST		SOUTH	
E	10 6 5	E	J 7 3
♠	K 10 6 2	♠	J 8
♥	Q J 10 8 4	♥	A 9 5
♦	3	♦	K Q J 8 6 4
♣	Q 6 3	♣	A 7

The Widow: ♣ 8

The bidding: My favorite contention in Contract Bridge is that bidding is mental play. Whether you play Contract or Five-Suit Bridge, you should mentally play out your own hand in conjunction with your partner's bidding and then decide upon the best final bid. In the hand we are discussing, the Widow is the ♣ 8. South, who is the dealer, apparently cannot make much use of the club Widow, but he can readily visualize that should his partner hold four or five clubs, he can, by adding the Widow to his partner's club length, create a five card or longer suit on which he may be able to discard, say his two losers in hearts, thus considerably enhancing the value of the combined hands.

Please note that in many other cases and always in trump bids, the Widow can not only create a five card or longer suit, but that it may be even more valuable in turning a doubleton into a singleton, or a singleton into a void, thus adding two or three extra tricks to hands played at the best trump bid.

This tremendous advantage of the Widow at trump bids is drastically reduced at notrump. Hence this most important conclusion characterizes Five-Suit Bridge: the same hands when played at the best trump bid are worth from one to four tricks more than at notrump. In other words, it is in

most cases actually easier and cheaper to make thirteen tricks with spades or hearts as trumps than eleven tricks at notrump. Furthermore, if a hand is strong enough to score game at notrump (11 tricks), it is almost always strong enough not only to score game at major suits, but to reach out for small slams at minor suits. This means the practical elimination of notrump as a game going bid, reducing the all-powerful notrump to the humble role of a purely informative bid.

This is the essential difference between the strategy of Contract and that of Five-Suit Bridge. Five-Suit Bridge is far more distributional than Contract. Consequently your principal efforts are directed toward finding out which of the five suits possesses the 4-4 or 5-4 distribution of trumps in the combined hands, since eight trumps are the minimum necessary for a satisfactory trump contract. In order to do that, the approach principle is used more extensively in Five-Suit Bridge than in Contract. In other words, the bidding should start as low as possible with opening suit bids of one and then mount up as gradually as possible. Be careful to avoid jumping like a pig in a poke toward the upper levels of bidding, thus wasting precious, informative rounds.

Woe betide the player who carries over his notrump mania (already very costly in Contract) into Five-Suit Bridge. The worst dubs will put him into their vest pockets, be he ever so expert in the play of the cards.

I am giving below two kinds of bidding, for the above hand—in example one, bad bidding and in example two, good bidding:

EXAMPLE ONE:

South	West	North	East
1 ♦	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 N T (?)	Pass	Pass	Pass

Three notrump is down two tricks on the natural heart or spade opening.

EXAMPLE TWO:

South	West	North	East
1 ♦	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
*(1) 4 N T	Pass	*(2) 5 ♠	Pass
6 ♦	Pass	Pass	Pass

*(1) The conventional four notrump, same as in Contract, to show two Aces and a King of the bid suit and asking information about partner's Aces, if any.

*(2) Partner shows the Ace ♠ and now South is content to play for a small slam since he can afford to lose two tricks.

THE PLAY

The rule requires that the Widow card be placed after the opponent on the left has made a lead. If West leads the ♥ Queen, dummy will take the ♣ 8 and discard a heart. Only the two missing Aces are lost and thus the slam is made.

If West leads a Spade, the dummy discards a low spade and by establishing the manufactured club suit, declarer again manages

Continued at top of page 160



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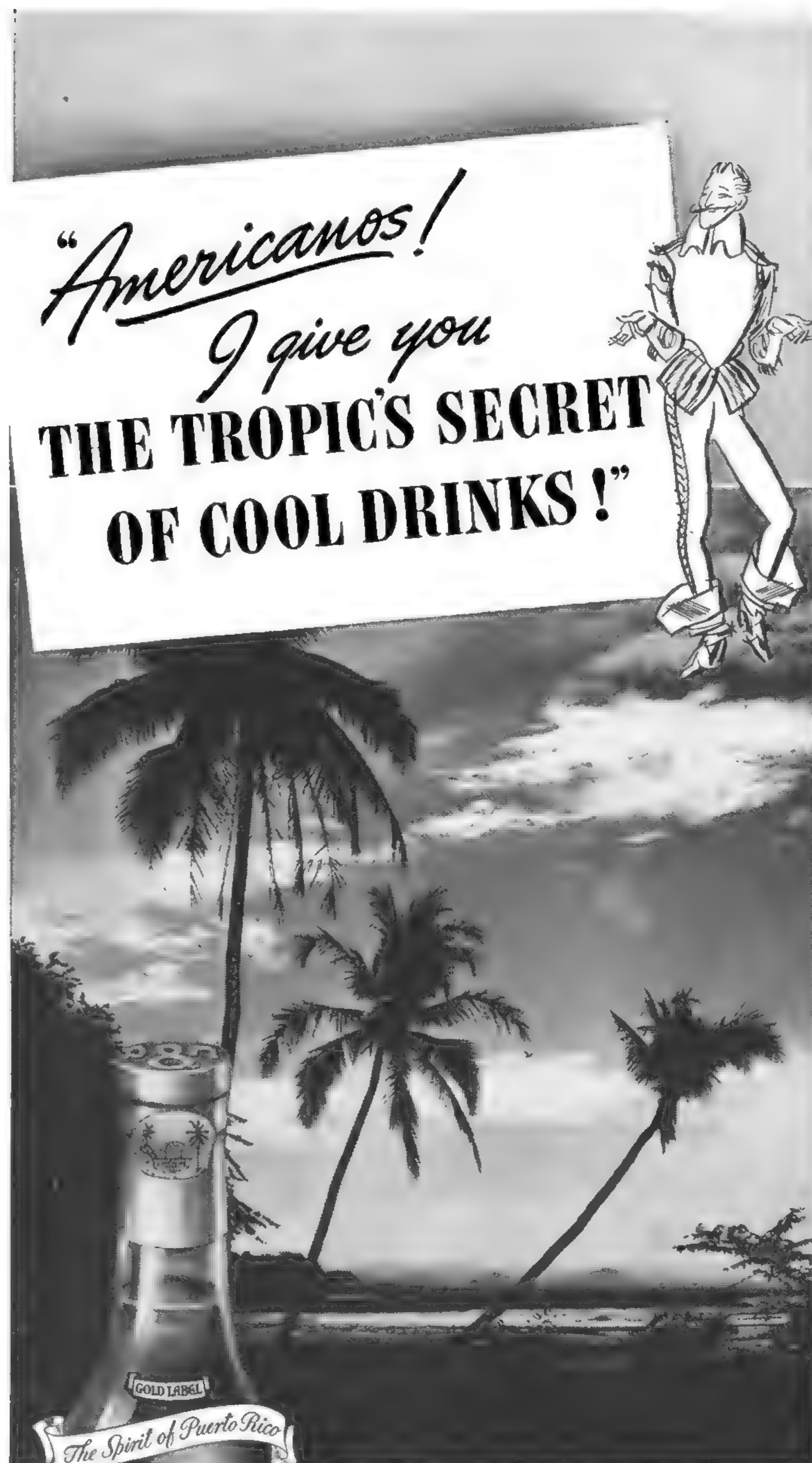
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65 Widows and the Green Monster

Continued from pages 66-159

to lose not more than two tricks.

That the Widow is almost a wanton woman is graphically portrayed by the following hand:

KILLING FIVE OUT OF SIX HONOR-TRICKS

NORTH		EAST	
E	Q 10 9 6 5	E	—
♠	Q	♠	9 7 6 5 3 2
♥	A Q 7 2	♥	9 5 4
♦	7	♦	8 6 4 2
♣	K Q J 4 3	♣	10 9 5

WEST		SOUTH	
E	7	E	A K J 8 4 3
♠	A K 8	♠	J 10 4
♥	K J 10 6	♥	8 3
♦	A K 9 5	♦	Q J 10 3
♣	A 8 7 2	♣	6

The Widow: E-2

South makes a grand slam (15 tricks) against any defense; the opponents' five honor-tricks are mercilessly guillotined. The bidding:

(NORTH-SOUTH VULNERABLE)

South	West	North	East
1 E	Double	3 E	4 ♠
4 E	5 ♠	6 E	Pass
Pass	Double	Redouble	7 ♠
Pass	Pass	7 E	Pass
Pass	Double	Pass	Pass
Pass			

This bidding is an example of the folly of redoubling when the opponents have an escape, and a lesson in not doubling for penalties even where a player's hand bris-

gles with Aces and Kings. Actually, South makes seven Eagles against any defense and regardless of West's lead. (If you don't believe me, try it out for yourself. Make various opening leads from West's hand and then, as declarer, jiggle around that Widow to make mincemeat out of the lead. If you are still stumped, drop me a line.)

These are the essential differences between Contract and Five-Suit Bridge. Players will find that outside of the notrump and penalty theories, there are other important modifications of the Culbertson System of Contract as applied to Five-Suit Bridge. Most of them revolve around this fascinating Widow, which, I believe, is destined eventually to revolutionize the game of Contract Bridge. The country is ripe for a new game along the lines of Contract Bridge and I have always maintained that the evolution of America's greatest pastime will necessarily be toward the new horizon opened up by the Widow principle. Heretofore hand and suit patterns were dealt to the player by chance: submissively he made his bids and plays around hands, in the creation of which he had no control.

The player now finds himself for the first time on an equal footing with the gods of distribution in the creation of hand and suit patterns—the stuff of which all bids and plays are made. Verily, a new thrill for all players! #

He Planned the War

Continued from page 47

this point. He decided to leave only a small army to face the Russians. But for this army he drew a special plan as bold as that for the West.

It was certain that Russian armies invading Germany would eventually be divided by the fifty miles of Masurian Lakes. While the Russians were divided, Schlieffen planned for the small but mobile Germany army to defeat them one at a time, a maneuver for which he had additional railroads built in East Prussia. He hoped to gain a decision in the West before Russia could make another effort. In 1905, the German armies practiced both the western and eastern parts of the Schlieffen Plan in maneuvers. By chance, the "Red Army," which defeated a larger invading "Blue Army," in the eastern maneuver was commanded by Generals Hindenburg and Francois.

Schlieffen worked out his mighty plan in detail. So many guns to smash this fort. So many men to die crossing this stream. He considered everything. When the Schlieffen Plan became fully known for the first time after the World War, General Peyton C. March, U. S. Chief of Staff, termed it "a masterpiece of divination, absolutely sound from any angle from which it may be ap-

proached." Both the *Infantry Journal* and the *Coast Artillery Journal* have published laudatory articles on Schlieffen and his plan.

Even in his exile at Doorn, the former Kaiser refers to Schlieffen as "that man of genius." Had the Kaiser had a war plan less brilliant than the Schlieffen Plan, it is certain that Germany would have backed Austria less eagerly in 1914. The twelve million World War dead might not have died. The plan was so brilliant that those charged with executing it believed that it would win even when carried out only half-heartedly. This was the real tragedy of the Schlieffen Plan.

Its creator was not so confident and hoped that Germany would fight only on one front instead of two.

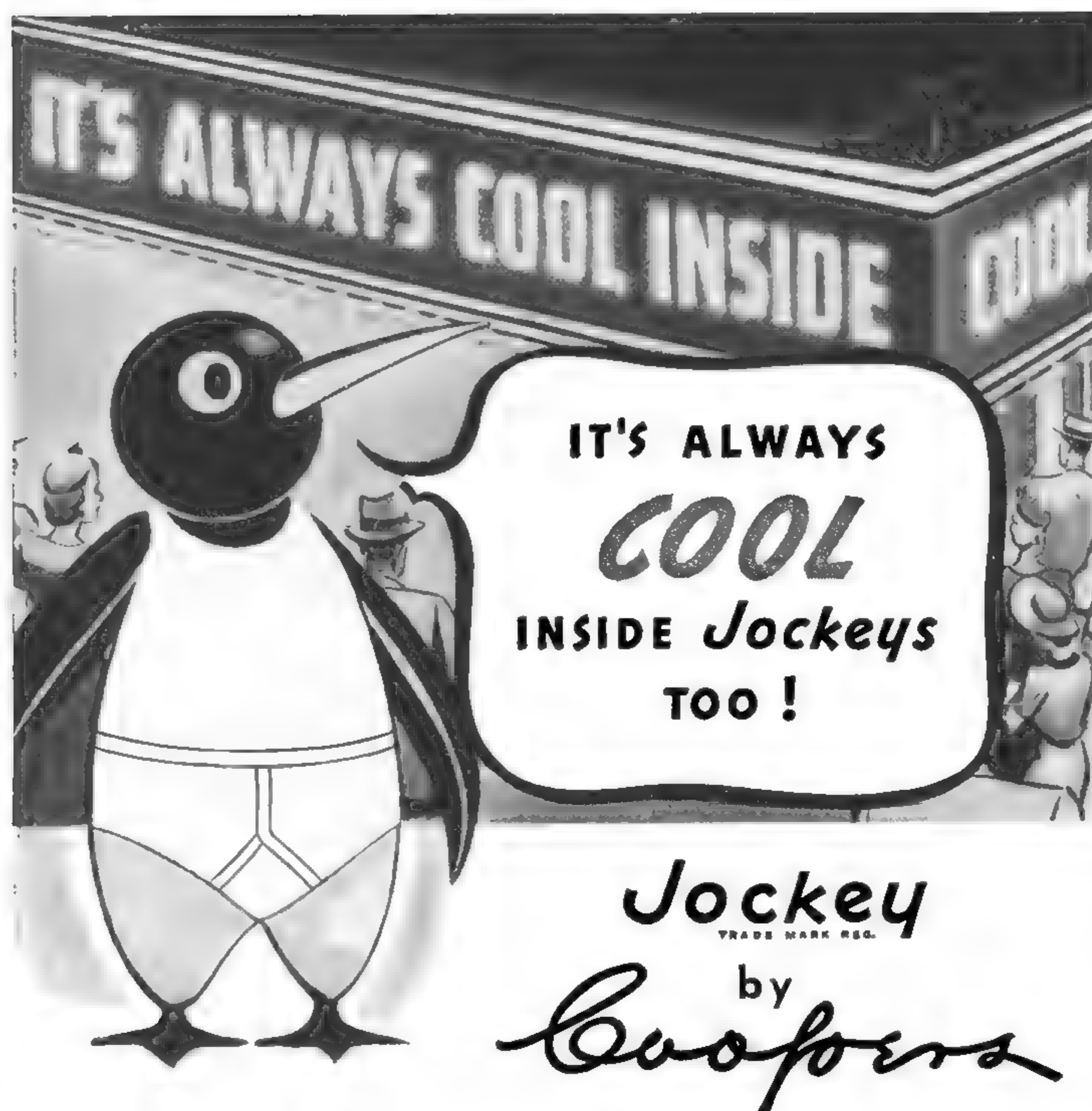
When Russia was fighting Japan, and England was still weary from the Boer wars, Schlieffen pointed out to the Kaiser that the moment was ideal for a war with France. The Kaiser declined, however, and the now aged strategist did not get to fight his war.

As one horseback ride gave Schlieffen command of the German General Staff another took it from him. At the age of 72, the old soldier was thrown by a horse and painfully injured. In 1906,

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He Planned the War

Continued from pages 47-160

the Kaiser appointed his former personal adjutant, Helmuth Von Moltke, a nephew of the victor of 1870, as Chief of Staff. Many were glad to see Schlieffen go. While he had the deference to allow the Kaiser to win maneuvers in which he took part, Schlieffen was unsparing in his criticism of others. He hobbled into retirement with the rank of field marshal and the Order of the Black Eagle, leaving his great plan to his successor in the form of a memorandum.

In the fateful Summer of 1914, Von Moltke was still Chief of Staff and the Schlieffen Plan was still the basis of German operations.

Kaiser Wilhelm told his departing troops that "before the leaves have fallen from the trees you will be back in your homes." Schlieffen had planned that they should and the German army was prepared as no other army. Every soldier's trousers had two sets of suspender buttons in case one gave way on the march. Every officer carried a map on which his route was marked in red ink. Around his neck he wore a tiny flashlight to enable him to read the map at night.

As Schlieffen's prophecies developed there first, let us follow his plan in the East. As he had forecast, the Russians rolled across the frontier in two armies, one north and one south of the Masurian Lakes. Each Russian army was larger than the entire German force in the East but, as Schlieffen had foreseen, they moved slowly. It was not until August 20, three weeks after mobilization, that the northern Russian army met the Germans at Gumbinnen, just inside the frontier.

Though his force had fought well and stopped the invaders, the German commander on the scene (his nickname was the "fat soldier") made such a discouraging report that he and his chief of staff were promptly replaced.

To take their places the high command called from retirement the Hindenburg who had defended the East in the maneuvers of 1905. For chief of staff he was given Ludendorff, the Schlieffen disciple. When they arrived they found the Francois who had taken part in the maneuvers of 1905 in command of an army corps. Chief of the operations section of the staff was General Hoffman, who as a young captain had studied the Russian army for Schlieffen. He was still studying the Russians, at the moment by intercepting all of their wireless messages.

Leaving only a screen of cavalry, the Schlieffen-trained commanders took their army around the lakes by train and road to meet the southern army of the foe. The Russians marched into a great German crescent. On August 28 it closed about them in an envelopment as deadly as that of Hannibal at Cannae. General Sam-

sonov, the Russian commander, committed suicide. Of his army of 250,000 men, 122,000 were prisoners. Most of the rest were dead. This was the battle of Tannenberg.

From it the Germans turned back to the Masurian Lakes and only by precipitate retreat did the northern Russian army escape the same fate.

"I thought of General Schlieffen and thanked the master," said Ludendorff in describing Tannenberg. In a speech, Hindenburg referred to Schlieffen as "my great teacher."

In the West it was soon evident that Von Moltke had made some changes in the Schlieffen Plan. He did not deploy against Holland at all.

Instead of waiting for France to violate Belgian neutrality, Germany plunged across and drew the ill will of the world. Von Moltke also strengthened his left wing which Schlieffen wanted weak and weakened the right wing which Schlieffen wanted strong. Von Moltke had only fifty-five instead of seventy-one divisions in the great hammer sweeping down from the north by way of Belgium.

The changes did not seem to matter at first. The gray-clad host, mightiest army yet assembled, deployed in record time. Five hundred fifty trains a day crossed the Rhine bridges. Over the Hohenzollern bridge at Cologne, a train passed every ten minutes for the first two weeks. In all eleven thousand trains took three million, one hundred twenty thousand Germans to the front over railroads built in Schlieffen's day. Though some forts held out for many days, the resistance of Liège delayed the Germans only forty-eight hours.

Like a gray express train they swept southward. So smoothly was the right wing advancing that Von Moltke detached four divisions from it and sent them to the eastern front when he heard the report of the discouraged "fat soldier." The new commanders in the East had not asked for them and they arrived too late to take part in the battle of Tannenberg. The right wing shed other troops to besiege Maubeuge, guard Brussels, and to watch the Belgians in Antwerp. Instead of retreating into Lorraine, the royal commanders of the left wing actually had advanced.

This was no longer the Schlieffen Plan but the gray invaders continued to advance. President Poincaré and the French government fled from Paris to Bordeaux. Von Kluck's army on the end of the right wing had covered three hundred twelve miles in thirty days without rest to break all records for speed of advance. Von Kluck's Chief of Staff was the Von Kuhl who spent his Christmas solving problems for Schlieffen.

"The men stagger forward, their faces coated with dust, their uni-

Continued at top of page 164



“Thanks for the hospitality, Mrs. Prentice, but what’s this about you shooting your husband?”

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He Planned the War

Continued from pages 47-160-162

forms in rags, looking like living scarecrows," wrote one of Von Kluck's officers on September 2. "They march with their eyes closed, singing in chorus so that they shall not fall asleep. It is only the delirium of victory which sustains our men, and in order that their bodies may be as intoxicated as their souls, they drink to excess, but this drunkenness helps to keep them going."

But liquor and the delirium of victory could not replace the divisions which had been taken away from the right wing in violation of the Schlieffen Plan. To keep in touch with the German army to his left, Von Kluck passed east of Paris instead of sweeping west of the city as Schlieffen planned. An army from Paris attacked the German flank. To meet the attack Von Kluck left a still greater gap in the German front. Instead of the preponderance that Schlieffen planned, the weary German right wing at this point was outnumbered one million, six-hundred thousand to nine hundred thousand. After some delay, caused in part by a British officer stopping to help a woman whose car had run out of gasoline in fleeing from the Germans, British and French troops poured into the twenty-five-mile gap in the German line in what history calls the Battle of

the Marne. By the evening of September 9, all of the German armies were retreating through a cold rain.

The Schlieffen Plan had been bungled and, though many more brave millions had to die to convince her of the fact, Germany had lost the War. Von Moltke was speedily replaced but no later German commander had the chance which had been his.

"That victory escaped us was in no way due to any fault in Schlieffen's strategy, but solely to our patent departure from his plan," says the former Crown Prince William who commanded the German army in 1914.

What of Schlieffen while his country was being ruined by the mishandling of his great plan? Why did he not appear like a fierce valkyrie at Von Moltke's shoulder and demand that he follow its directions or cease calling it the Schlieffen Plan?

Schlieffen no longer lived. A plan from a dead hand had overwhelmed the Russians at Tannenberg and carried Von Kluck to the Marne. On January 4, 1913, a septic varicose ulcer had killed Schlieffen in Berlin. His last feverish words were of his great plan. To his soldier son-in-law, he said:

"It must come to a fight. Make the right wing strong!" #

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

BETTER GIVE THE LITTLE MAN A PENCIL

My 12 months old boy has a deplorable habit of bellowing at 6:00 a. m. daily. This morning I gave him Esky to amuse himself and suggested he should try Mr. Grant's problem of the cow and the grass mentioned in *Sound & Fury* in the April issue.

Silence for 10 minutes then renewed howls.

I visit the cot and demand what the Hell he wants now and why doesn't he do his nice sum.

He replies that he hasn't any pencil and paper but he thinks the answer is 16,636½ square feet (and he may be right) and can't Mr. Grant think of a decent problem for a self-respecting child. Anyhow, he said, he'd rather have Petty's girl to play with in any case and now he won't stop yelling till he gets her. So will you kindly send along Petty's model and I'll see she's well looked after.

I should like to mention that even the grown-ups round here like your magazine.

Yours faithfully,
A. A. BARLOW
St. Helens, Lancs., England

THE AMEN CORNER

Besides thoroughly enjoying your article on *Fashion is a Fairy*, I heartily agree with the author and hope more of my style-ridden sex is of the same opinion.

Aside from the fact that clothes should accent, not detract from one's beauty, if any, I have always been taught that to be well-dressed and smart, I should never wear anything that would make me feel conspicuous. Unless I am too old-fashioned (I'm twenty-three), I believe

this axiom is still a good one.

Now I ask you, how in the h—l can one not feel conspicuous with styles the way they are? Could any woman feel at ease and comfortable in a hat consisting of flowers, fruit and a yard or so of veil, in a dress that every time she sits down hikes somewhere between thigh and knee, thus exposing a yard of leg encased in that gawd-awful shade of pink that is now considered smart? From my own experience I would say that it was impossible. Instead of feeling smart and beautiful in my new spring finery I'm wondering who will be the first to laugh. I keep wishing I could cut off my legs and hide them behind me (they are very good ones, too). I blush when I see me and my new hat in a mirror. Stage fright is the only sensation I have when I step out.

Do I feel conspicuous? Yes, I'm miserable, but boy, am I STYLISH.

Yours for more becoming fashions,
Charleston, W. Va. KATHERINE ROCK

TECHNICAL ERROR

I wish to call your attention to an error in your May issue of *ESQUIRE*.

On page 37 there is an illustration by William Sharp depicting Black Tobias chanting Hebrew Holy Songs. A Hebrew as faithfully religious as Black Tobias is described to be would never chant these Holy Songs without wearing his hat or wearing the well-known Yarmalka.

The error, I'm sure, is entirely due to the artist's lack of knowledge on this subject.

My interest is entirely from a professional standpoint because advertising art and publishing is my chosen career.

Hoping you may never have cause to receive such letters as these again, I remain

A faithful reader,
Philadelphia, Pa. SAMUEL S. STEIN

Continued on page 167



“But there must be some scientific explanation”



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN WYOMING BY LESLIE SAALBURG

PERSONIFYING SUNBURST ON THE RANGE

THE old home range never has been the same since the dudes took over the West. But they've done a pretty good job of retaining the woolly flavor in their clothes, as for instance. The bright blue sateen shirt and blue denim jeans worn by the man at the left are real cowboy stuff, and so are the black leather sleeveless waistcoat and black sombrero with white binding. The boots are gen-u-wine, and cost plenty. The other dude has on his Sunday-go-

to-meetin' clothes, consisting of bright red sateen shirt, frontier trousers of sturdy tan twill, heavy calf belt, sombrero with telescope crown, and lightweight silk scarf held in place under the collar by a decorative steer's head. Under the trousers are worn black boots with brown tops. We can't figure out whether it is in spite of their flamboyancy or because of it, but these outfits come highly recommended by those who know as being the McCoy.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-164

GUS SHOULD KNOW BETTER

In the May issue in the story *The Rape of the Tooth*, by Sándor Hunyady, it refers to where the boy wishes to rush out with his *thirty-two* teeth. I don't believe a thirteen-year-old boy would have wisdom teeth; thus making it twenty-eight teeth. Do you stand corrected?

Evansville, Ind. PAUL C. MELLE

OLD ROCKING CHAIR'S GOT SAUNDERS

Wm. Keith Saunders, in *ESQUIRE* for May, errs when he states that the Moth is the world's most popular sailboat.

The Snipe Class, with 2818 (April statistics) registered boats in 95 chartered fleets, all over the world, would indicate that Rocking-Chair Admiral Saunders must do most of his yachting research in the very middle of an arid desert.

Needless to say, there are many Snipes which are not registered in The Snipe Class International Racing Association and therefore the number of Snipes in existence is not definitely known.

Alexis De Sakhnoffsky's design for a streamlined '38 cruiser is a disgusting attempt to make a boat look like a moderne cock-tail lounge and no self-respecting yachtsman would dare put to sea in such a prostitution of naval architecture. Let the imaginative Alexis confine his talents to motor cars and tooth-brushes and leave boat designs to men who know what boats should look like.

And *ESQUIRE*, if you are going to mess around with boats, please retain writers whose authority will not be questioned.

Damned Mad, but I'll get over it. Detroit, Mich. EARLE M. GUILD

LEVIN DOESN'T STINK

I have been reading Meyer Levin's contributions to your stimulating pages with a wonder that increases every month. There has been a steadily growing disparity between the material and the title, which, it seems to me, reaches a climax in the May issue with the complete divorce of the two. I still find in the index, under departments: "Movies . . . Meyer Levin." I was led to believe some time ago that this should direct me to a department of movie criticism, in which I would find current movies discussed and evaluated, according to the critic's lights and with a reasonably open mind, on the basis of story values and the quality of directing, acting, setting and photography.

That Mr. Levin is not fanatically open minded was obvious very soon after his appearance in the pages of *ESQUIRE*, but for some time he did write about movies and did it in an interesting and penetrating manner. But his interest in current movies has rapidly waned. Increasingly his department has become a vehicle for the usually stimulating and readable airing of his very personal views on Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, with ever more persistent overtones of utopianism. Mr. Levin (and this is certainly no secret) has a Cause.

But I won't quarrel with him on that score. His faith in his cause grows out of a youth, vitality, hope and belief in the fundamental integrity and nobility of the human race which presupposes that a change to a communal form of society would remove all the ills of civilization (or, at the very least, most of them) and permit people to live together in their natural (six) state of mutual love and understanding. Which is all very admirable, even if you can't go along with it all the way.

But that is another argument. Mr. Levin has a right to his views and to the expression of them, and I, for one, am interested in reading them.

I find, however, I can't resist a few more words that seem to grow out of this. Tome Mr. Levin's work in *ESQUIRE*, as it gets farther and farther away

from the obvious implications of its title, grows proportionately more rambling and garrulous. It seems that it could be better organized, and its points brought home with considerably more clarity and force. I can't help feeling that Mr. Levin, in his religious desire to find a Way and a Life for this hard-pressed human race, in his emotional need to fit all the irreconcilable rag tag ends of human nature into a neat little pattern that will answer all human needs, has involved himself in no little confusion, and is not always sure, himself, exactly what point he is trying to make.

But, I repeat, that is another argument. There may be many readers of *ESQUIRE* who find Mr. Levin more interesting in his recent departure than in his earlier role. What is really distressing me is that in the May issue of *ESQUIRE* I find a department which is ostensibly set aside for the criticism of moving pictures devoted entirely to an article on the Jewish communal experiment in Palestine, and using a novel of Mr. Levin's own composition as a framework on which to hang a picture of the artist in relation to that communal experiment. There is not the barest mention of any actual movie and the only apology for the omission, the only pretense of any connection with the title of the department, is the suggestion that this experiment would make excellent material for an actual movie. Is this movie criticism?

I think Mr. Levin was losing sight of the chief function of a critic even in his earlier days by dismissing as sheer waste any picture which did not lean in the direction of his faith. The readers of *ESQUIRE* must be composed of people of practically every faith, representing almost every personal prejudice.

And so it would seem that this composite audience was entitled to a reasonably impartial criticism of all types of movies having any entertainment value whatever, regardless of social or economic slant. We didn't get this from Mr. Levin, even at first. But now we get no mention of movies of any kind. And as a result of this, *ESQUIRE*, your readers find themselves in the position of having to go to some other periodical to get any opinion on the current movies. Which seems a pity.

But this is not to be interpreted as a cry of "Down with Levin!" I have read a couple of indignant letters in the *Sound and Fury* which said, in effect: "Levin stinks!" I disagree. To me, Meyer Levin is a young man of courage, vitality, intelligence, feeling, and talent (if talent can be separated from those other qualities). And, although I do think he's a little confused at present, I'd like to read more of him and see what direction his future development takes.

But I'd also like to find, somewhere in the pages of *ESQUIRE*, a department devoted to reasonably penetrating opinions on current movies with regard to entertainment values, and with the personal philosophy of the critic obtruded only to the minimum necessary to give the department color and individuality. And if Mr. Levin can't bring himself to write about the current output, couldn't Mr. Levin's articles be put in another department, and some other critic of sufficient ability be found to take over *The Candid Cameraman*?

I can't help believing, *ESQUIRE*, that many of your readers would welcome some such development.

Portland, Ore. JACK WOODMANSEE

ADD JABBERWOCKY

You just tell Mr. Jack Bell that he never went hag soshen or he would know better than to try it with a fuddebum.

And furthermore a quivel geek's young is a simerall or zumeral but never, never a zimmeral, which, in these parts, has no value whatsoever.

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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Clear as a Bell

Continued from page 48

someone but I didn't, because I hadn't been busy before my last fight and that wasn't anybody only Nelson.

Now feature that, Jimmy. I says to the guy, I have fought Nelson four times, and licked him every time, and I can lick Nelson again, and let Strangler Lewis hold both my arms while I do it.

It's no wonder, Jimmy, that fighter is in the crazy house, is it?

Say, Jimmy, get me out of here, pal. They'll listen to you, Jimmy. Honest, Jimmy, I'm clear'n a bell, Jimmy, clear'n a bell.

My wife is easing over this way with old Chisel-Chin Doc Mapes, so I won't be able to tell you all the low-down, after all. Old Two-Newspapers Maud. So long Jimmy, so long.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I been in bed four days maybe eight, but I'm clear as a bell now, clear as a bell, Jimmy, clear as a bell.

Who do you guess is visiting me today? That's right. She is over there chewing the fat with somebody. She brought me two newspapers. What do you think of that? Well, I might just as well be an ape.

Listen, Jimmy, I have a lot of stuff to tell you, and it is the real low-down, but now she is here I'd better not write it down. I can see her and a relay of these Latin cutters just now coming down the infirmary steps. They are stopping to talk so I guess she is good for another half-hour. Let her stay, let her stay, let her stay, who cares. She is not much good to me, anyway, just bringing two newspapers. Old Two-Newspapers Maud.

Say, Jimmy, she knows I am writing you a letter and I think they are up to something foxy, so we will fool them. I will switch. Right now I will write you another letter . . . just some mush, Jimmy, just some mush, and she can take it out instead of the real low-down.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

As my dear wife is visiting me today, and has left me for a few moments to confer with the doctors about certain matters I will write you a few lines and she will mail it, or give it you in person.

It is very pleasant here and everyone is very kind, and all use me splendidly. A person could not wish for a better place.

I have been improving so fast and so steadily that I expect to be released in a very short time. I hope so because I am as clear as a bell.

How is the world doing by you? I would like to see you very much, and if you can find time to come and see me, I will be very glad.

Give my regards to all my friends, besides yourself.

P.S. When you come, do not bother to bring a big bunch of newspapers, as my dear wife

brought me two, and they will do me for a long, long time.

There you are, Jimmy old pal, you can read that and then forget it. She is breezing back now.

P.S. Hey, Jim when you come bring me 72 newspapers.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Say, Jimmy, you have tried to get me out of this nut house, haven't you? Get me out of here, Jimmy, get me out of here. I would do it for you, Jimmy, I would do it for you. Get me out, Jimmy, get me out, for God's sake, Jimmy, get me out. I'm as clear as a bell, clear as a bell, Jimmy. Honest, Jimmy, you know I wouldn't lie to you.

My hands are hard'n stone, Jimmy, and tougher'n rawhide and I been doing my stomach routine an hour every day and my shadow boxing ten rounds every afternoon and 5 minute rounds, too. I've been doing my road work every morning the same as six miles and I dog trot 400 yards and then sprint 100 just like you and I used to do together Jimmy pal old champion. Jimmy, get me out of here. You can do it, you can do it. Please, Jimmy, please.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. My wife is visiting me today. She is off somewhere conferring or something. She brought me two newspapers. What do you think of that? Two newspapers. A lousy two newspapers. Hell I might as well be an ape.

Say, Jimmy, if she tells you I am worse and my violent spells come oftener and worse just don't pay any attention to her. If she doesn't have brains enough to bring me more than two newspapers has she enough brains to know if I am getting worse?

No, Jimmy, pay her no attention. If she says I am getting worse, only maybe this much. Tell her she is screwy herself. Tell her she has a screw box where most women have a head. Tell her she is nuts completely. Tell her THE hell with you.

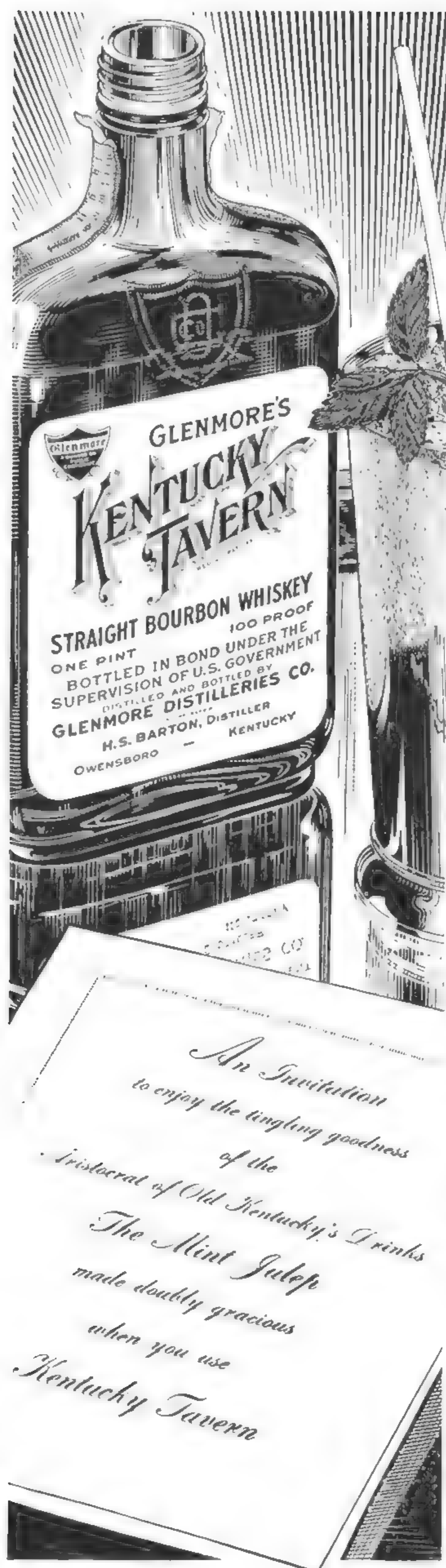
The only reason they keep me here is just so these fancy doctors, nurses, orderlies and attendants can have soft jobs. It must be that, Jimmy, because I am peaceable and polite and clear as a bell.

Have to lay off writing now. My wife is strolling this way with Chisel Chin Doc Mapes. I suppose she is saying, Oh, I am sure you are doing everything possible for him, and a lot of mush like that. Old Two-Newspapers Maud.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I been making stabs at writing you a letter the last three hours. These nuts, Jimmy, are fierce. These nuts, Jimmy, are terrible the last few days. It is getting close to autumn, and Doc Clark, who is the only good egg in



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the asylum says all the nuts get touched with melancholy when autumn comes. Me, I have just a rough idea what melancholy is, but if what I have is right I don't have to wait for any autumn.

Autumn melancholy, hey. I am going to battle this autumn melancholy Jimmy, worse and tougher than I'll battle Nelson, because I'm a champion, I am. I'm a champion. I am. I'm the only real world's champion. Nobody ever made me quit or slow up and nobody ever will. I've licked champions and every fighter that thought he was and I'll lick them again. I'm a champion, I am. Get Nelson get Nelson get Nelson Get me Nelson

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. They have had me laid up with a bad cold or something for a couple of days, maybe nine, but I'm feeling grand now, Jimmy, clear as a bell, clear as a bell. Hows tricks, kid, hows tricks? How is everything along the mud flats, you old Piute, you? Lets kneel and give three cheers for the Mohawks. Do you remember that, you big lug you? You ought to. I do.

That was one time we shot the moon, didn't we, Jimmy? We get off the ship—say, that was the old Caledonia of the Anchor Line, wasn't it? Sure, I remember. We get off the ship and two days later we give their old Scotch champion a stone and a half of weight and make old Glesgie go boom-to-boom when we clout their old champion down.

And the earl of Chikster and the earl of Lenster and the earl of Lester and the earl of Brumsey and the earl of Chumley and everybody in Britain poking silver plates of quail and partridge at us and trying to pickle us in champagne. Ha. Remember that, you lug, you big neverwaser with the sweetbread ears.

And remember that Pembroke feller with the barnacle-eye that takes us down on his yacht on Clydeside, and then down the Clyde away he pulls us down and laughs and yells, Lets all kneel and give three cheers for the Mohawks. Remember, Jimmy? You ought to. I do.

And then over to Rothesay on the Isle of Bute. The Isle of Bute. And we anchored in the morning.

And Paiseley. Paiseley, Jimmy. Remember we got two shawls apiece for girls in the States, but the girls in the States never got them. I can remember the names of the girls who got your shawls but I can't remember the names of those who got mine. Now that is singular, that is singular. Well, nerts to Paiseley and girls and shawls.

Then we went to Paris to see Dixie Kid and Carpentier.

And remember, Jimmy, we went to Hamburg to get a glass of beer? Some more from that laddiebuck Pembroke's fund of ideas about entertaining the visiting American fighters. To Hamburg, on a yacht

to get a stein. We shot the moon that time, Jimmy, we shot the moon, that time.

Remember, Jimmy, I drilled old Penny in keeping his elbows down and close to his sides, and to keep on the ball of his right foot, and on it to pivot his whole body behind his blows and he tried to make me take a twenty-pound note?

I made him stop watching his opponents eyes and hands and got him to watch and study their knees, and when he saw how much better he could read their intentions, he says, That is worth ten pounds and you shall take it.

But when I tried to teach him to curl in his fists at the wrists to make them tear as well as jolt, he says, The damage may last, mayn't it? I says, That's the general idea in fighting. He says, In Britain we avoid that. I says, In Britain you avoid nothing. Your own Owen Moran and Ted Kid Lewis taught that to me.

Say all at once something tells me either my wife or you, Jimmy, old pal old champion, is on your way to get me out of here and I'm heading for the big gate to meet you.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I just now got a bunch of writing paper from Doc Clark. He and Chisel-Chin Doc Mapes, they argue. Old Chisel-Chin says, Writing letters to his friend disturbs him. Doc Clark says, Let him write, let him write. When he's writing he's not swinging on someone. And then Doc Clark says, write all you want to, old battler, and I'll mail them.

Say, that makes me think, I haven't seen or heard from you or my wife either since God alone knows when. Say, both of you haven't had all your hands and feet cut off, have you? If you have had all your feet cut off, why then it is all right, I don't expect you to come see me.

Say, how are your hands, Jimmy? How are my wife's hands. In case you both have all your hands cut off, too, then that is all right too and I don't expect you to write either.

Yes, Doc Clark said he mailed all my letters.

Right now bygod I am going to go ask Doc Clark if you and my wife have had all your hands and feet cut off. Or is he just another damn liar.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Been in bed two days, may be six. A 267 pound chimpanzee in here nearly murdered me. If I only had just nine ounces more weight, I would start me up a little business of my own in this murdering stuff.

I asked Doc Clark for a baseball bat to bat out a few grounders, but Doc said he is just getting ready to knock out a few himself.

I wrote a letter to Babe Ruth asking the Babe to send me a bat. I told him why I needed one. I never got any answer.

It must be the Babe has had

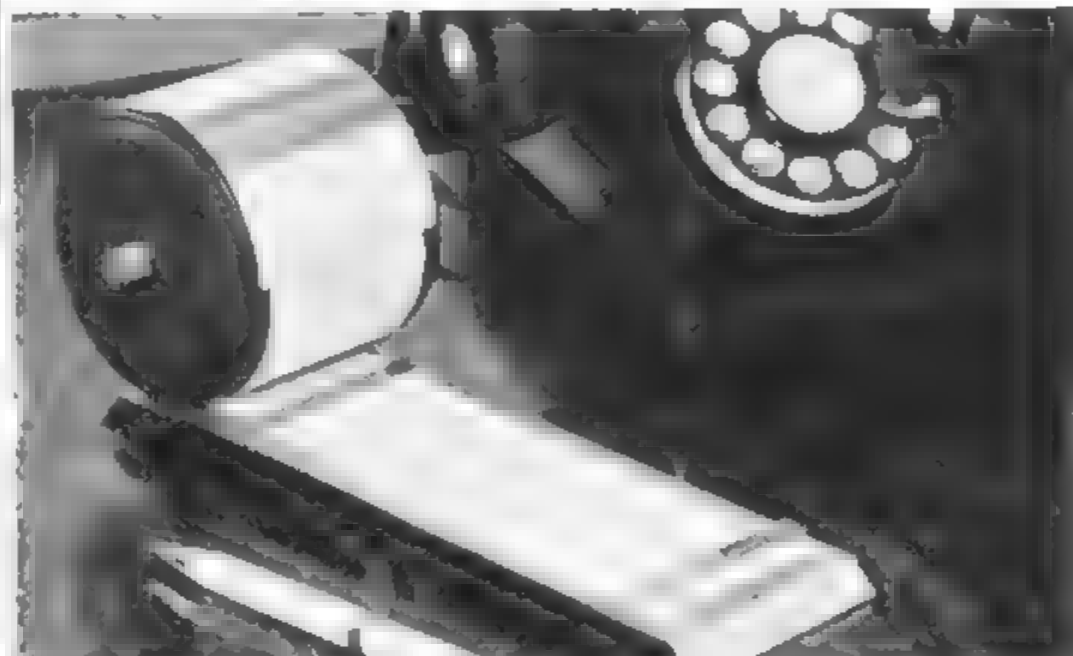
Continued on page 172

HOW TO TICKLE FATHER PINK

ON FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 19th



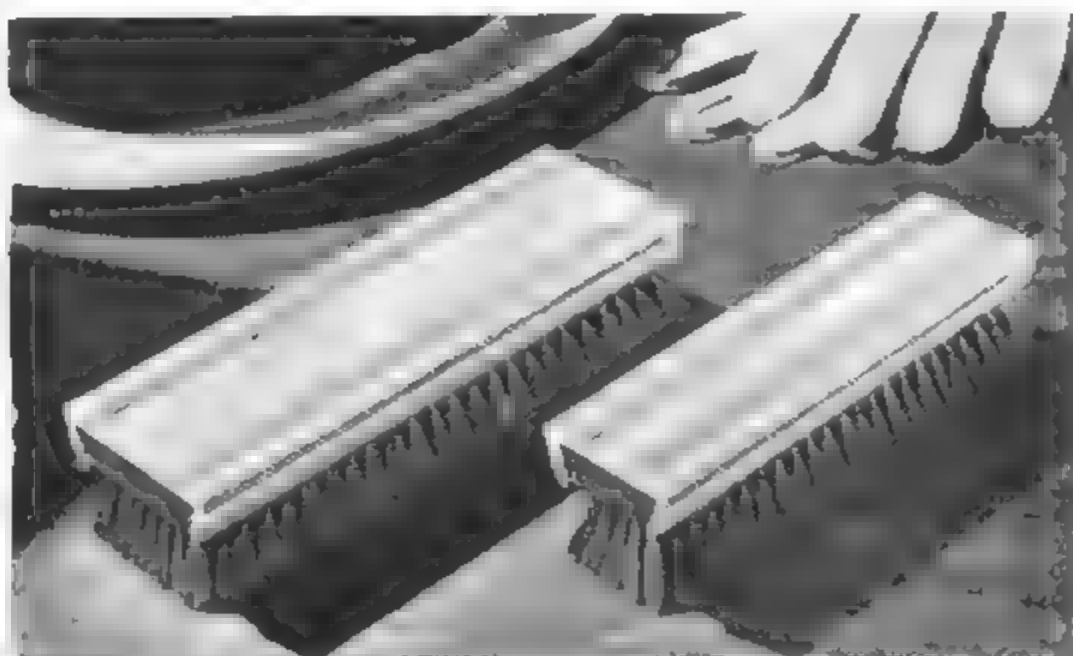
You can smoke up dad's best cigarettes, dent the fenders of the car, run up staggering bills, and he won't really mind if he knows how much you love him. So on his day give Kensington, to prove you do care. Kensington metal is an alloy of Aluminum with a unique, enduring lustre which stays silvery and beautiful with little or no care.



The Oxford Memo Roll, for his desk at home or the office, has dignity that will delight him. Uses standard adding machine paper. \$5.



The Coldchester Julep Tumblers, for all tall drinks. Frost beautifully. May be engraved. Each, \$2.50.



The Clothmaster and The Hatmaster Brushes. Matched set, with lustrous Kensington backs. Space for engraving. Cloth, \$2. Hat, \$1.

Kensington gifts are sold at better department stores, jewelers and gift shops; if your favorite store does not have it, mail coupon.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

TO Kensington
NEW KENSINGTON - PENNA.

I enclose \$_____. Please send me
____Memo Roll ____Clothmaster Brush
____Julep Tumblers ____Hatmaster Brush

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



FOR TOWN, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR SUMMER

NO ARTISTIC frills or furbelows this time—just one big simple suggestion for a smart summer outfit. It's in the fashionable semi-sports tradition and is appropriate for either town or country wear. The suit is a three-button notch lapel single breasted model in the new and highly favored hemp color; the fabric can be gabardine, flannel, tropical worsted, Palm Beach, linen, silk or any of the synthetic fabrics. Note that the two top buttons are fastened,

a currently neat touch for three-button models. The accessories include a checked madras collar attached shirt, Paisley foulard tie, silk handkerchief and lightweight Cavalier hat. Brown calf or reversed calf shoes would go well for town wear, while for the country the choice is between all white, brown and white or, again, reversed calf shoes. Also, a panama or cocoanut straw hat might be substituted for the Cavalier model as country wear alternatives.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



"I find it awfully hard to refuse him—his approach is so masterful!"

**WOMEN, put this where
HE can see it**



**Women have sent
this little bird**

Mister, if you find this tacked on your mirror at home or pinned to your coat at the office, it means you are a man with a friend and a future.

Somebody is interested enough in you to hope that you will do something about just one little fault you have.

You are a fine fellow, but maybe you are sometimes unconsciously guilty of just a wee bit of perspiration aura. (I hope it's a wee bit.)

* * *

Men, I really don't expect anybody to tack or pin this up for you, but *you're reading it now, aren't you?*

The thing for you to do is to hint to yourself the possibility of your guilt along the lines I'm discussing, and to use Mum for fear it may be true. Mum is for two kinds of people: those who need it and those who want to be sure they don't.

Nearly everybody needs Mum, because a bath—fine as it is—gives protection against underarm perspiration aura for only a short time. But Mum works for hours and hours.

Mum is a pleasant cream, soothing to the skin, harmless to clothing, which

*Well, you
don't have
to hit me
with a hammer*

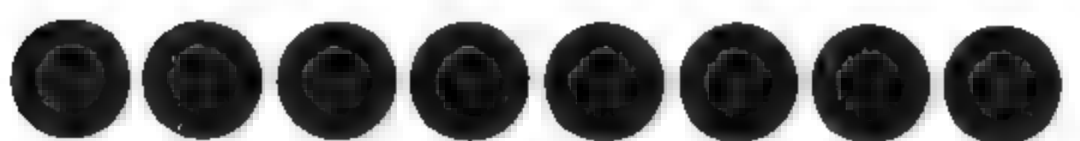


definitely kills perspiration odor for hours without stopping perspiration. Hundreds of thousands of men now use two dabs under each arm after each bath and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Look into this Mum business for yourself by sending for a free sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. P-78, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.



**MUM TAKES
THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**



Clear as a Bell

Continued from pages 48-169

both his hands cut off and can't address it. It must be that, it must be that because the Babe is a good old egg. Anyhow he ain't heel enough not to answer at all.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I wrote one letter to you and then lost it. Or else someone stole it. These nuthouses, Jimmy, aren't all some people crack them up to be.

Say, I haven't seen my wife since God alone knows when. If you happen to see her you ask—No, never mind, never mind. If you happen to see her, you say, How do you do and both of you trot right along about your businesses.

If you don't have any businesses, pretend.

And you don't need to come see me either if you don't want to. Well, I gotta take me my workout.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Been sick three days maybe eight, but I'm clear as a bell now, clear as a bell. I fight Nelson again, the afternoon of the 22nd.

Now listen, Jimmy, I'm ready for Nelson right now. Right now. Right now, so don't let Bill Suckwind and Doctor Popoff or any of those spillovers from the Cliff House, crowd me into even one more light workout or I'll go stale. I will dry out a pound and a half, and if another ounce comes off me, I am going in there weak, and in there weak with Nelson is no place to go.

Another thing—I gotta hurry for I see the semi-final is over and they will be calling for me in a minute. Now, Jimmy, whoever swings towel for me, see that they don't get so excited in the closing rounds and do like they done the last two fights, knock off my eyebrows with the towel. It ain't that I need my eyebrows to lick Nelson, it ain't that. It ain't that. I just want them.

Here they come for me, here they come. Sure, sure, I'm ready. Come on, you lugs. Is Nelson in the ring yet? Is he? He is, eh. Ha. He generally makes me wait for him. All right, old battler, down the aisle goes a champion, and that's me.

P-s-s-t, Jimmy, slip around and tell Billy Nolan, for me, to tell his Mister Battling Mathew Nelson, that when he comes in with that crooked dragging left, to lay off tromping on my feet or I'll kill me a square-head.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I been trying to write you a letter for over a week, maybe three weeks. You try keeping track of time with a million and seventy some nuts around you, and then let me know what kind of luck you had.

I write all day when I'm not training but I can't get much

down. This is a terrible place, Jimmy. Everybody is nuts. I asked Doc Clark about it, and he says, Yes, they are, old battler, and I am getting the same way.

If you aren't nuts when you come, Jimmy, you will be.

And if you are nuts when you come here, then it's nuts you stay. But why they don't release me is something I can't understand. I am peaceable and clear as a bell.

If I wasn't peaceable I would cold-cook me about 65 nuts right now. They walk up and down past me and make sarcastic cracks, about me writing so much. One hump-backed monkey with a pair of glasses and black ticker tape dangling, keeps saying, Old Anthony Adverse himself, and then he varies it with, Ah, going with the wind, or gone? You can figure that one, Jimmy, I don't want it. Then another guy that makes me think of a tarantula under my pillow, he says, You will be late for the Pulitzer prize but you might try Harpers. You can have that one, too, Jimmy.

Then those miscellaneous cracks, all day long. I just tell em, you are envious because you never learned to write.

Seen my wife lately?

If you see her, tell her not to bring a lot of newspapers if she comes, because I found a part of one just a couple months ago, so I am all fixed up swell for newspapers.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Say, Jimmy, remember once we are doing road-work in Schenley Park, Pittsburgh? There was you. There was me. There was big Tom McMahon. There was Eddie Hendell. There was Billie Papke. There was little Phil McGovern, one of the Terrible Terry guy's brothers. There was either Joe Thiel, or else it was Rocky Kansas, and there was four or five pre-lim boys. We are all joggin along together when suddenly Phil yells, Hey, lets all stop at this next big tree and sit down and talk. Then we all sat down under this great big oak tree and talked and laughed long after we'd lost our good sweat.

Remember, or don't you. You ought to. I do, all right. Then we gathered an armful apiece of branches of oak leaves and we laid them in a row and held a contest to see who had the most beautiful oak leaves.

Nobody won the oak leaf contest, remember? We argued and squabbled and had the swellest fun, then we called it a draw and finished our road-work.

There is a great big oak tree here at the far west end of these asylum grounds. It might be the same tree that was in Schenley Park. This morning a bunch of us were walking near it and I said, It is. It's the same tree. This is Schenley Park. There is old Eddie Hendell himself. There is big Tom

*Cigars step out
in Society*

● Tails—topper—and

Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe.

Three correct guardsmen of the gentleman's evening attire. The *new vogue* in smoking, this trim, genteel cigar. Its 100% choicest Havana filler is deliciously mild. Class yourself by smoking the *sophistocrat of cigars!*



SOCIETY'S
NEW
KEYNOTE
IN
SMOKING

**Robt.
Burns**
*Panatela
de Luxe 10¢*

COPYRIGHT 1938, GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.

McMahon. Everything was the same. The leaves were falling, too. Red leaves. Purple leaves. Yellow leaves. Orange leaves. All colors. I said to Eddie Hendell, Say you tin-eared Dutchman, your dad runs a dairy or whatever those milk joints are, if he could get milk as yellow as some of those yellow leaves he could sell a million dollars worth to me alone.

Right then I found out it wasn't the same tree, Schenley Park, or anything. A nut with fat greasy eyes, answers and he says, Those leaves are not yellow, they are cadmium and orpiment. I am an artist greater than Rembrandt and I say those leaves are not yellow. Then, Jimmy, he gives me a little push. Then, Jimmy, I caroms me one off his eye.

What I can't understand is how I got along so swell with ten fighters and one oak tree, and why I get along so lousy with only one artist and one oak tree.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I gotta write you today, Jimmy, or go nuts.

It is the autumn that does it, it is the autumn that does it. It must be the autumn.

Doc Clark says the autumn touches us with melancholy. So you see, Jimmy, all the nuts here are touched with melancholy. It's them, Jimmy, it's them, it's all the poor nuts touched with melancholy. And besides I am touched with melancholy, too.

All day yesterday, the day before that, and all today, it's been dark as evening, and all this time raining torrents or blowing gales, or both.

And all this time the nuts have had to stay inside in the big room. And we are all touched with autumn melancholy.

And my outside routine and my road-work shot to hell, and me fighting Nelson 25 rounds, next Monday afternoon.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. I gotta write you, Jimmy, or go nuts.

Four days dark as evening, rain and blow. And Doc Clark says we are all touched with autumn melancholy.

It rains torrents and blows gales by turns, and then together. Five minutes, no rain, wind. Then bingo, no wind, rain. Then the rain stops dead, up in the sky, and bushes blow over. The windows plaster over with hickory tree leaves and the hickory trees are two miles away. Then it rains and blows together. Then neither one. Then just wind again. Then just rain. Then neither. Then both.

If ever I have a crazy house of my own, Jimmy, I will have a deep mine below it. Then when the days are like evening all day long, and it rains torrents and blows gales for days and days, and we are all touched with autumn melancholy besides, we will take Doc Clark who is the only good egg here, and we will go down in

the deep mine and stay there.

And if ever I have a crazy house of my own, Jimmy, I will have an indoor track so fighters can do their road-work.

Just this minute I found out what makes these poplar trees they have here, make my melancholy worse. These poplar trees make my melancholy worse because every one of these poplar trees, in the dark, in the wind, in the rain is my octoroon in Barbados. These poplars bend backward in the wind, their leaves hug tight flat and cling like kids cling to their mother. And I hear them whimper. But when the wind bends these poplars backward, and the rain wets their leaves, then the leaves sparkle and flash like her dance-dress spangles. And they whimper, too. She whimpered. When she bent backward I heard her whimper. When I chased her with a dirk that wet night out of Nootan's place and caught her in the cobble-paved back area-way. As she bent backward from the dirk I heard her whimper. Even her spangles whimpered. And these poplars whimper.

No. No. No. I never would have poplar trees around my own crazy house. Every one is my octoroon in Barbados.

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Been sick three days maybe ten. I am feeling swell now, although not very hot either. Yes, I'm feeling okeh.

I don't know if I should tell you this or not, Jimmy, for you may think the old battler has gone girlish.

I do my road-work this morning, grab my paper and pencil and make for this bench under some chestnut trees. I been sitting on this bench all day, Jimmy, old pal. But only just now can I write anything. I just sit here and look. What makes me do that, Jimmy? I just sit here and look off somewhere. There is nothing to see, for it's Indian Summer, smoky and hazy.

You don't think something is readying me up to go nuts at that, do you, Jimmy? You don't think so, do you?

* * *

Dear Jimmy:

Hello pal. This is the old battler. Hi, Jimmy, old pal old pal have you cast your glims over to-night's papers? Ha. Something to read tonight, Jimmy, something to read tonight. I haven't seen them yet. I'm waiting for them now.

Listen, you with the sweetbread ears. I fight Nelson, the 14th, George Memsic, the 30th, Leach Cross, the 12th of next month, and Jimmy Britt, the 29th.

I am feeling grand, Jimmy, feeling grand, and I will take those guys, every one, just like that, one, two, three, four.

My training will be pretty light today, and maybe tomorrow because they are giving me a minor operation or something in just a

Continued at top of page 176

Three Moods AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!



La Cross
CREME NAIL POLISH

50¢

a bottle, at finer shops and stores. At your next appointment, ask for the new La Cross Glycerated* Manicure—kind to brittle nails and dry cuticles.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—No acetone

BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS

- **ROMANTIC? . . . CONCORD** adds the new violet tone to new costumes.
- **CLASSIC? . . . POINSETTIA** is a scarlet foil for dark summer town clothes.
- **MODERN? . . . TOKAY** with dashing, absurd prints is a muted flattery.

A UNIVERSAL favorite for Father's Day!

GIVE Dad the pleasure of a good night's sleep, every night this Summer! The cool pleasure, for instance, that goes with new "Krinkilite Crepe" pajamas . . . tailored by Universal from the lightest, airiest fabric a man ever donned for dreaming. Or give him the finest regular-weight pajamas comfortably cut from Universal's "Bamboo" cloth. Smartly styled, in preferred Summer colors, "Krinkilite" pajamas \$2.50 (with short sleeves and trousers, \$2) "Bamboo" pajamas are \$2. At better men's shops everywhere.

STEINER-LIBERTY CORPORATION
NEW YORK BALTIMORE CHICAGO

pajamas
by

UNIVERSAL





EVEN WE CAN'T GET TWISTED ON THIS ONE

MODERN civilization now having reached the unhappy, complicated point where a racing driver needs a road map, we'd better spoon-feed you these instructions on how to dress for resort or holiday wear. The suit is a three-button notch lapel model in natural color gabardine with patch pockets and center vent. Get it? The two top buttons are fastened not because the suit is manufactured that way but because the man wearing it knows that

such is the current vogue. So far, so good. Now follow this carefully: the shirt is made of oxford with button-down collar, the tie is made of India madras, the hat is made of cocoanut straw with madras band, the handkerchief is made of silk foulard, the shoes are made partly of reversed calf and (now get this!) partly of linen. All clear? You can depend on us not to let you down up to, but *not* including, the point where railway engineers also require road maps.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



Incidental music

Man does not live by bread alone. There must be some color in his life, a few dreams, a song . . . incidental music to a workaday routine. Yet he does not lift himself from the monotony of getting and spending by his bootstraps. Thirst comes from within, fulfillment from without: he turns to some outside force . . . Coronet, more than a magazine, is such a force. Its alchemy derives from that other world, the world of the spirit—the visions of great artists, the spells of the storyteller, the stimulation of the essayist, the fragments of experience that only a camera knows how to steal, yes and the distilled insight of the poet. Take home a copy of Coronet. It will be good for your soul.

Photograph by André Kertész from the June Issue of Coronet

for men of action -

requisites by Lenthéric
at the better shops

15th

of every month is the day
to look for the new **ESQUIRE**
on the newsstands

Clear as a Bell

Continued from pages 48-169-173

few minutes. Doc says it is to jack up a couple of dents or something in the old skull piece.

Wish me luck, Jimmy, wish me luck—I mean in my coming fights, in my coming fights, not this little bitty operation. Still, as long as you got your wisher out and working, you might as well include that too. So pull on your ear, Jimmy, and spit three times to the north that Doc's crow bar

and chisels don't slip and that the old battler has good luck all around.

And I will write you all the low-down and all the secrets only me and the horse himself knows just as soon as the boys with the imported hacksaws finish and I hear Doc Clark say, Okey, doke, old battler, Okay Okay. And now out of this bug house you get the hell for you're clear as a bell, old battler, clear as a bell. #

California Playboy

Continued from page 45

"You say I'm too lazy to write—listen to this."

While the rain slashed at the windows, he read a story aloud. When he had finished, I said, "That's a great yarn, Bill. I'll wire Joe Medill Patterson of *Liberty* about it."

The story followed the telegram, and Patterson wired, offering a thousand dollars for it. I telephoned the news to Bill, and he complained bitterly, "Lord, it took me eight hours to write that."

As writing was physical labor, he "talked" his stories to a stenographer. When questioned about his method, he said, "All I know about writing is that a cemetery's the period."

As a dramatist, he had been accused of plagiarizing everything with which his name was connected. When I asked him concerning the charges he said, "Didn't Shakespeare steal, you illiterate peasant—and Molière—and Dante—it's all a stream running nowhere—you dip out the water you need."

"Is it true that one producer died broke, defending lawsuits against you and Paul Armstrong?"

"I came here to drink liquor, not to be questioned, you ditch-digger's cast-off."

Soon he thundered with indignation, "Thirty years ago I wrote a little song of a hundred and twenty-seven verses. I called it *Frankie and Johnnie*. Everybody claims that gospel hymn—does it matter?"

"Not at all."

His mouth opened as if jerked with wire. It closed as quickly.

O. Henry had been his friend and favorite writer. "There'll be a bronze statue to O. Henry in every park in the United States a hundred years from now."

In badinage I claimed that I was a better writer than O. Henry. He looked with startled eyes, and snorted, "You—Oh God in Heaven, guide me! What do I hear? You digger in the garbage of literature!"

"As you will, Wilson. I'm built to go far places."

"On a freight." His paunch heaved.

"Why you never took a bath till you were thirty years old."

"That may be—but anyone'll tell you I can write O. Henry's ears off."

His wrath mounted—"Why you

impudent, red-headed cur! You porter in the bawdy house of words! *My God!*" He rose, "I'm leaving her right now." He walked a few feet, then turned in further denunciation. "You low rat, you defouler of the great dead, you slime of the underworld, you evasive, shady reprehensible rogue." He paused for breath. "Now I know there's no God, or you'd be struck dead." He looked at me in pitiful scorn. "*You, a better writer than O. Henry!* Why you couldn't sign his tax receipts! You're as illiterate as a publisher! If you had a Roman nose, you'd be a cinema courtesan." He began to blubber, then shook his head violently. His lips trembled. He took another step, "I'm leaving your house right now, you damned, brainless jazzer of decent English, before you claim you wrote O. Henry's stories."

I said very slowly, "No, Wilson, I wouldn't claim that."

His jowls distended in relief. "Well," he sighed, "that's one decent thing in you."

"Not exactly decent," was my return, "I'd be ashamed to."

He fell on the rug and crawled toward the door. "Good God in Heaven!" he screamed, "deliver me from this lousy literary hobo. *I'm going!*"

He was soon cajoled into having another drink. His arms were around me. His laugh was louder than before. "Only suckers get mad in their liquor."

The telephone rang. My secretary returned with the announcement that Calvin Coolidge was dead.

"How can they tell?" Mizner asked, without looking up.

Grant Clark, the song writer, arrived with a Catholic priest of whom we were fond.

"Hello, Father," was the playboy's greeting. "I went to confession yesterday and the priest left in the middle of it."

"Where did he go?" asked the priest in surprise.

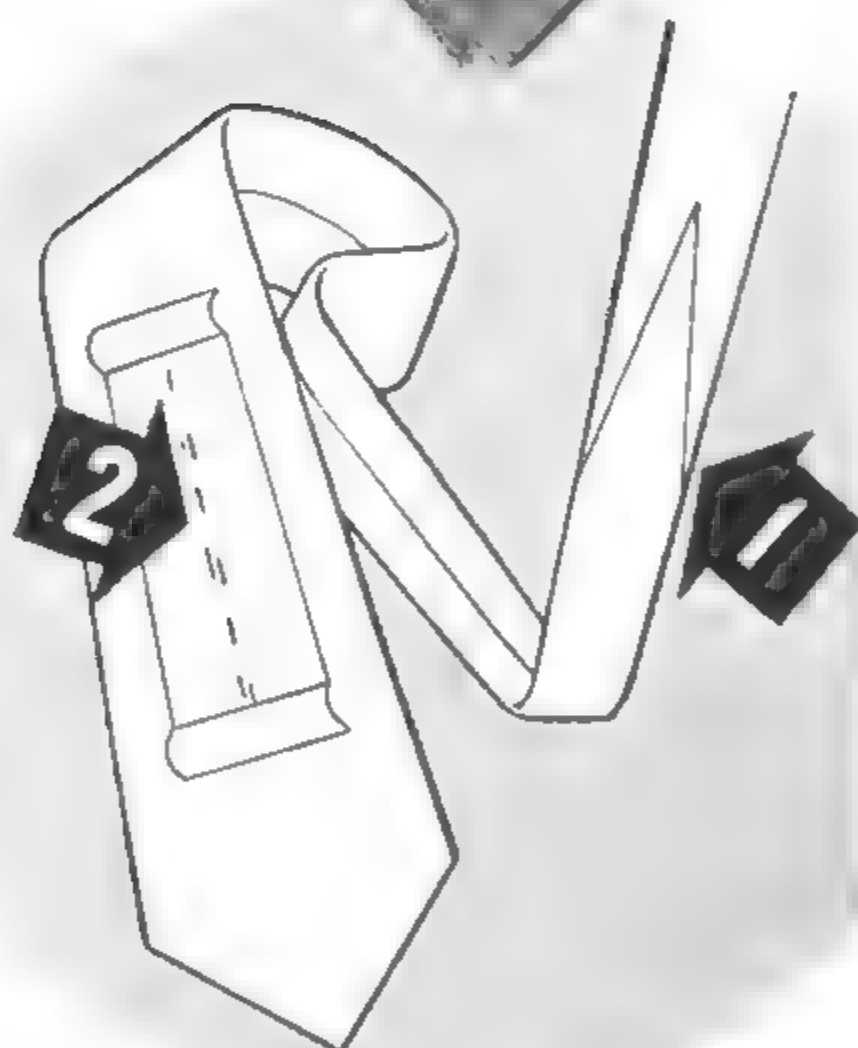
"For the police," was the answer.

The talk went from life to death. "When you die," Mizner said to his slender friend, "we'll bury you in a fountain pen." Clark was dead in a week. The playboy was dazed. "The Big Boy up there'll be calling my number next," he said.

He had learned brevity in bar-rooms and made his points quickly,

now Streamlined for better tying WEDGLOCKE

(PATENTED)



The only tie which has these
two patented improvements:

1. The revolutionary WEDGE seam makes the necktie pull true and straight; easier to knot with trim, balanced drape.
2. The new, hand-stitched LOCK seam will not pull out or lose its resilience, even if the thread is broken.

Illustrated, WEDGLOCKE No. 7231, pure silk foulard, \$1.00. Suggested for Father's Day, June 19th.

COPR. WILSON BROTHERS, 1938

WILSON
BROTHERS
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

never talking long. He created thousands of stories. A favorite was: Tim McGrath, an Irish saloon keeper in San Francisco, did not like Negroes. His bartenders were instructed to serve none. One day the Kentucky Rosebud, a mighty colored bruiser, sauntered jauntily into the saloon, and shouted, "Gimme a drink, Bahtendeh."

The server of drinks snapped, "Give you one—you can't even buy one for a hundred dollars."

The Kentucky Rosebud clutched the bar with his ham-like hands. "If you doan gimme a drink, ah'll shake youh damn bah down."

The bartender again refused.

He began to shake the bar.

Just then the earthquake came.

When they pulled the bartender and the Kentucky Rosebud out of the debris, the latter pleaded, "Gawd Almighty—Mistah Bahtendeh—doan tell Tim I done this."

He had his serious moments.

In Reno we heard of a man executed by gas. When the warden wanted him to make a last request he complied by asking for a gas mask.

With a worried expression, the playboy exclaimed, "And they killed a man with a sense of humor like that."

He delighted in shocking the prudish. His brother was a minister of the Gospel in St. Louis. A leading lady member of his congregation called on Wilson. The talk drifted to early environment.

"My own boyhood was full of sin," he confided. "When I first opened my eyes in this world, I found myself in bed with a woman."

After viewing an unusually bad cinema, he said, "Don't miss it if you can."

He did not ask personal questions, and never intruded.

He had a horror of war, and could not discuss it without a shudder.

His head went from side to side, in wonder at "the unknown soldier's" identity. "A burglar or a saint, it's no matter now."

His favorite verse concerned those fallen in battle:

"They shall grow not old as we that are left grow old!
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We shall remember them."

He would turn the leaves of a book until he found the most dramatic incident. That, he would read and remember. A paragraph from Huxley, Darwin, or Spencer would give the impression that he knew them.

Many books came to him. He would glance through all and place them in a corner of the room.

In time they disappeared.

When away from the crowd, the corners of his large mouth would droop. A haze would creep into his eyes.

The adventurer who had gone down the gay road with laughter was seeing at last the long

shadows thrown by the evening sun. "Futility" was a word he often used. It haunted the seemingly happy moments of his life. Knowing that strong liquor would agitate his already enlarged heart, he would gulp huge glasses.

Something had happened to him in Alaska, upon which, except for a few tense moments, when the wild horses of delirium dashed through his brain, he was forever silent.

He hated failure, and gravitated toward success like a moth toward light. A friend might need a thousand dollars—never fifty cents.

To those in his circle he was often warm, considerate, even gentle.

For Jack London, another Alaska wanderer, he was torn between contempt and envy. He had dared to eclipse the gigantic playboy's fame.

Great as a personality, London was to the playboy merely a "damned romantic liar." Too obtuse to have sympathy for the finest brain and the richest spirit ever to invade the north country, he saw only the obvious in the brilliant London. A supreme pantheist, who would endure every insult rather than leave the house of life, the gifted London's reported suicide made him shudder. "There's no hereafter, or Jack would have written a story about it, long and long ago."

For Sid Grauman he retained a lasting affection.

Of Senator Key Pittman, he spoke with humorous kindness.

Tex Rickard remained for him a "Texas yokel with a lucky break."

"But he had nerve," I once said. "Burglars have that," was the quick return.

Toward Alexander Pantages he was vehement to the end.

A physical coward, he was left for dead on a New York street, his jaw broken in many places. Only once did he ever intimate who might have done it.

Men without humor nursed long hatreds against him. Among them was George Bronson-Howard, whose story, *The Parasite*, a vivid picture of shallow lives, defeated its purpose through invective against the pompous playboy.

He smiled in memory of Howard. His hatred was never deep as his contempt.

"Be urbane to everybody," was his rule. "You can never tell in which pool the next sucker will bite."

A card shark of genius, he would often start "a friendly little game of poker" with Hollywood outsiders. He never lost.

He knew the rudiments of great music. In cadence, he was supreme. Learning to play the piano in boyhood, he developed it further in an Alaska honky-tonk. To forget the days when gusto had a place in life, the master of pathos and sentimentality would play for hours, and sing to his own accompaniment. His small hands would skim the keys, as he began dolorously: Some of them write to the old

Continued on page 179

A GOOD BILLFOLD—
LIKE AN OLD FRIEND
—WEARS WELL



Says

JOHN BOLES

Appearing in

"SINNERS IN PARADISE"

A New Universal Picture

Make your gift to Father the kind of a billfold he'd love to buy for himself. Like John Boles, he wants a billfold that wears well—that means it must be securely stitched. Then he'd choose one that looks smart—that means the stitches must not show. The only billfold which fills the bill is the

**INVISIBLE
STITCH BILLFOLD**

by
**PRINCE
GARDNER**

Make your choice from many styles, all in the finest leathers

PRINCE GARDNER
Pine Street at 19th • St. Louis, Mo.



Here's a popular invisible Stitch billfold by Prince Gardner in genuine goat with Talon fastener at \$3.50. Others from \$1 to \$15 at good stores.



AROUND THE CLOCK FOR WEEK-END WEAR

THE clock is a bit erratic, skipping a few hours here and there and then jumping back to make up for lost time, but we'll still start in the upper left-hand corner and follow through in a clockwise direction. For informal wear to the beach, for luncheon and the like—plaid half sleeve shirt, natural color linen shorts, French peasant canvas shoes with rope soles, large Jippi Jappa hat. For week-end arrival and departure—single breasted

grey flannel suit, soft oxford shirt, striped rep tie, panama hat, reversed calf shoes, camel's hair coat. For golf and miscellaneous moments of leisure—double breasted blazer, beach slacks, canvas beach shoes, foulard scarf. For evening wear—single breasted peak lapel dinner jacket, dress trousers, patent leather monk front shoes, soft collar attached dress shirt, black tie, cocoanut hat with white pug-gree band. For swimming—India madras trunks.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

California Playboy

Continued from pages 45-177

folks for coin,
That's their ace in the hole.
Others have girls on the old Ten-
derloin—

That's their ace in the hole.
They'll tell you of all the trips
they'll take

From Florida to the North Pole—
But you'll find them next time,
Without clothes or a dime,
If they lose that old ace in the hole.

A haunting song of a girl would
follow. With a voice, heavy as if
under water,

My love she lies there,
In her beauty so rare,
In her coffin out under the daisies.

When the words had died mourn-
fully away he would pat the keys
lovingly, and shake his immense
head slowly, chanting,

Ah me—ah—my—
Ah me—ah—my—

The climax came when he mar-
ried Mrs. C. T. Yerkes, widow of
the Chicago traction magnate. "I
owned everything on wheels in
Chicago," he bragged.

He was thirty. She was seventy.
After the marriage, he moved
into her mansion of ornate red
marble, full of paintings and tap-
estries.

His brother found him in a huge
gilt bed made for the King of Ba-
varia. He was covered in the most
delicate of point lace. He wore a red
woolen undershirt and a week's
growth of beard. His servant was a
bartender from a San Francisco
saloon.

"It's very comfortable here,
and the service is excellent," he
explained.

The bartender pretended to be
deaf and dumb to all in the man-
sion but Mizner. He was thus able
to report to his master all that was
said in the house.

So many complications arose
that he was glad to get a divorce.

When asked upon what grounds,
he answered, "Marriage is suffi-
cient."

While in Europe, he discovered
a German who could make replicas
of famous paintings. He brought
him to America and opened a gal-
lery on Fifth Avenue, calling it
"The Old Masters."

"I started to devote my life to
art—and sold reproductions for a
hundred dollars each. A jobber
from Boston offered me only fifty
dollars for Da Vinci's *Last Supper*.
'No sir'—I told him—it's worth
ten dollars a plate, and I'm only
charging a hundred for the whole
thing."

He became the manager of Stan-
ley Ketchell, great middleweight
pugilist. It was a weird combina-
tion.

Mizner paid no attention to the
pugilist. The pugilist paid none to
his training.

When he heard that Ketchell
was on his death bed, he said,
"Count ten over him—then he'll
get up."

Ketchell's tragedy never left
him. A man carved out of granite,

flamboyant, brutal, moody, with
brilliant flashes, and courage to
face a lion, the magnetic Ketchell
was all the huge playboy wished
to be. He would choke in reverie.

"And killed with a Flobert rifle
—over a hired hand's girl."

He once went to the mighty
bruiser's grave. Standing over the
weedy enclosure, he broke down
and hurried away.

An atheist, he placed a Bible in
the hands of a young suicide.

When a story he told to a film
producer was rejected as having
no audience appeal, he said scorn-
fully, "The tale I just told you
was *The Deep Purple*. It ran for
two years on Broadway, and I
wrote it." His largest sale to the
films was that of the wreck of the
Titanic for twenty-five thousand
dollars. His title was *God's Deal*.

His salary with a film company
was five hundred dollars a week.
"I'd work for them for nothing,"
he said, "just to have a place
to go."

His chief value was in inventing
trick situations on a level with his
mediocre melodramas of an earlier
day.

Like his literary god, O. Henry,
he saw life through a small and
tricky lens.

He scorned the millions who
made up picture audiences. As an
artist he was but slightly above
them.

He would watch an ant trudge
up a hill with a burden greater
than itself. The flight of a bee, the
labor of a spider, made him pause
in wonder and silence.

He would drive to the country
each spring and gaze at orchards
in bloom.

He stared at the mountains that
encircled my home, his eyes dim,
his mind full of never to be an-
swered questions, and said dole-
fully, "I will lift up mine eyes unto
the mountains whence cometh my
strength."

The wittiest man in America,
he but proved how ephemeral wit
can be without the burning brain
of a Swift behind it. And yet,
there were times he might have
walked with Swift.

An intense loneliness, tinged
with a greater fear of death, came
over him more acutely during the
last year. Pursued by phantoms,
he could not escape.

"Can't you take it standing
up?" I asked him.

"Not if I can help it—I've been
whistling in the dark all my life."
He smiled dismally. "I'll soon be
like Yorick—you can ask me all
the damn fool questions—'Where
be your jibes now? your gambols,
your songs? your flashes of mer-
riment that were wont to set the
table on a roar?'"

When the doctor brought the
oxygen apparatus, the playboy said
wearily, "It looks like the main
event, Doc."

He did not move or speak again.
He was fifty-eight years old—
the last of a magnificent school,
that with him closed forever. #



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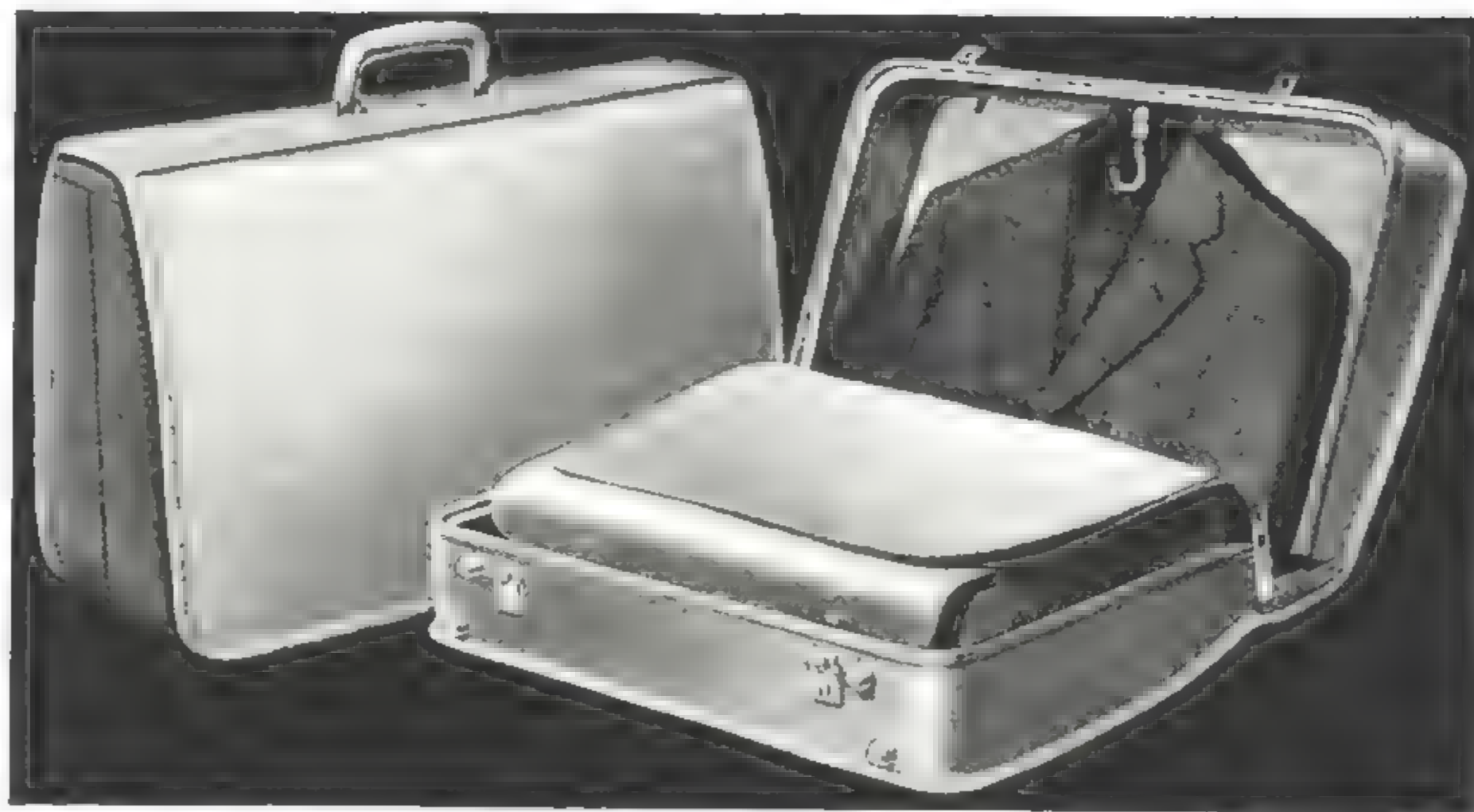
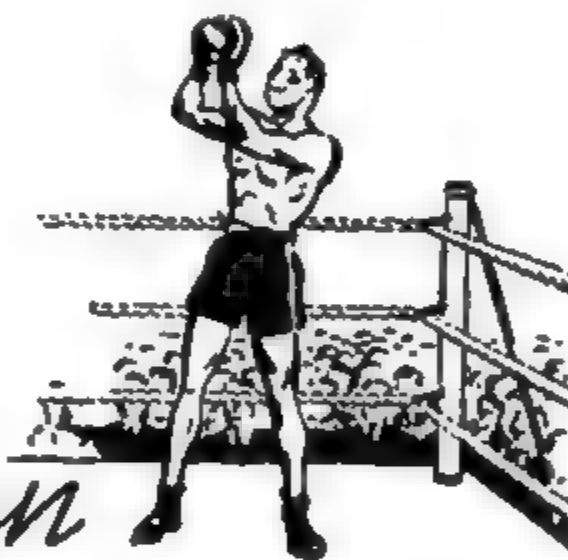
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Ingrates at Yaddo

Continued from page 75

body, who had been Spencer Trask's associate in Wall Street banking and now was a close friend of Governor Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who occasionally drove up from Albany or Hyde Park for a visit. Peabody was then nearly eighty, a hale, handsome man with a white beard. In the house with him resided also his adopted daughter and secretary, Mrs. Marjorie Wade who was Mrs. Ames' elder sister; and a little old lady, Miss Allena Pardee—a character out of *Jane Eyre*—who had long been a companion and secretary of Katrina Trask.

On my second day there, walking about, I came to a pine grove with a sort of gate over which I noticed an inscription in Sanskrit or Hindu characters, meaning God knew what. Entering it, and then following a soft, long pine-lined walk, I came to Katrina Trask's grave. In another grove were the graves of her children.

On the gate to the sunken garden was this inscription:

Spencer Trask Laid Out This
Garden in Honor of His Wife
Katrina

Woman, Author, Poet

"Go, Happy Rose, and Interwoven

With Other Flowers Bind Thy Love."

1899

I learned that the fountain toward the end of the immense lawn to the eastward, which I could see from my windows, was called Morning, Night, and Noon; and other curious facts.

* * *

All the other guests had studios outside, little bungalows in the woods; but I asked to be allowed to write in my bedroom. Everybody working, the atmosphere was conducive to work. Mrs. Ames and the servants did everything conceivable to keep us comfortable as possible. There was complete quiet, order. Breakfast was at seven-thirty in the dining room, but one could ask it be served in his room or studio. Lunch, ditto. At seven everybody dined together. After dinner, Mrs. Ames and some of the guests sat by the fireplace till nine or ten o'clock. There was talk, serious and frivolous. Usually I went to my room, or for a walk, but now and then I joined the group at the fireplace. I liked Alexander Byer, Evelyn Scott, and Horace Gregory; and admired the way Mrs. Ames managed the place.

I was happy and grateful to be there. I finished my new book rather earlier than I had expected.

But at the same time the feeling that this was a queer place kept creeping upon me every now and then.

On a small marble pedestal in the library on the second floor was a little book *Story of Yaddo*, written by Katrina Trask and privately published in only a few copies.

I read it and scribbled the follow-

ing "review" of it in my Diary:

Spencer Trask, apparently, was a remarkable man, a Fine Man, according to the standards of his time. He, (quoting from the book) was "favored by the Gods . . . usually won from fortune what he desired." Early in the '70's, "one afternoon he had sat in the corner of the drawing room of a beautiful old-fashioned Colonial house of a friend (George Little Nichols) and, looking up, saw a slender slip of a girl standing in the open doorway . . . and said in his heart: 'I will have that girl for my wife.'" She was Katrina. "Spencer did not wait many days before he told the girl her certain destiny, but he graciously waited many months to allow her to know her heart—and him. Then he led her to a new and happy life. The environment of that happy life grew in outward beauty to match the inward beauty year by year."

For many years the Trasks lived in New York City, leading the social life of their set, which included going to Saratoga in the summer. Katrina wrote poetry, publishing several slender volumes, all about Beauty, birds and bending willows, and spring and falling leaves; Spencer—with his friend and partner, George Foster Peabody, who was also in love with Katrina and remained single—made money in Wall Street. She had a social conscience. "What right have I to an income that enables me to live a life of ease and luxury, whilst my fellow-men can wrest by their toil only the merest pittance? It is all wrong. The time will come when the distribution of wealth will be very different. In the meantime, however, no one alone can change the established order: we can only go on working and doing our best to make new laws and to help on a new order; and during the waiting for the coming of these economic changes great homes and great houses will still have their place: and our first individual duty is to make, in that waiting time, at least a new spiritual order."

Spencer Trask had a different view of things. "He thought there were logical reasons and economic necessity for the age-long difference between men: and that the true Democracy was to give every man his chance in a world that should hold also Plutocracy. . . . He, himself, has had every environment of culture and family, but his fortune he had made unaided and alone, by the hardest self-denial and by what he thought was the hardest work—the work of the head: that was his pride and, he felt, it was the title to his possessions. His obligation, he felt, was to keep his Banking House one of high honor and of untarnished reputation: and to spend his wealth helpfully for others." And, adds Katrina, "as Spencer's ideas and theories were decided and definite (and the money his) it was not a question for my conscience:

my responsibility lay in the administration of the home life and in making there a spiritual brotherhood, which, after all, is the best hope of Democracy."

In Saratoga, the Trasks wondrously stopped at an inn called The Shadows, in a woodland near the track. The hotel was mildly famous—one of the many places where Edgar Allan Poe was supposed to have conceived or written *The Raven*. Katrina loved the spot; it inspired her to write verse. Her children were happy there. One of them, unable as yet to say "Shadows," called it "Yaddo," which thereupon was the name they used among themselves. Madly in love with Katrina, wanting to give her everything she desired, Spencer bought the estate in '81 and telegraphed her in New York: "All hail, Mistress of Yaddo!"

For several years they used Yaddo only as their summer home. "We did not have even a head gardener at first. . . . In the beginning we had no one but ourselves and the day laborers. From time to time, Spencer bought an acre here and an acre there and added to the estate. . . . Meanwhile we had the joy of watching it grow, the excitement of creation, the delight of working with the workmen, of laboring with the laborers. . . ."

In the spring of 1888, two of the Trask children died.

Three years later, the old house burned down, whereupon Spencer and Katrina set out to build the present Mansion of Yaddo. "In the spring of 1893 we lighted the first fire in the new house. . . . My heart thrilled that day with the romance and the wonder of life." They spent vast sums on the grounds, and Yaddo became known as one of the showplaces of America. There were great social affairs, which doubtless had, as one reads in the book, a certain quality that was a mingling of Spencer and Katrina. One of the Trasks' favorite friends was Henry Van Dyke, who wrote much of his poetry at Yaddo. The spirit of the place was one of "utmost freedom—practically, spiritually and mentally—freedom to think, to believe, to disbelieve . . . freedom to come, to go, to work, to play, to write, to walk, to drive, to rest, to relax.

"Breakfast was, for each one, when it was ordered. If one had sung a Vedic hymn at dawn, as I did every morning, breakfast was very early . . . luncheon was as it happened: tea was when we came in from the beautiful out-of-doors. The one exception to this informality was dinner—and the evening after dinner. Oh, that high-wainscotted, candle-lighted dining-room! . . . that dazzling scene the flower-laden, ice-freighted table surrounded by fair women and noble men with Spencer, so splendid but so simple at its head! . . . It was an unwritten law—but it was more binding than the laws of the Medes and Persians—that everyone should be as clever and

as entertaining as possible at dinner and in the evening. When we dressed for dinner we also quickened our minds to contribute to the general good."

One Halloween night Spencer staged a great "surprise" ceremony in which Katrina was literally crowned. When she came down, according to her own report, there was on one side of the room a chorus of children's voices: "Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee! Queen of Yaddo!"—while on the other side "were massed the employees of the house and of the farm, with reverence and devotion in their eyes." Spencer waited for her at the foot of the staircase. "He wore a suit of purple velvet; in his hand, he held a purple hat with long white plumes; his Venetian coloring, his deep brown eyes and gold-bronze beard had found their proper setting. He did not join in the singing, but as he came, he held out his hand to lead me down the last three steps of the stairs, and whispered underneath the singing—'My Queen.' . . ."

He lead her into the living room, where "the guests, my dear ones, and all the employees fell in line, thus forming a procession that moved behind me as I went, singing a new song that thrilled my ears as I caught the words. . . ." The room "was ablaze with light . . . One large chair stood on a raised dais which was covered with a soft-toned rug: a tapestry hung behind it, a canopy over it: to this chair Spencer led me. . . ." Followed a long coronation ritual. "Then each man and maid came and knelt before me and took the oath of allegiance, the chorus sang, the great bells rang, the trumpets sounded. . . ."

This regal business went so far that Queen Victoria commissioned a prominent man in near-by Canada as Ambassador to run down to Saratoga and pay her "Sovereign Sister" her Royal respects, and that cables came from Members of the English Parliament addressed to "The Queen of Yaddo, New York State." When Katrina was invited in formal terms of court language to meet, at a house-party in Canada, her "Sovereign Sister's Representative, Lord Lansdown, and his Lady," she was "horrified—and thrilled! . . . I hated it—and I loved it!"

When the new house was opened, the official "court poet of Yaddo," Henry Van Dyke, "sent his gift of genius" to be engraved upon the window in a room called The Tower, which was to be her study and place of contemplation:

This is the window's message,

In silence, to the Queen:

"Thou hast a double kingdom
And I am set between:

Look out and see the glory,

On the hill and plain and sky:

Look in and see the light of love

That nevermore shall die!"

In the new Mansion—which no doubt was built on so grand a scale partly for this purpose—the Queen held frequent court. Spencer, it seems, was not King, but

Continued on page 182

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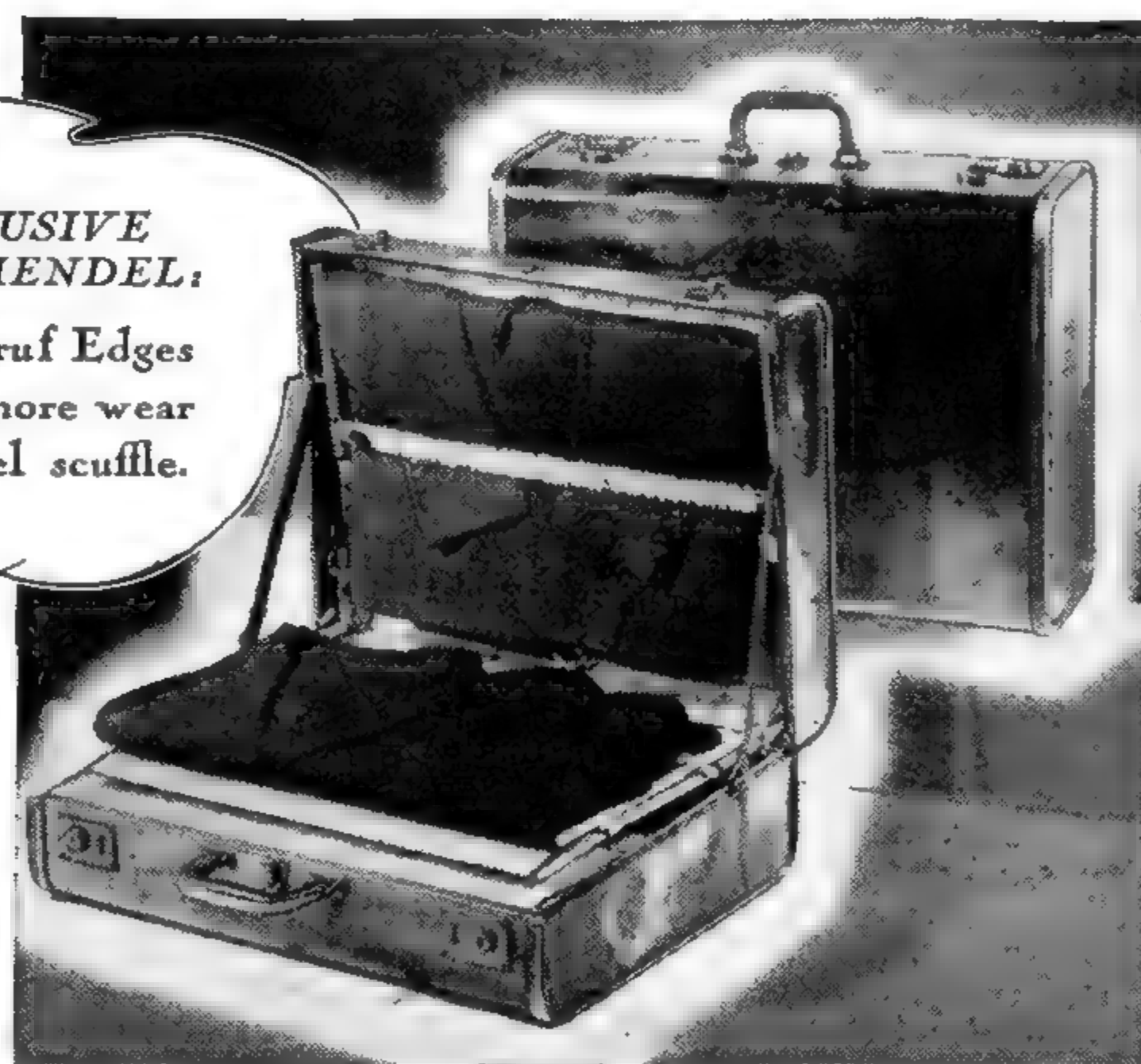
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Ingrates at Yaddo

Continued from pages 75-181

only a courtier, superior in rank to the other courtiers, George Foster Peabody, Van Dyke, etc. On such occasions, the guests and servants lined up downstairs, and Katrina spoke from the throne, which now was a real throne, imported from some castle in Europe. She "knighted" her friends who excelled in something, she "cited" the servants for some particularly well done task, or some such virtue as loyalty, courtesy, or thoroughness.

Their last child died . . . and Spencer and Katrina began to wonder what was to become of Yaddo. One day they were walking in a grove, and they decided—doubtless more she than he—that Yaddo must always be Yaddo. They would leave it a place where creative people might always come and work. They began a fund for its upkeep after their death. Their plans were not yet worked out, when—on December 31, 1909—Spencer Trask suddenly died in a train wreck between New York and Albany.

At the time of his death, Spencer's finances were not in the best of shape; the country had just been through a "panic"; and to conserve what was left of the fortune for Yaddo's future, Katrina—accompanied by "the Good Fairy of Yaddo," as she called her faithful Allena Pardee—left The Mansion, retiring to one of the farmhouses on the estate. Soon her health began to fail. In 1921, already on her deathbed, she married George Foster Peabody in order that as her rightful heir he might have also full legal standing for carrying out her plans. She believed that someone would come along able to make Yaddo what she and Spencer had wanted it to be.

The "someone" was Mrs. Ames, who appeared on the scene in the mid-1920's. Under her direction and the trusteeship of George Foster Peabody, Allena Pardee, and a number of other persons, the "new" Yaddo opened in 1928.

Looking at the illumined portraits of Spencer and Katrina Trask, beneath which a maid changed daily the flowers in a great vase, I could not help wondering every once in a while: what had we, whom Mrs. Ames had invited here, in common with our dead hosts? Would any of us have been invited in their lifetime; or now, were they still living? Evelyn Scott's first book *Escapade*, had been banned; her latest novel was called *A Calendar of Sin*. Horace Gregory was a son of a reputable Milwaukee business man, but a Leftist whose poetry was very unlike Henry Van Dyke's or Katrina's. His wife Marya was an immigrant from Kiev, Russia. Morris R. Cohen came from Minsk. Mordecai Gorelik professed to be a Communist. Cowley and Cikovsky were also southpaws politically. Alec Byer was an irreverent chap. A short compact man in his

late thirties, with humorous eyes, he was wont to sit on one of the thrones, a leg over the arm-rest! As for myself, I was uncertain in my politics, but listed to port and tended to react unfavorably to showy extravagance and Polyanic idealism.

Discussing Yaddo, Alec Byer and I agreed that, albeit it had its virtues it was the scene of a ridiculous situation. The place was run and maintained at a cost exceeding fifty thousand dollars a year, solely in order that a few of us might come here during the season from late spring to mid-autumn; which meant that it cost about a thousand dollars a month per guest—while both Alec and I had lived the first eight months of the year on less than a thousand dollars!

We were amused by one of the maids, a large elderly Irish woman, who had long served the Vanderbilts and the Belmonts, and who seemed to be seething with perpetual rage that we—"these so-called writers and artists—these bums"—should be free to walk and sit around in that grand room downstairs in denim or corduroy pants, in shirtsleeves. What was the world coming to! . . .

We both liked Mrs. Ames, agreeing she was doing probably as well on her job of executive as one could reasonably expect. Her one fault, we thought, was that she inclined to be no little solemn about Yaddo, its beauty and traditions. When she said "Yaddo," her voice suddenly went into a mystic, hallowed tone. Talking with her, Alec and I tried to joke about the place, agreeing with the former Vanderbilt maid; but, although in not a few other respects she had a lively sense of humor, we never got anywhere with her on that tack. The whole layout was essentially and obviously fantastic; in order to make it a little less so, the thing to do was to admit this and take it with a sort of what-the-hell attitude: here is this white elephant (poor Katrina! poor Spencer!)—let us use it! . . . We met George Foster Peabody and Mrs. Wade and realized that the original source and home of the solemn and hallowed attitude was The Olympus, as someone had called the Peabody-Pardee-Wade residence. Mrs. Ames was consciously or unconsciously succumbing to it, and we were mildly amused by the title "Mother of the Arts" that one of the guests had given her the previous year.

In her *Story of Yaddo*, Katrina had written: "If any alien or irreverent hand should open this record, I beg that he will lay it down unread: it is not for him." It felt that all of us who read it were alien and, at least, secretly irreverent. Two or three people, picking up the little volume from the pedestal, asked me, "Have you read this? The funniest thing!"

On the whole, however, as I say, I was glad to be there. The

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...but they're not
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MR. BIG if he's Extra Large
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autumn, with its leaves and a woodfire in my room, was lovely beyond words. Mrs. Ames and I parted good friends. I was appointed a member of the Yaddo confidential advisory committee, whose function was to recommend people for residence there. In 1932 I recommended a few; some were invited; one or two accepted the invitation.

Early in 1933, while I was still in Europe, I received a letter from George Foster Peabody:

The President and the Secretary of Corporation of Yaddo have been authorized to invite from time to time for a second visit such guests as they may think it desirable to be again of the company which will occupy Yaddo Mansion. I have the pleasure to advise you that Miss Pardee joins me in extending to you an invitation to be one of that group in the season of 1933. If it is convenient for you to come and you wish to do so, will you please communicate with Mrs. Ames.

I had very little money and I was grateful for the invitation.

Some of the same people that had been there with me in the autumn of 1931 arrived simultaneously with me, or shortly after: Evelyn Scott and John Metcalfe, Horace and Marya Gregory, Mordecai Gorelik, and Alec Byer. The others who came and stayed during the nine weeks that I was there were Albert Halper, whose *Union Square* had been a recent Literary Guild selection; Ruth Suckow and Ferner Nuhn, of Iowa; Philip Reisman and his wife, both artists; Carl Calmer, Charles Yale Harrison, Grace Lumpkin and Tess Slessinger; Lewis Corey, the Communist economist, and two or three other extreme Leftists.

We had a full house . . . and from the very beginning Yaddo seemed to me far less agreeable than it had been the first time. There were two or three very objectionable persons. Cliques formed. There was no end of nonsensical and excited talk about The Revolution, Soviet Russia and Soviet China, and related subjects. Working from twelve to fourteen hours a day, I carefully kept out of all of it. I associated mostly with Al Halper and Alec Byer, who had the same policy. But it was impossible to escape the atmosphere. By-and-by it got so I was afraid to take a walk, lest I meet a couple of "revolutionaries" who might stop me and demand where I stood on the questions agitating their minds. This, of course, was not Yaddo's fault; it was the New York atmosphere, which had come to Yaddo with some of the guests. Scenes occurred. One evening at dinner, two of the guests who considered themselves Communists talked revolution, as was their wont, and tried to draw the rest of us into the discussion. Evelyn Scott, a very sensible woman but momentarily ill and overworked, said, "If I hear the word 'revolution' once more at this table, I

shall leave the dining room." This, of course, immediately revealed her to the Communists as an evil, pampered bourgeoisie person who ought to be liquidated, and one of them promptly hissed at her, "Revolution, revolution!" Evelyn laid down her fork, rose from the table, and left the dining room . . .

Mrs. Ames was deeply disturbed by all this. I did not blame her; on the other hand, I found it difficult to maintain steady sympathy with her. Her tone of voice when speaking of Yaddo was more solemn and hallowed than it had been in 1931, and I began to suspect she was slowly—and, I could not doubt, consciously—changing her status from the official directress of Yaddo to a sort of Katrina Trask of the 1930's. Everything about Yaddo was mystically sacred to her, and these unpleasant incidents were unpleasant mainly because they violated the Yaddo traditions, as recorded in Katrina's book. Ames was a member of The Olympus, letting herself be enveloped in the near-mythology that had surrounded the life of Katrina and given Yaddo its life breath; practicing benevolence and hospitality, bent on keeping Yaddo Yaddo, as defined by its curious creator, and, I felt, doomed to make it more and more fantastic. I squirmed when I heard Peabody say something to the effect that we were fortunate to be at Yaddo; when on Sunday evenings we ate from gold plates; when I heard that one of the guests had written an ode to Yaddo and handed it to Mrs. Ames, who liked it and read it aloud in The Olympus, where it was generally appreciated. The Henry Van Dyke tradition carried on!

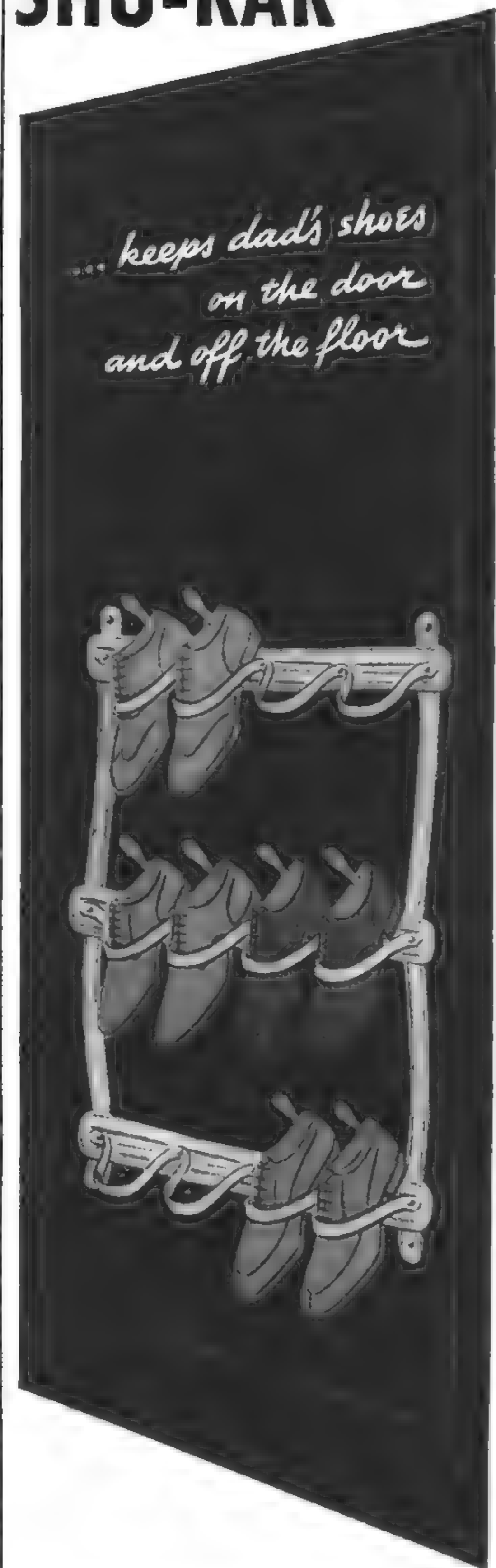
Al Halper and Alec Byer and I discussed the situation. Al worked up an excuse and left weeks before the period of his visit expired. He could afford it. Alec and I could not. We wondered: should we get Mrs. Ames aside and tell her what we thought of Yaddo and herself? At the end we decided it would be a futile, thankless task. What could we do against Peabody, Pardee, and the whole long "beautiful" story of Yaddo? Besides, we thought it might very well be that this Yaddo mythology was complimentary to Betty Ames' nature, which sought the most comfortable solution of problems; and included an imagination that was fanciful, romantic, and whimsical for perpetuating the mythological phase of Yaddo. To inject some realism into her life would be a severe case of telling a child there was no Santa Claus, except that a child at least could outgrow such an upset with experience and because of flexibility. With Betty Ames, truth, we feared, night result in strengthening the Yaddo mythology.

I left as gracefully as I could, as soon as I could. In the ensuing years I kept meeting people who had been to Yaddo; almost all were "ingrates"—the exception being the very poor who hoped to be invited again and the dishonest

Continued at top of page 184

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Ingrates at Yaddo

Continued from pages 75-181-183

and the unintelligent. Many hated the place. One was writing a novel about it. Increasingly Yaddo seemed to me one of the saddest spots in America.

In 1936 a woman of wealth, with whom I had a mutual friend, wrote to me. She had heard I had been to Yaddo, and asked would I advise her to create a smaller

but similar place on the Pacific Coast. I advised her against it. If she wanted to help writers and artists, I urged her to do it in some such impersonal, tactful, and economic way as was practiced by, say, the Guggenheim Foundation, whose secretary, Henry Allen Moe, saw but few of the people to whom fellowships were awarded. #

Vacation in Hell

Continued from page 71

When I turned my head around to look th' way I heard th' voices I seen four men comin' down th' hill. They's laughin' and talkin' and havin' a lot o' fun. Jist layin' th' talk off with their hands. They's comin' right down th' path toward me. I didn't know a one o' 'em. They's smokin' cigars and pipes and makin' merry. Big puffs o' smoke were circlin' above their heads.

I says: "Howdy fellars! One o' you ain't got a match have you?"

"Ain' that funny," says a big freckled faced fellar with horse-teeth.

Then they all begin to laugh. They'd bend over and pat their knees and laugh.

"He wants a match," says a little saw-off dumpy fellar with black hair combed straight back over his head.

"What do you know about 'im wantin' a match," says a tall bean-pole boy with a red face and little mouse teeth. "Jist to think he wants a match."

"Yes," says a big barrel-bellied boy, with red hair and bird-egg blue eyes, "th' poor fellar wants a match. Ain't one of you fellars got a match? Don't you see he's got his pipe filled and wants to smoke? Say, open up your hearts and give th' poor fellar a match. Ain't you wanted to smoke and didn't have a match?"

Then they bent over and laughed again. The fat boy with th' bird-egg eyes jist shook all over when he laughed. "Wants a match," he'd say. Then he'd laugh. "What do you know about that! Ast me fer a match. He don't know who I am?" Then he bent over and laughed again.

"Hep yourself to th' peaches boys," says th' bean-pole fellar.

"Don't mind if I do," says th' fat fellar. "Old Hargis don't know who I am. He ust to know me! I know him don't I? Sure, I do. I'd know 'im anyplace."

I says: "How do you know my name? I've never seen you anyplace. I don't know you."

Then all the men laughed. "He don't know you," says th' sawed-off dumpy fellar with th' black hair. "You'd better tell 'im who you are."

"Do you remember th' time your Pap had that little bottom in tame huckleberries below th' old Koonse Saw-Mill?"

"Yes," I says.

"Do you remember beatin' up

Austin Finnie?" he says to me.

"Yes," I says. "And his brother Jim come over and put a shiner under each one o' my eyes!"

"That ain't got a thing to do with it what brother Jim done. I am Austin Finnie!"

"W'y you've been dead fer twenty-six years. You are buried at Three-Mile Hill."

"You jist think I've been dead. I've been alive fer th' first time in my life. Nothin' to bother me now. Nothin' to worry me. I thought I'd come over and bring th' boys to welcome you home. Welcome you to your new life!"

"I'm not dead," I says. "I know damn well I ain't dead. I'm a livin' mortal. This is my peach orchard. These are my peaches. Up in that peach tree is a spider and a snake."

"Yes," says Austin, "they are there. That is right. So am I over at Three-Mile Hill too. Jist a part o' me that don't amount to a damn. You didn't know me because I was a boy when I left here."

"Allright," I says, "I still don't believe you're Austin Finnie. I believe I'm dreamin'. If you're Austin Finnie show me where that tree fell on you and run a limb into your right lung that killed you."

"All right," says Austin, and he jerked his shirt open and showed me th' big pink scar.

"Good God," I says.

"You don't know th' fellars I got with me either do you?"

"W'y I don't know none o' you fellars. You've jist told me you's Austin Finnie and showed me th' scar where th' tree fell on you. Th' Austin Finnie I knowed was jist a boy fourteen years old when th' tree fell on 'im."

"Well I've had to grow up damn it," says Austin. "I couldn't stay fourteen forever. Don't you know that!"

"You don't know me neither," says th' tall bean-pole boy. "You ought to."

"No," I says, "I don't know you."

"I'm your brother Wilburn. Jist growed a little is all."

"You don't look like me," I says. "Of course not," says he, "you take atter Ma's people and I take atter Pa's people."

"My brother Wilburn died when he's eight years old. It was twenty years ago. I can't remember 'im very well."



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"I'm Wilburn Dixon. I've jist growed a little 's all. I run around with th' fellars from right around here. You know these two fellars too, Brother Hargis. Buster Broughton, you remember 'im. Died with th' measles in 1914. Pert Rister died with th' fever in 1916."

"Durned if I don't believe I know old Buster," I says, "I thought your coal-black hair and eyes I'd seen sommers before."

I shook his hand. I says: "I'm glad to see you again. Now I'm beginnin' to believe you boys. My new-found Brother Wilburn and my old friend Pert. Let me shake your hands. Boys I'd a-never knowed you!"

"Of course not," says Buster, "we've all growed so. But you've thought a lot about us since we've been gone. That's why we've come to welcome you. Thought we might have a card game or something to show you how glad we are to see you."

"We's jist funnin' with you about th' match," says Pert Rister.

Brother Wilburn, Buster and Pert jist bent over and laughed and laughed.

Austin looked at me with hard eyes. He didn't laugh. He hadn't got over th' beat 'im up when we's boys. It allus bore on my mind attar he died. But he ought to forget. We's jist boys then.

"You said you wanted a match," says Pert Rister, "I'll give you one. I ain't got a match but I'll get you some fire."

He just cracked his hands together and a blaze shot up. They all 'peared to vanish in smoke. I never seen which way they went. Nearly all th' peaches had been taken from my barrel. Th' snake spread its thin hard lips up in th' tree and grinned at me. Th' spider's eyes got brighter. They had their heads closed together and looked down at me. That was th' last I remember. I was awfully hot.

I wanted to sleep. Th' air got so hot and smothery. I was so wet with sweat. My clothes were wet as water could make 'im.

Then I thought I's in th' bed. Don't remember how I got there. I thought it had all been a dream. Now I was in th' bed with Sall. I thought I had th' kivers wrapped around me and I couldn't get no breath.

Then I got my head out and got a little breath o' fresh air. Then I went to sleep—gradually—a smothery, sweaty, sort of sleep with a heavy quilt upon my back.

Th' next thing I remember was I woke up on t'other side o' th' hill. I was layin' on a quilt on th' ground.

I says: "What's happened?" Sall was beside me cryin'. She says: "Don't you know Hargis? Honey don't you know th' mine caved in? They've had to dig you out?"

"Am I hurt," I says, "have I got any bones broke?"

"Ask no questions," says Sall,

"but lay right still under th' blankets."

I never saw so many people around th' old mine. But there was a new entry now. It was on t'other side o' th' hill. When th' coal bank caved in it just dropped down.

Where th' earth dropped down all th' other miners dropped a hole straight down. We's nearly to th' top o' th' ground fer we's runnin' under th' saddle o' th' hill and th' roof was brittle.

"A big piece of rock," says Sall, "was all that saved you. It fell and you fell beside it. Th' roof come down and th' big rock by your side helt it up and made a little room fer you. There was a crack that went down through th' ground to you. Jist looks like th' Lord was with us."

Murt is cryin' as she comes over th' hill and I say to Sall: "What about Lefty?" Murt comes from th' entrance o' th' coal bank on t'other side o' th' hill—she hurries down through th' cornstalks where th' corn was cut last fall. Th' mud is shoe-mouth deep. Th' sun has come out and melted th' frozen ground.

"He's dead," says Sall. "They took him out at th' main entry. Th' big heap o' dirt fell between you. It got Lefty. Couldn't take 'im out from this side. Lefty is dead."

"Oh he's dead, he's dead," says Murt, wringin' her hands and a cryin'. "Lefty is dead. Lefty is dead."

"Carry me up some you fellars," I says, "and let me look at that hole where you dug me out." Steve Morton, Shucks Pennix, and Eb Flannery, and John Stableton took a corner apiece o' th' bed-springs I was layin' on and carried me up where I could look over. Lord I jist couldn't believe I'd been dug out'n that hole. No wonder I's meetin' th' dead and smotherin' pickin' peaches.

I says: "Sall, how long have I been under this hill?"

"Two days, Honey," she says. "Monday night when you didn't come home I knowed something was wrong. So I run down and told Shucks Pennix. He went to th' coal bank and took a crowd o' men. They begin to hunt fer you and found th' coal bank caved in. Th' men know about th' roof. They found th' entry you's in and it was caved in so they come outside and walked over th' hill and found th' slip. One crew o' men dug all night down through th' slip. One crew o' men worked from th' other side o' th' hill. They went back through th' main entrance and dug from th' other side. Then a shift o' men relieved each crew th' next day. Four shifts o' men have been workin' to get you out. About th' time they got you out, they took Lefty out dead from th' other side."

"I'd like to know what's th' matter with me," I says. "Can't move my arms and legs. 'Pears like my breath is short too. I believe my slats are all caved in."

"That's it, Honey," says Sall,

Continued on page 186

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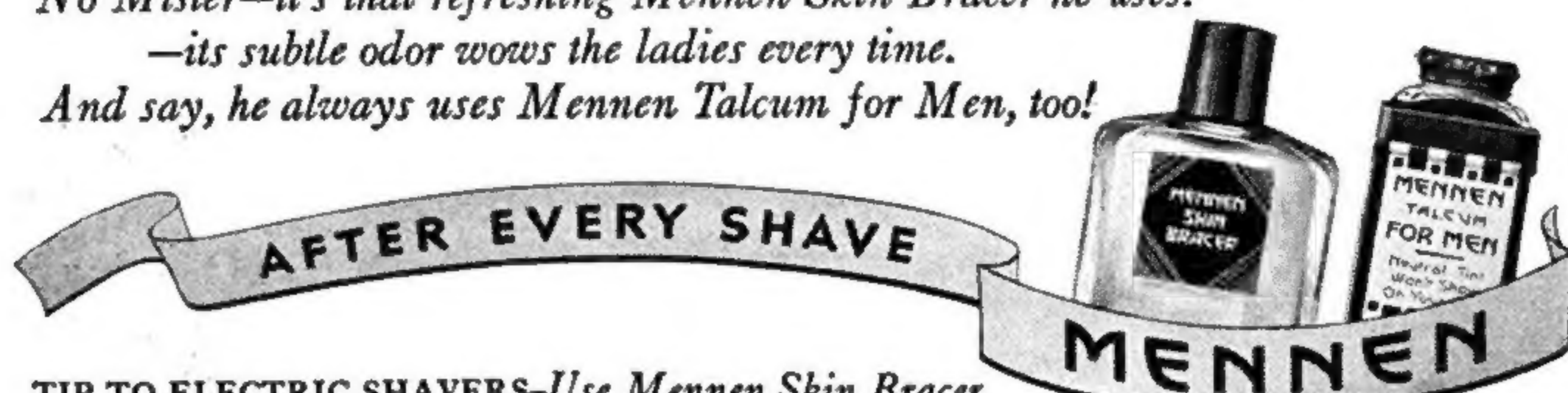
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Vacation in Hell

Continued from pages 71-185

"and your spine fractured. Doctor Torris was right here when they hauled you out'n th' hole. You got both arms broke, and one side o' your ribs caved in. But that's all right Honey. He says you'll live. Look at poor Lefty! Look at poor Murt!"

"I envy Lefty," I says. "Fellars carry me over th' pint on t'other side o' th' hill and let me see old Lefty."

Th' boys took me away from th' deep-deep rabbit hole th' dug me from.

They carried me on th' mattress springs over th' muddy ground where I could see thousands o' tracks in th' mud and th' corn-stalks was all mashed down and th' sprouts skint. I tell you it was good to feel th' winter wind against my face and feel th' Kentucky sunshine again. I's jist a old wreck.

My body would never be again what it had been. Th' boys carryin' me'd say: "Be careful now. Don't slip and fall with 'im. Take it easy. Ground is slick from thawin'."

All that stuff attar I'd been under tons o' dirt and rock and got out a livin' mortal to spend th' rest o' my days in bed or in a swing built to th' jist like old Ephriam Potts did th' time he got his back broke.

There was a big crowd standin' around th' main entrance o' our coal bank. Lefty'd jist been hauled out'n th' mine a little while. He was layin' on th' coal-buggy. Th' buggy was holdin' a different load o' coal.

His face was bloody. His old dirty overalls was a red color now. They'd been soaked in Lefty's own blood. Murt come back across th' hill with Sall. She's leanin' on Sall's shoulder and cryin'.

I jist laid on my bed and looked at Lefty. It hadn't been very long ago that he was a powerful man. He could dig more coal than any man I'd ever seen go in th' mines. But he wouldn't dig any more coal. He didn't know what it was all about now.

His big body was layin' upon th' buggy like a big lump of red-painted coal. He had th' look o' pain on his lips jist like he'd been shovin' his whole weight against a buggy load o' coal stuck on th' track. His shoulders looked nearly as wide as th' coal-buggy and his powerful big muscled legs fell limp over th' end o' th' buggy. Lefty, my old buddie was dead.

I says to Sall: "I envy Lefty." "You ought to thank God," says Sall, "that you got out alive. Lefty is dead."

"I got out jist a hull o' a man," I says, "jist like a holler oak. Th' heart o' me is gone, I'm no more. I'll haf to go through life like this. I'll never be th' same. Lefty missed all o' this. He's better off in th' long run."

It took eight men to carry me home. Four carried me until they

got tired. They walked along and rested while four more men took me and carried me apiece. I took my last look at th' old hill that had been a killer o' men. Th' roof over th' coal was brittle. That had caused it all. Men feared but they went back and dug th' coal. They had to have money. They had to live.

"It don't matter how many posts a body sets under a roof like that," says Shucks Pennix, "that roof is liable to fall any time. Lefty and Hargis had th' worst coal bank o' th' bunch. But th' other coal banks are jist about as bad!"

I never talked. I jist listened. Sall walked along and looked at me and kept th' blankets tucked around my bed so th' cold winter wind couldn't blow under. I saw th' big heap o' yaller dirt in th' field where they'd gone down and got me. It looked like a big yaller chimney standin' out there in th' cornfield. I looked at th' winter oaks standin' along my patch so silent and contented and waitin' fer th' spring.

I was goin' home now. It jist didn't seem right that I'd been away from home a couple o' days and nights. It seemed like I'd jist waked up in bed attar a night o' sleep.

I jist thought: "Wonder if it ain't that way fer Lefty? Jist waked up attar a night o' sleep. But Lefty ain't broke up like I am. Lefty is better off. I hope he is. Old Lefty was a good worker. But we won't dig no more coal together from under this old hill."

I couldn't wipe th' tears from my eyes. Sall would walk along and wipe 'em off. She knowed why I shed 'em. She didn't say anything. I didn't neither. Th' men kept walkin' along with me. I wanted to say but I didn't: "It's my last vacation in Hell. Jist to think about all th' wild dreams I had! That snake and that spider! I can see 'em yet! Gettin' so hot too! Gatherin' peaches!"

I says: "Sall you got all that sulphur barrel o' peaches I've picked fer you canned yet?"

"What peaches, Honey?" she says.

"I've been pickin' peaches fer you and a stripped-tailed spider and a big green snake tried to run me out'n th' tree. I picked a whole barrel fer you and th' sun was so hot. I thought I's goin' to die. I wanted to smoke and couldn't get a match to light me pipe!"

Attar I told Sall this I laughed. She says: "Oh, yes—I've got 'em canned." She thought I's talkin' out'n my head. Th' men carryin' me begin to look funny at one another and shakes their heads and nod.

They thought I's out'n my right mind and all done fer but I warn't. I'd get all right. I'd be like th' big silent oaks they's carryin' me under. I'd jist haf to stand and wait th' long winter through fer th' spring.##

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